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BY

W. H. MAXWELL



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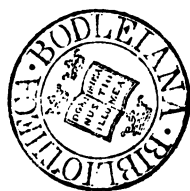
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A SOLDIER'S DOMICILE

"A low snug dwelling, and in good repair."

THE HONEYMOON.

THE tourist who visits the beautiful scenery of Dumbarton and Stirlingshire will not suppose that it can be much indebted either to the poet or painter for the celebrity it has gained. Its descriptive character, so varied and magnificent, uniting opposite effects, as the softened outline of lake and "lonely isle" contrasts itself with the savage grandeur of alpine mountains; while legendary tale and historical associations blend intimately with its beauties, and confer on this romantic district a charm which nothing artificial can achieve.

And yet, and but a few years since, these lovely scenes were viewed by few except those resident in their immediate locality. Difficult of access, a spell seemed thrown around their loveliness, which forbade the stranger to approach. At last the wizard came—the image-pen of Scott disclosed beauties which had been hidden from the world, and obtained for his own loved "land of the mountain and the flood" that fame so long unclaimed, and now so willingly conceded.

Thirty years ago, and at times only, the pilgrim step of some ardent worshipper of nature "sought the wild heaths of Uam Var," or lingered among the

"copsewood grey
That waves and weeps on Loch Achray,
And mingles with the pine-trees blue
On the bold cliffs of Benvenue."

But now thousands visit those romantic scenes, rescued from obscurity by the splendid creations of "Scotland's honoured bard," and from which, in fair return, the poet obtained his happiest inspirations.

It was late in September, and a day, which throughout had been louring and windy, became more and more stormy as evening approached. Warned by unequivocal indications of a coming tempest, the fisherman had secured his skiff, and the shooter abandoned the moor. The herd, returned from the hill-side, had thrown off his dripping plaid—his dog was already asleep before the fire, and his wife occupied in preparing their humble supper. Through all the extent of a highland strath, all had sought their dwellings. It was full time, indeed; for a wilder night was rarely witnessed at the equinox.

From the parlour-windows of a lonely mansion, situated in the same glen, a glare of light streamed redly through the haze of evening; and within, two personages might have been discovered seated comfortably at either side of a sparkling wood-fire.

On one "the signet sage" of middle life was visibly imprinted. He was still a stout and vigorous man, although climate had assisted time in sapping a framework which seemed calculated to resist the assaults of both together. The expression of his features bespoke intelligence and decision; and without taking into account some peculiarities in his style of dress, there would be little difficulty in concluding that his profession had been "the trade of arms," and that, having turned his sword into a ploughshare, he was enjoying that space of brief repose, before the grave, that "end of all men," terminates the chequered career which generally marks a soldier's life. His companion had barely touched "life's summer." Younger by twenty years, there was nothing in his exterior to indicate professional pursuits. His general appearance was very favourable. His air was gentlemanly, and his dress the careless costume of a sportsman.

The apartment exhibited that quiet sort of comfort which the occupants seemed determined to put in ample requisition. On the table there were sundry bottles containing divers liquids; sugar and limes were not found wanting; and a silver kettle simmered above a spirit-lamp, keeping its water in that happy state of ebullition in which a toddy-drinker taketh delight. Stretched at full length in the corner, a full-grown deer-hound was reposing; and at either side of him who appeared to be the owner of the house, two short-legged, straw-coloured terriers were seated, pricking their foxed ears as the gust moaned through the pine-wood, and occasionally turning their keen black eyes upon their master's face, as if inquiring what had occasioned this uproar out of doors.

"What a gale it is!" said the elder of the two. "Replenish, Jack—ay, and with a safe conscience, too; for this is not the night when a man should reckon the number of his tumblers too

religiously. On with more wood! I wish we had some of the old 'Corinthians' here."

"I would rather prefer some young ones," rejoined the sportsman. "Nothing can be duller than your domicile in bad weather, colonel. The grouse won't stand a dog; the burn comes roaring from the hills as black as Erebus; you take in none but Tory periodicals; and if a man only chucks a lassie under the chin, he's threatened *instantly* with the cuttie-stool. What noise is that?"

"Never look at Purdy in the corner. All's safe and stupid here, Jack. It's the herd, or probably the fisher's wife, with a salmon for to-morrow."

"Neither, Ned. There are at least half a dozen interlopers. But here comes Jessie, and we shall soon be wiser, if we be not sadder men."

The attendant handed three tickets to her master. "The gentlemen," she said, "had wished to cross the ferry, and reach the inn beyond the loch; but the storm was too violent, and the boatmen refused to attempt a passage. Would Colonel O'Flaherty afford them shelter for the night?"

"What a question to put to an Irishman! In with them, Jessie. Let Sandy look to their horses, do you take charge of the driver, and let us have supper in double-quick. Where are my spectacles? Here, Jack, look the names over, and let us know how we are to address our visitors."

The younger of the two took the cards, and read their addresses carelessly.

"'Mr. Melville, Figtree-court, Temple.' I hate lawyers."

"And I, also, have an hereditary dislike to the profession. But I won't play Penruddock to-night, and converse with the templar 'in the open air.' Who comes next?"

"'Captain Henry Bouverie, 57th regiment.'"

"By Heaven! a welcome guest. I was brigaded, Jack, with the old 'Die-hards,' at Albuera. We took fourteen hundred men into action; and when the day closed, the three regiments had scarcely four hundred bayonets with the colours. If a Fifty-seventh dog straggled hither, and could only name his regiment, he might live and die here. Who comes third file?"

"'Mr. Arthur O'Donel, Balla—Balla—Ballama—' The name's interminable. Some 'gentleman from Ireland' on what he calls a *tower*, partly in search of the picturesque, and partly in hopes of grabbing some silly heiress or doting widow in the course of his peregrinations."

"No matter—a countryman—*Ceadé millia fealtheach!* But here they come."

The belated travellers entered in the same order in which

their cards had been delivered. The lawyer acted as advanced guard, the soldier supported him, and the gentleman with the interminable address formed the reserve.

They all passed muster gallantly. The lawyer was a smart, dapper little man, neatly dressed in black, with easy manners, and features which bespoke calm thought and quiet intelligence. The soldier looked what he was—and no one could mistake the country to which his companion appertained. Although in his language and address Mr. O'Donel had nothing prominently national, still the expression of his face was of that mercurial character peculiar to denizens of the Emerald Isle—that mixture of firmness and humour which gave assurance that in the gentleman with the interminable address you had a “right merrie” comrade over night, and a friend, should necessity require, ready to “go the whole hog” in the morning, “and no mistake.”

“Gentlemen,” quoth the commander, “brief ceremony is best at all times, and more particularly after men have been pelted by a storm on a highland hill. Pray be seated. On with more wood, Jack. I am Colonel O’Flaherty—a Conservative to the back-bone, and one who swears by the duke of Wellington. This gentleman is a kinsman of the same name—one of those nondescript animals yeleft Whigs; and I lament to add, although young, an incorrigible offender. Finding his conversion hopeless, we eschew politics by mutual consent; and, like two armies in the field who wish to decline action, we avoid a trial of strength, although now and then we indulge in some smart skirmishing at the outposts. Mr. Melville, I bid you welcome. You look too honest for a lawyer—and had not that accursed court been emblazoned on your card, none would have suspected it. Captain Bouverie, I claim you as a comrade. I spent a bloody day on the left flank of your glorious regiment. Mr. O'Donel, give me a countryman's hand. Don't believe all that my cousin Jack will say, for, with all their failings, I love the lads of the sod. But here comes supper. I'll tease you with no apologies—soldiers and sportsmen must ‘rough it’ now and then—and I'll back Maggie my cook for brandering a black cock against any lass in Dumbartonshire.”

That the commander's eulogy was deserved, might have been inferred from the performance of the company. Sportsmen and soldiers enjoy the reputation of being excellent trenchermen, and consequently Maggie's brander and salmon cutlets underwent a heavy visitation.

“Gentlemen, we will now close up to the centre,” said the colonel, as the lassie removed the cloth, and deposited a huge china bowl with all necessary appurtenances upon the table.

"Jack, I will intrust the bruist to thee. Would that thy politics were as orthodox as thy punch."

If there be any comfort and consolation in a stoup of hot toddy, it will be felt additionally should the night be tempestuous, and the scene a "highland home." So thought the colonel's visitors; round went the punch; and, sooth to say, the office of the colonel's kinsman was anything but a sinecure.

"Gentlemen, we have drunk our sovereign—God bless her!—and now we will fill to 'The Duke.'"

"What Duke?—Devonshire or Leinster?" inquired the punch-maker, with a smile.

"Jack," returned the commander solemnly, "there is *one* Waterloo, and *one* Duke. If the Whig ones wait till their healths float on the surface of my toddy, as honest Bob Burns says, 'by my saul, they'll wait awee.' Come, gentlemen," the host after a pause continued, "one bumper more, and let it be a high one. The presence of my young comrade recalls scenes gone by, and in fancy I stand once more on the bloody bridge of Albuera. Alas! that glory should be bought so dear. At nine in the morning, six thousand British bayonets glittered on the hill—at two that afternoon, the parting volley which fell heavily on Soult's beaten columns was delivered from fifteen hundred muskets. I escaped unwounded: but the friend of my youth—he whom I loved dearer than a brother—died by my side; and the last sound that passed his lips was a cheer as he saw the French give way before the slaughtering volleys of the Fusileers. Come, gentlemen, we drink a silent toast—To the memory of those who fell at Albuera!"

"And where could a soldier meet death so well?" exclaimed Captain Bouverie, as the colonel sighed heavily. "The breach or battle-field should ever be his resting-place. Many have survived a glorious hour on which to meet their fate, and dragged on life through years of poverty and suffering—a burden to themselves—a cause of misery to others."

"I could relate a tale," observed the commander, "which would point that moral well. It was indeed a strange adventure. The night is yet young, gentlemen, and I will tell you a singular story. Come, Jack, ply thy ladle well, and I will 'spin my yarn' as briefly as I can."

The colonel having taken a preparatory pinch of black rappee, "to clear the cobwebs from his memory," thus continued:—

THE OUTCAST.

"Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
 Ere human statute purged the general weal;
 Ay, and since, too, murders have been performed
 Too terrible for the ear."

* * * * *
 "Kill men i' the dark!—where be these bloody thieves?"

SHAKESPEARE.

A MILD spring evening had succeeded the wettest day that ever blockaded me in the bay-window of a West-end hotel. Saint Martin's clock struck seven—and the hour was come when the labours of the industrious begin to terminate, and the amusement of the idle to commence. The clerk was emancipated from his desk—the dressmaker had completed her task, and with her blue bonnet-box hanging on her arm, was hastening to the shop of her employer—the guardsman hurried to his barrack—and the lover started as the bells chimed from the steeple, and quickened his pace lest the fair one should reach "the trysting place" before him. A busy crowd thronged the *débouchés* of Leicester-square, all intent upon engrossing objects of their own—various and vain as human passions prompt—entailing pain in the pursuit, and too often shame and sorrow in the possession.

My friend and I turned from this crowded thoroughfare on our road to a restaurateur's, where we had already ordered dinner. The crossing was clean—the sweeper made his customary demand—and, like most of charity's appeals, it was heard and disregarded. We touched the opposite curb-stone, the sweeper following—but his tone of supplication ceased, and a deep voice exclaimed, "Captain M——, you owe me a dollar!"

We started and turned round. The sweeper was leaning carelessly against the lamp-post—his attitude rather that of one who demands a right, than of him who solicits assistance.

The light fell fully upon the spot, and we examined the mendicant attentively. His was the ruin of a noble figure, rugged and mutilated as it was. The foot was firmly planted on the ground, while the position of the head and chest showed the "setting-up" that always betrays a soldier. In height, the sweeper was far over six feet—the framework was powerful and massive—the hair grizzled—the beard bushy and neglected—and from the appearance of an empty sleeve, the left arm had been amputated at the socket.

Half a minute elapsed, and still we looked earnestly at each other. The mendicant's glance was fixed as mine—and in a deeper tone he again addressed my friend, and repeated, "Captain M——, you owe me a dollar!"

"Now, who on earth are you? I never saw you in my life."

The outcast laughed bitterly.

"Wonderful," he said, "how old acquaintanceship will oftentimes fade from memory. Notwithstanding your forgetfulness, still, Captain M——, you owe me a dollar!"

"For what?" exclaimed my friend.

"Wine!" returned the mendicant.

"Wine? Nonsense, man!"

"Ay, and as good as was ever taken from the haversack of a dead enemy. Noble captain, has Salamanca so totally escaped your recollection?"

"Salamanca!—what of it, fellow?"

"The Eighty—th were there, I fancy," returned the sweeper, carelessly.

"They were."

"Ay, I thought so. It was a warm day in every sense, and the evening was as hot. Before the battle ended, many a brave man had fallen unwounded in the ranks, struck down by a burning sun, and tortured by intolerable thirst. A lieutenant in the grenadier company was wounded and carried to the rear. One of the men that brought him off had found a Frenchman's canteen. He gave it to his officer. Wine there was worth gold—and where's the wonder that, in return, the soldier received the promise of a dollar?"

He paused, turned his eyes steadily on my companion, and in yet deeper tones exclaimed, "Captain M——, you owe me a dollar!"

"By heaven, O'Flaherty, the man speaks truth—and a faint remembrance of the occurrence flashes across my memory." My companion turned to the sweeper—"Were you the man who gave me a flask of wine at Salamanca?"

The mendicant shrugged up his solitary shoulder. "Captain M——," he continued, "do you remember a man named Coyne?"

"Perfectly," was the reply. "A finer soldier was never flank-file to a company; a braver never crossed a breach; and a greater blackguard was never inflicted upon a regiment. I saw him get five hundred for robbing a Spanish *cure*."

"Ay," rejoined the mendicant, "and they said he had kissed the priest's niece, whether she would or not, and added, that she was the prettiest girl in the *commune*. How did Coyne stand the halberds, captain?"

"Like a hero as he was! He stripped without changing a feature, placed a musket-ball between his teeth, and never gave a groan."

"Yet," replied the mendicant, "he was afterwards made corporal. He saved a picket from being taken; and shot—for he was advanced vedette—the officer who led the party that attempted the surprise."

"Yes; and, luckier still, he died a soldier's death, and fell at the head of his company, when the 'Fighting Third' swept through the village of Arinez, and ended a glorious field. Was not Coyne killed at Vittoria?"

"They said so," replied the sweeper. "But, captain, do you admit or deny the debt?"

"Own it without scruple; and am ready to hand the dollar to his executor."

"Better and easier to pay it to himself. Come to the railing, gentlemen; a short time will tell a curious history."

The mendicant strode again across the street, and placed his back against the palisades. A lamp revealed the outline of his figure, and threw its light directly upon a face whose expression was singular and forbidding, but, probably, might have once been handsome. Though the features were regular, their character was ferocious and repulsive; and a sword-cut, that traversed the forehead and deeply scarred the eyebrow, added truculence to a countenance on which nature had already imprinted her darkest outlines—indicating passions beyond self-control, and the repression of conventional authority.

"Your time is valuable, gentlemen," said the mendicant, "and I will crowd into a brief space the incidents of a life in which there is little of pleasure to look back upon. I never had a friend in whom I could confide; and I never loved a woman who returned it. Through life I seemed a second Cain—my hand against all, and every man's hand against me. But, patience! The wildest storm is soonest followed by a calm: the quiet of the grave awaits alike the beggar and the prince. The race of every man must have its goal; and something whispers me that, ere long, my career will close, as it commenced, in bloodshed."

It seemed strange with what indifference the mendicant was about to make revelations which criminals generally avoid. If his personal appearance was remarkable, the manner in which he expressed himself was not less singular. His language was forcible and fluent, and different from what might have been expected from one of that vagabond order to which he belonged.

"My origin is lowly, gentlemen, as you may suppose. My father was herdsman under an easy master, and, during a long

life, he managed to save as much money as obtained for him a village reputation of being wealthy. I, an only child, was destined to achieve the great object of a peasant's ambition, and was preparing to enter Maynooth. God knows, I should have made a sorry churchman! But that intention was speedily set at rest. I was what they call in Ireland 'unlucky' from my birth; and at a hurling-match, where a row casually occurred, a skull was fractured, and they said that I had struck the blow. I did not remain, however, to abide the inquiry. I robbed my father, bolted the same night, lived bravely while the money lasted, and when the last shilling was spent, took another from a recruiting-sergeant, and listed a militia-man.

"In the South-Mayo I remained a year. There I was drilled; got drunk; drew my bayonet on a corporal; had my back scratched; was sent to the hospital; and, when I quitted it, turned out for the line.

"I remained two years in England, and, during that period, deserted and re-enlisted thrice. My fourth attempt, however, concluded that game. I joined your second battalion, captain; and my perfect discipline begat a suspicion, which reference to my back confirmed. They concluded that they had caught a loose fish; clapped me in the guard-house for better security; and made all sure, by whipping me on ship-board within a week, and sending me out to the Peninsula, to join the first battalion.

"Well, I was safely landed at Lisbon, and marched directly to 'the lines;' and a more troublesome recruit, or a better drilled soldier, never joined a regiment. I was the tallest man in the grenadiers by half an inch; and the adjutant confessed that I was the best set-up soldier in the company.

"For once I stuck close to my colours, although I often felt inclined to try whether the French fared better than we did. In the field, the captain will admit that I did my duty like a man; but for good conduct when in quarters, the less said the better.

"I had been a twelvemonth in the Peninsula, when, early in January, 1812, the duke broke ground before Rodrigo. Siege duty in bad weather is no joke—as the captain knows—but we had a general who always had the trick of coming to the point at once; and as Marmont was concentrating fast, for the relief of the fortress, Wellington determined to be beforehand, and save him the trouble of the march.

"Captain, whatever occurrences may fade from our memories, those of the night of the 19th of January will not be of the number. On that day, in turn of duty, the third and light divisions were ordered to the trenches. At dark we moved forward to the rear of the first parallel, and formed in front of the

great breach; and, by Saint Patrick, there was as much work cut out for us as we could do—and, at rough fighting, it was hard to tax the *ould Third* too heavily.

"When the town clock struck six, our division stood to arms. Picton rode up—the storming party was told off—and the forlorn-hope desired to volunteer. Out stepped the captain there, and twenty tearing fellows followed him.

"Clang went the cathedral-bell once more—and many a hundred gallant spirits heard their last hour tolled! The word was given to advance: we led the stormers, and the column was close behind them. All was silent as the grave, and one would have sworn that the garrison had gone to sleep; but not an eye, that evening, was closed within Rodrigo.

"We neared the main breach. One sentry discharged his musket, and then the storm burst. Every gun that would bear upon the approaches opened, and between shells and blue-lights the breach seemed in a perfect blaze: but our leader cheered us on, and at it we went like bull-dogs.

"At last the French gave way. You, Captain M——, forced a passage down the side of the retrenchment, and Brazil and I followed. You collected the stragglers as they came forward, and pushed direct to gain the castle—when I thought I had done enough already in the fighting line, and slipped aside at the corner of a square, to set off in search of drink, devilment, and plunder.

"I wandered through several streets. Every house was closed—every casement darkened—a fearful stillness reigned around, occasionally broken by cheering at the breaches, as the supporting regiments poured into the captured city, and sometimes by a dropping shot or two fired in the direction of the castle. Aware that the ill-fated town would be immediately overrun by soldiers and camp-followers, I pushed on ahead to gain a quarter remote from the scene of strife, and where I might plunder for a time with little fear of interruption. It was strange that in a populous city I should not encounter a living thing. The inhabitants—poor wretches!—had concealed themselves, to escape, if they could, the first fury of the excited soldiery—the French had retreated in another direction—Rodrigo seemed abandoned to myself, and I looked around to select a house where my depredations might be commenced successfully.

"One side of the street was occupied by a large convent, and on the other there stood a range of private dwellings. At the extremity, and encircled by a garden, I observed an isolated house. Its neat exterior announced that it belonged to persons in comfortable circumstances; and its situation was retired, and

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The expression of my features told how little mercy might be expected.

therefore the better suited for the work of plunder. Without a moment's hesitation I bounded over a low palisade that separated the garden from the street, and instantly sought an entrance.

"The doors and lower windows were barred securely; I tried them all in vain; and, to my knocking and peremptory demand to be admitted, no answer was returned.

"You both, gentlemen, have been with an army in the field, and frequently overheard the conversation of a picket round a watch fire:—sometimes a detail of low debauchery—sometimes narratives relating to successful plundering—and not unfrequently a free confession of crimes of darker hue. Often had I listened with pleasure while older marauders than myself related their infamous exploits; and I now remember to have heard it asserted by these pillagers, that no lock, however strong, will withstand the discharge of a musket through the key-hole. I tried the experiment for the first time. The bolt was shattered—the door gave way—I stood within the dwelling, and a faint light that escaped from beneath a door showed me a flight of stairs that led to the apartment.

"I reloaded my musket and ascended to the first floor, and a low whispering told that the chamber before me was inhabited. I knocked loudly, but no one replied; and, determined to waste no time, I tried my strength upon the door, and the fastenings were too feeble to resist it.

"Two females were the occupants, and two lovelier ones could not have been discovered in Rodrigo. The elder was in the full bloom of womanly beauty; the younger, a lovely girl of sixteen. Between them a likeness existed that told it was a mother and her child.

"The horrid crash which the explosion of my fire-lock had caused would have harbingered the appearance of a demon, and, no doubt, I looked one. I had received some flesh wounds in the breach; my face and jacket were stained with blood, and blackened with gunpowder; my countenance was flushed by recent excitement; I had drunk freely before the storm, and the expression of my features told how little mercy might be expected at my hands.

"The younger female uttered a piercing scream, threw her arms wildly round her mother's neck, and, as a last hope, clung to that loved one for protection, while the despairing look with which the elder supplicated pity, might have had influence on any spirit less savage than my own. But I was callous—already the blackest passions were raging in my breast; with brutal force I tore the screaming girl from her parent's arms, locked her in my own, and covered her lips with noxious kisses.

"The wretched mother made a strong effort to release her

daughter from my grasp; she might as easily have loosed the lamb from the lion's hold. In an agony of grief she pressed her temples with her hands, and then, as if a thought had struck her suddenly, she seized the lamp, rushed to a corner of the chamber, unclosed a concealment in the wall, took out a purse of gold, knelt at my feet, and placed it in my hand. She saw some hesitation in my manner; the bribe, she fancied, was not probably sufficient, and she plucked jewels from her ears and fingers, and a sparkling crucifix from her breast; and, as she pressed me to accept them, implored me to spare the honour of her child. The language was Spanish, and unknown to me; but, oh God! how ardent was that prayer for pity!

"I hid the purse and jewels in the breast of my jacket, and the poor victims perhaps believed that I had relented in my purpose. One minute undeceived them. A noise arose below—men's feet were heard upon the stairs, and a private of the ninety-fifth, with a Portuguese muleteer, rushed in.

"Another minute and a damning deed was done! They forced the mother to a distant room, and her cries, loud and wild at first, and then ceasing suddenly, as if utterance was violently stopped, told how savagely she was outraged. Nor did her child experience from me that mercy which the unfortunate parent had vainly purchased. In an hour, when my companions in crime returned, the poor victim, like a flower blighted before it blooms, stole away, dishonoured and debased, to mingle her unavailing sorrow with a parent's, herself subjected to the worst insult which hell prompts, and demon man can perpetrate.

"Each of my felon comrades had plundered apparently to their satisfaction, for both had a bundle roughly tied up. They had found some bottles of wine, and we sat down and drank to an infamous confederacy.

"The revelry was short—a drunken cheer was heard at no great distance from the house, and the time had come when not to plunder, but to avoid being plundered, was an object. That fatal night upon Rodrigo a multitude of ruffians were unloosed; the three greatest probably were assembled in the lonely house—and the worst by far was the muleteer.

"'Damnation,' he exclaimed; 'could we have but kept possession for another hour, we should have found twice the booty we have got. And the women, too—the loveliest within Rodrigo; many a skin of wine I carried from the lady's vineyard.'

"Another and a louder cheer announced that the band was numerous, and near at hand.

"'By San Iago, I'll mar their harvest,' he exclaimed.

"The Portuguese seized the lamp—rushed out—was absent for a minute—returned and fired the curtains of the room—and

followed us down stairs, whither we had hurried to save our plunder and quit the scene of crime.

"The rest is but a dream—I only remember it indistinctly. We roamed to and fro, anxious to escape light-handed adventurers who were marauding over the town, and despoiling indiscriminately the robbers and the robbed. In drunken wisdom, we determined to obtain shelter during the remainder of the night, and accident disclosed what appeared to be a secure asylum. It proved a den of butchery.

"It was an obscure vault beneath the cathedral, which had been used by some French commissary as a place to store his wine. It seemed to have been but recently deserted by the owner, for the door was open, and a lantern was burning on the floor. A dozen wine-skins were standing against the wall, and two or three casks of brandy were laid upon the floor. We knocked in the head of one—a savage debauch succeeded—and we drank, quarrelled, and attempted to rob each other. The muleteer and the Ninety-fifth man drew knife and bayonet, and as they struggled, I discharged my musket, not caring which I killed. The Portuguese ruffian was the victim, for my bullet passed directly through his heart.

"I know nothing more—the lantern was overturned—and hours of darkness succeeded, while I lay buried in drunken insensibility. I awoke, tortured with ravening thirst; and minutes elapsed before I could recall to memory the place and past transactions, or feel assured that all was not a troubled vision.

"Proofs were not long wanting; a sad reality appeared, and the consequences of last night's brutality were disgustingly presented. The pallid features of the muleteer, with his leaden eyes wide open, were staring straight on mine; and the soldier, covered to the ears in wine, had been hours before smothered in his drunkenness. Through accident or wantonness, the wine-skins had been ripped in the struggle; the floor was flooded a foot deep, and I had escaped the fate of my companion by the mere accident of falling across a heap of rubbish in the corner. I would have drunk—but gouts of blood were floating on the Xerez; the surface was reddened—I never thought one body could have contained so much.

"I crawled out from this horrid den, and went staggering along a street or two. I met a fountain in my way; my thirst was burning; I drank deeply of the cooling water—and, a few paces on, entered a deserted mule-shed, stretched myself upon the litter, and fell into a heavy sleep.

"Hours had elapsed, for it was pitch dark when I awoke, and I turned with difficulty upon the straw. The heavy blows I had received in the *mêlée* upon the breach, though unheeded at the

time, were now severely felt, and the sword-cuts were festering from neglect. I found myself fevered by my late debauch, and yet the cold was intolerable. A burning thirst consumed me. I could not sleep; if I slumbered, I dreamt that I was again beside the fountain; I stooped to drink, but the water was gone, and the filthy stream that spouted in its stead was sherry mixed with blood. At last, nature was wearied out. I slept, but it was not the sleep that refreshes. The women, the dead muleteer, the smothered soldier, the filthy vault, the bloody wine—all flitted before my eyes, and tortured me with maddening fantasies.

"Suddenly, a rude shake dispelled these horrid visions, I looked up—a being, whose dress was womanly, but whose truculent look and masculine frame almost belied her sex, was standing over me. I raised myself upon my elbow; a heavy blow from some blunt instrument instantly struck me down—and when I recovered my senses, I found myself alone; my jacket was torn open, and purse and jewels gone. My ill-got treasure had disappeared, and passed into the possession of one of those monsters in female form, who, vulture-like, hover round an army in the field, and exceed even man himself in crime and cruelty.

"I had now no motive to induce concealment—in turn, the robber had been robbed. The sooner I obtained surgical assistance the better, and with a painful exertion, I raised myself from the straw and crawled slowly into daylight. The pickets were everywhere about to secure marauders and carry off the drunken and the wounded. In a short time a patrol came up—and the officer despatched a corporal and two files to carry me to the hospital.

"A large convent had been hastily prepared for the reception of disabled men, and thither we proceeded; but before we reached it, a scene was reserved for me to witness, that ages, could human life be thus prolonged, could never obliterate from memory.

"Previous to the capture of Rodrigo, desertions on both sides had been numerous, and it was known that of those who had left their regiments, either to avoid the severity of field duties, or escape the punishment incurred by military offences, many had found shelter in the fortress. There were at least a score of these criminals in Rodrigo upon the night of the assault; but conscious of the fate that awaited them should the storm succeed, they fought at the breaches to the last, and the greater number died in desperate resistance. Those who survived were brought to a drum-head court-martial; and on three, but just condemned, the penalty of the law was now in execution.

"The provost-marshal and his guard had erected a temporary

gallows, and as we came up, the criminals were turned off. My companions took an interest in the passing scene, for one of the sufferers had deserted from their own regiment. I witnessed the execution with indifference—a far more horrible sight had been reserved for me.

“We halted beside the ruins of a burned house; and as a detached wing had accidentally escaped the flames, some of the inhabitants were employed in removing portions of the furniture which had been but partially injured. A cry of horror was heard within, and two of my escort sprang into the house to ascertain the cause. In a few minutes they returned with several townspeople carrying a heavy load. It was wrapped loosely in a cloth, and at my feet they laid it down.

“Whatever it was, it seemed to have a power of fascination. I could not withdraw my eyes, and yet I dreaded to make inquiry. A minute passed; a man came from the crowd, and directed the cloth to be removed. He was obeyed; and never did the blessed light of day witness a more horrible spectacle.

“There lay the bodies of two females—the heads and trunks were perfect, but the lower extremities had been consumed by fire. They were locked in each other’s arms; and so rigid was death’s embrace, that it would have required force to sever it. How destruction could have been so partial, it is difficult to conceive. The faces were uninjured, and the long black hair unscorched. The features of both preserved their living beauty, but they were horribly distorted; and the frightful expression of agony that convulsed them, told under what exquisite sufferings the spirit must have passed away. Need I tell you they were my victims?

“When I reached the hospital, decided fever had set in; and in an hour or two I was delirious. I raved incessantly of mutilated women and bloody wine. No one attended to it. It was supposed that my brain had become unsettled by injuries sustained in the assault; and on recovering, I was sent to my regiment, and for gallant conduct at the storm, noted for promotion—but that never came.

“From the moment I viewed the scorched and mutilated bodies of my victims, despair was in my breast, and the curse of heaven followed in my footsteps. I, who had been the crack soldier of a flank company, became as notorious for dirt and inattention. Military pride was totally extinguished, and half my time was consumed in drunkenness, or the confinement inflicted for its punishment. When in the immediate presence of an enemy, my former spirit for a time revived. At Salamanca I did my duty like a man, and gave you, captain, the Frenchman’s flask, whom a few minutes before I had killed in fair and single

fight. The prisoners said afterwards he was the finest soldier in Spain, and reckoned the ablest swordsman with the army. Well, I must be brief, and bring my military history to an end. It closed where people thought I died—in carrying the village of Arinez.

“Many a better man than I left his colours on the evening of the 21st of June, to plunder the French baggage at Vittoria. Some returned to their regiments—others never joined them—and I was among the latter. With a hundred marauders like myself, I went rambling through the mountain villages, devastating property, and maltreating the inhabitants. Our plundering career was short; violence provoked retaliation; we used the bayonet unsparingly, and the Spaniards resorted in secret to the knife. The account on both sides was kept tolerably square. If we murdered half a score of peasants through the day, at night a dozen of our comrades disappeared; and if we found them afterwards, it was with gashed throats. I seemed to hold a charmed life, and escaped assassination; but, while in brutal inebriety, was tied hand and foot by some peasants, delivered to a party of French foragers, and carried into San Sebastian a prisoner. My state of captivity was brief: the first overture to enter the French service was accepted—and in the first sortie from the garrison, I headed the party, got wounded, and was sent from the fortress by sea to Passages, and thus escaped the halter I had earned by desertion.

“Through the remainder of the war I continued with the French army of the Pyrenees, and was present at Sauroren, Orthez, and Toulouse. I fought with a halter round my neck, and, need I add, fought with reckless desperation. In every one of these battles, by a strange fatality, I was opposed to ‘The Fighting Third’—and more than once I felt an impulse, nearly irresistible, to rush from the French ranks, rejoin my own conquering division, and die at the head of that noble company, of which, by turns, I had been the pride and shame.

“War ended; Napoleon was deposed; and I spent a wandering life among the Pyrenees, half brigand and half beggar. I could narrate a volume of adventure—let it pass. Napoleon returned; I joined the French ranks again, and was drafted from an *élite* company of the line, into the Imperial Guard.

“At Waterloo I was wounded severely; sent without suspicion to a French hospital; and, when recovered, obtained a passage to Cuba. In the new world, I commenced a new career.

“It was one for which a spirit like mine was best adapted. No honest calling was fitting for an outcast—a man steeped in guilt, and familiarized with bloodshed. I sought out ruffians like myself, and found them readily; chose another element as

the scene of criminal exploit; joined an atrocious confederacy, and became a rover of the sea.

"You have been wearied with details of villany. Those, in my new vocation, I shall pass over, and only say, that on leaving Europe I might have been accounted innocent, were comparative crime estimated then and afterwards.

"For five years I lived an ocean robber—passed through the thousand dangers which peril a lawless life; gained, at last, the summit of ruffianly ambition, and became the captain of a pirate crew. In the history of these years, there is no villany which man imagines, that I had left uncommitted. Many a rich bark was plundered, and yet no tongue betrayed the secret; for sunken ships and murdered seamen followed each deed of rapine; and that they never reached a port, was falsely ascribed to storm or some maritime calamity. Would you believe it? stained with blood—guilty of incredible atrocities—dead to every impulse of humanity—with the disposition of a vampire, and the malignity of a fiend—in the remembrance of one foul deed, a hundred fouler, if possible, were forgotten. The night when Rodrigo was carried by assault seemed branded on my memory. When I caroused with my ruffian comrades, every glass seemed bright; but in mine, blood-drops were floating on the surface; and at midnight, whether I watched beside the helmsman or rested in my cabin, two mutilated women, with long black hair, and features writhed in mortal agony, lay on the deck plank where I stood, or swung at my feet with every movement of the hammock.

"At last, crime and cruelty appeared to lose excitement; a strange fancy crossed my brain; a longing after home suddenly returned; and I determined to take an early opportunity of abandoning a rover's life, and try whether in scenes of quiet, there was any peace reserved for me. I had amassed ample wealth; for all the more valuable portions of our booty, gold, plate, and jewels, were intrusted to my keeping; and it was easy, as commander, to concert some plan by which I might appropriate all to myself, and desert the ship and crew without suspicion. Accordingly, I packed the whole in parcels of convenient size, directing the schooner's course for Cuba, to water and refit—an order joyfully obeyed; for my companions, surfeited with plunder, were only anxious to obtain the power of dissipating it as recklessly as it had been collected. Such were their intentions; mine were different; and fortune marred both.

"It was a calm, dark night; at sunset we had got soundings, and before the next evening should come on, we calculated on making land, and in a few hours afterwards, moor the schooner

in an unfrequented creek, where we generally overhauled the vessel, and refitted for a cruise.

"Many a scheme relating to future life was contemplated, but always some damning doubt arose, and conscience whispered that in this world the murderer seeks rest in vain. Dark forebodings crossed my mind—the harbingers of coming evil. I drank deeply, but they were not to be drowned in wine. I strove to sleep; a hundred corpses danced around the cot. I sought the deck, to try if the night breeze would cool the fever of my brain: but wherever I moved, the mutilated victims of Rodrigo were ever at my side. At last the darkness began to yield to day. Oh! how interminable that short night appeared. Morning dawned gloomily, and a dense mist hung over the ocean, and shrouded the ship in vapour. The thickness of the weather alarmed me: we were now in the track of British cruisers, and safety required that on our part a bright look-out should be kept. I determined, therefore, to remain on deck myself until the fog should clear away; and, lighting a cigar, took my usual stand beside the helmsman. Suddenly, faint sounds, like strokes on a ship's bell when the watch is changed, came stealing over the water. I started, and asked if any but myself had heard them; but all answered in the negative. The mist began to disperse; the sun shone out; the morning breeze freshened; for a mile around, the sea was clear, the vapour, in huge fleeces, rolling off before the wind. I swept the horizon suspiciously with my glass, and within a cloud-bank to the southward, fancied that I discovered something darker than the mist. In a few minutes, another portion of the fog rolled off, and, by heaven! not more than two miles distant, and dead to windward, a brig was under easy sail, and her low black hull and raking masts told that she was anything but a trader.

"The alarm was given: in a minute every man was on deck, and sail was made upon the schooner. We hoped at first that, owing to the thickness of the weather, we had escaped the stranger's observation, and might yet steal off to leeward. But that hope was vain; our helm was scarcely up before the stranger changed her course and bore down upon us, and the rapidity with which canvass was crowded on her to the trucks, told that her crew was numerous. No mist remained; the sun poured a glorious flood of light over sea and sky; not a sail was on the ocean far as sight could range, except the stranger and ourselves. The breeze freshened; she brought it down, and overhauled us rapidly; half an hour would bring her alongside—for two feet we sailed, she went three.

"As yet neither vessel had shown her colours. We hoisted the Colombian flag; the stranger did not notice it, but held

a steady course. Our situation seemed hopeless—certain death if captured, and scarcely a chance of escape. Still it was possible that we might cripple the stranger, and get off; or, he might be a rover like ourselves, for we heard that under the title of privateers and slavers such were common in these seas. We took a desperate resolution, hauled down Colombian colours, and sent aloft the skull and cross-bones. All eyes were now turned on the stranger. In a minute 'the meteor flag of England' was flying at his masthead! and we felt that our doom was sealed.

"There was but one chance of escaping left—to cross the stranger's bows, and trust to our superior sailing on a wind. The manœuvre was tried, the brig as promptly bracing up three points, to cut us off. We commenced firing from our traversing-gun, but the stranger did not return a shot. We sent a two-and-thirty through his foresail, and splintered his quarter-boat with a second. A third passed harmlessly between his masts. It was the last shot we fired.

"He was now well on our starboard-bow, and within good pistol-range, when, luffing up, he delivered his broadside with beautiful precision, as every gun was brought to bear. His fire was directed at spars and sails, and his grape completely unrigged us. Shifting his helm, he ran his jib-boom between our mast and fore-stay, threw forty boarders on our deck, and cleared it in three minutes. Some of my scoundrels fought hard; more of them cowed and ran below. Twenty were left upon the deck with cleft skulls—and the remainder, chained two and two, were carried to Cuba, and delivered to the Spanish authorities.

"There the judicial process was short. Little proof was required of our guilt, as we were taken fighting under the black flag, and several scoundrels had saved life by becoming approvers. We were all condemned. Half were sent to the mines for life, and the remainder were doomed to undergo a capital punishment.

"Manifold as our depredations had been, they were represented ten times greater than they were; and every vessel that had foundered at sea for years before, was asserted and believed to have been destroyed by the crew of the pirate schooner. As a terror to malefactors, it was arranged by the proper authorities that the scene of punishment should embrace the chief towns and seaports; and, accordingly, we were sentenced to be hanged in detail, and the relative numbers furnished to each place were nicely apportioned with a fitting respect to its extent and importance. We started on our last tour under the escort of a military guard; and as every sinner had a priest allotted for his especial consolation, the clergy

formed a striking feature in the *cortège*; and, indeed, our general appearance was admitted to have been respectable. As this itinerating assizes was to terminate with three executions at Carthagena, the lions were reserved to the last; and, while the smaller fry were strung up in villages and fishing-towns as we went along, the greatest villains—namely, the mate, the gunner, and myself—were retained, out of compliment to the city, as well as to give to the finish of the affair the *éclat* it so well deserved.

“On the last night of my earthly sojourn I was flung into a dungeon in the public gaol, loaded with irons, and tormented by the exhortations of a drunken priest. In the plaza before the building, a gang of negroes were at work erecting a lofty scaffold; and the task appeared a pleasant one, if one might form an opinion from their merriment and songs. On a sudden, the stroke of the axe and hammer was suspended—a wild din arose—shots were rapidly discharged—men huzzaed—torches flared—and all seemed hurry and alarm. Presently, the populace surrounded the prison, massacred the guard, and, in the true spirit of mob justice, executed half a dozen political offenders on the gallows intended for our accommodation. They were also graciously pleased to make a general gaol-delivery, in which act of clemency we were duly included; and, while the mate and gunner became a valuable addition to their body, I slipped away towards the harbour, stole the bundle of a drunken sailor, dressed myself in his clothes, launched a canoe, and rowed on board an American ship, already under weigh, and quitting the anchorage in alarm. I afterwards learned at New York, that the popular outbreak had been suppressed next morning, and that my companions were retaken and hanged; and all they had profited by the intervention of the mob was the enjoyment of a night of drunken liberty, during which they demolished fifty houses, and murdered the proprietors for daring to assert that a Don Jose somebody would make a better president than some Don Pedro with a longer name.

“My history draws near a close. I came to England as a man before the mast; and I, who had expected to have landed possessor of ten thousand pounds, debarked upon the pier at Liverpool owner of just ten dollars. That sum carried me to the metropolis; and, two years since, I found myself in London—my kit comprised within the folds of a pocket handkerchief—my cash a solitary shilling.

“To find some scoundrels like myself was a first endeavour; and he who seeks for such in London will rarely lose his labour. I had herded with outcasts half my life—none knows the gradations of crime better—and I have no hesitation in saying, that

in villany my new associates, three in number, belonged to the highest order of the felonious. They had been originally cracksmen and pickpockets, but exchanged burglary for a safer and more lucrative employment. They were now purveyors to the hospitals—professional resurrectionmen.

"I had long been the robber of the living, and I had no compunction in becoming a despoiler of the dead. The churchyard, indeed, proved an El Dorado, and from it, for eighteen months, I obtained ample resources to support my low debaucheries. I easily obtained a mastery over the gang; for all were sneaking scoundrels—fellows who would drug a man to death, or stab a sleeper in the dark. One and all had felt my arm by turn; and once, when in a drunken broil, the three attacked me; in a minute they were spread across the floor, and one of them all but qualified for the surgeons. They swore vengeance, and whatever oaths the villains broke, that one they kept religiously.

"The darkest hour of my varied fortunes remains only to be told; for, compared with it, every suffering I had endured, and every calamity which befel me, were trifling. Many a scar upon my person attests that I did not pass unscathed through perilous adventures, in which hundreds of my comrades perished. What were they all? mere scratches on the bark of a tree, whose sap and strength were sound and vigorous as they had ever been. I had no reason to complain. From my filthy calling all but the lowest in the grade of guilt turned in disgust. I trafficked in the dead; what then?—the trade was lucrative—I was a monster, not a man—and although it was the produce of human carrion, I cared not; it served the purposes of vulgar dissipation as well as money more reputably obtained.

"The twilight of a January day had set in, the lamps were lighted, and I was sitting at the tap-room fire of a low pot-house, which none but thieves and vagabonds frequented. Here my companions and I generally met to concert our churchyard robberies; and I had been but a few minutes in the place, when my three confederates entered the apartment.

"'Sailor'—the name by which I was always addressed—'we have been in search of you; a nice job for to-night! I met the chap from Guy's, in the Borough-road this morning, and he offered to stand twelve pounds for a fresh stiff-un, and gave me these five bob earnest.'

"He threw the silver on the table, called for drink, and when the bar-maid left the room, he thus continued—

"'Luck's with us, too. The *smasher* met a parish funeral, followed it unobserved, and marked the grave to an inch. There's not within thirty miles a ground so easily worked in;

I have got three of a night there, as readily as I could pick up stale fish in Billingsgate.

"He named a village churchyard.

"Sailor, we'll start at ten. You'll find us with the cart and tools in Smithfield. Now, mind the hour; don't lush too heavy—and be sure not to keep us waiting, and when we deliver the goods, why then we'll drink till daylight."

"My ruffian comrades left the tap, and I smoked and slept, and drank, until the clock chimed three-quarters, and told me the hour of meeting was at hand.

"In Smithfield I found my companions and a tax-cart. I jumped in, and away we drove. The night was dark as pitch; and as it was windy, with a drizzling rain, there were few persons out of doors as we passed through the outskirts of the metropolis. One of the gang stopped with the horse and chaise in a lonely lane; we took the implements for digging, a dark lantern and a tarpaulin to wrap the corpse in, and, crossing a field, scaled the churchyard wall, and instantly commenced our work. *The smasher* found his marks—and a hole was sunk at the head of the grave, by which the body was speedily extracted from the coffin.

"The remains thus violated were those of a female, for as the shroud was rudely torn away, a quantity of long black hair fell loosely over her neck and bosom. As we wrapped it in the cloth, the faint light that streamed from the narrow aperture of the lantern fell for a moment on the features of the dead. Great God! the lineaments were the same—she, too, had died in agony—and there lay, if face and figure might be credited, the younger lady of Rodrigo, just as, twenty years before, she had breathed her last—and, stranger coincidence! that night was the 19th of January—the memorable anniversary of the storm. I started back in horror.

"Hush!" said one of my companions, 'I thought I heard a noise.'

"He listened for a moment.

"By — there's some one near us; up with the body, sailor—and *the smasher* and myself will see that all's right behind you.'

"That corpse shall never touch my back," I replied doggedly. 'Off, you miserable cowards—I will remain behind.'

"They raised the body, and moved a few paces towards the wall, when suddenly a voice shouted, an alarm was given, and a prompt discharge of firearms answered it. My comrades dropped their prey, and fled. I followed more slowly; for the whole charge of a gun loaded with slugs, had penetrated my breast and shoulder. I reached the lane only to find that the

scoundrels had left me to my fate; for I heard their chaise-wheels on the high road.

"I struggled on—and at last, faint with loss of blood, I reached the hospital, where the porter was in waiting to receive the expected corpse, but in place of a dead subject, received a wounded patient. I was undressed; the injury declared most dangerous; many of the slugs could not be extracted, and in the morning it was decided that my arm must be taken off, and accordingly it was amputated at the shoulder.

"On my recovery, I felt that the curse of Heaven had overtaken me at last, and that the hour of retribution had arrived. Through many a perilous trial, my personal superiority over common men had carried me in safety—while meaner villains, dreading my herculean strength, feared and submitted to my will. But now that mastery was lost—I was a maimed wretch—one who might become an object for contempt, but never could excite apprehension, not even in the mean cowards with whom I had lately herded, and with whom, from necessity, I must for the future consort. When I crawled from the hospital, and sought to renew my connection with the gang, they rejected me with scorn, laughed at my misfortune, told me to turn beggar, and flung some coppers in derision on the floor. They showed me gold and bank-notes—boasted that their trade was now, indeed, worth following—and hinted that they had found a method by which their foul traffic could be carried on without that personal risk which formerly had attended it. By heaven! a dark suspicion crossed me at the moment. I made inquiries at the hospitals—I coupled facts with circumstances—and my belief is fixed, that the *living*, and not the *dead*, are *now the victims*. I am on the trail—and before many hours elapse, I will know the truth; and then—will I not avenge myself? But I have detained you, gentlemen, too long—it will be my last trespass. In this world, we are not likely to encounter each other; and as to the next—but no matter—we must not speak of that."

We were, indeed, sick of the felon relations we had listened to, and offered the outcast some silver, which he received and pocketed.

"Well, I suppose the sweeper is by this time sober, and I must return his tools—and then for vengeance. Oh! that I could but see those villains strung up before I went myself! Now for their haunt."

The outcast threw the besom across his shoulder; bade us good night; and strode across the square; and we proceeded to the tavern, marvelling how immeasurably the romance of real life outstrips the wildest creations of the fancy. Months passed;

my friend and I often crossed Leicester-square, and never without recalling our singular adventure with *the outcast*; but never met him afterwards. We inquired of the sweeper—he could give us no information, except, that one evening, when he was drunk, a one-armed man took his besom and supplied his place for an hour or two. It appeared, also, that he was a nameless man—and the few who knew him described him merely as “the sailor.”

A year rolled over, and England was astounded by horrible disclosures which proved that crimes unknown before had been perpetrated extensively. The discovery was accidental; and a mystery hung round these foul deeds, which occasioned more absorbing interest. Rumour was rife—exaggerated statements circulated through the metropolis, and it was reported that, in the anxiety of scientific research, professional men had been careless regarding the persons they employed, and blind to appearances which should have produced alarm even in the ignorant. It was impossible to hazard a conjecture as to the extent to which this trade in blood had been carried. Outcasts from society—the drunken and the dissolute—were generally believed to be the victims. They came freely at the murderous invitation—they drank—were drugged—and done to death—they disappeared—and none inquired after them, for crime had left them friendless. It was said, however, that others, more to be lamented, had fallen into the snares of those monsters, and perished in their filthy den; and there is, unfortunately, much reason for believing that the rumour was not without foundation.*

Happily for society, the detection of the criminals was followed by capital conviction, and the wretches were executed at the Old Bailey. It rarely happens that a malefactor undergoes the extreme penalty of the law without obtaining sympathy from some. It was computed that thirty thousand persons witnessed the Burkers' death—and from that mighty mass, every sound that issued was an execration.

It may be supposed that this criminal occurrence with me excited an unusual interest, when I recalled to memory the sin-

* A widow lady, connected with families of high respectability in Ireland, had removed to the neighbourhood of London a few months before the Burking atrocities were discovered. Her eldest child, a boy of excellent promise, suddenly disappeared, and every effort to discover him, dead or living, proved unavailing. He had been observed looking at the window of a print-shop at an early hour of the day; and no eye had seen him after. The most extensive inquiries were set afoot; but what his fate was still remains a mystery. When the horrible traffic of Bishop and his associates was afterwards revealed, the distracted mother felt assured that her child had been among their victims; and within a twelvemonth she died brokenhearted, under a settled conviction that her beloved one had been slaughtered by these monsters.

gular adventure with the outcast in Leicester-square. I saw the ruffians hanged—and witnessed it with satisfaction. I am not naturally indifferent to human suffering. I hate to see death deliberately effected. I remember being present at the execution of a deserter, and for several days afterwards I felt myself uncomfortable; and yet, within that week, I saw a hundred comrades fall at my side, and slept on the battle-ground surrounded by the dead—ay, and slept soundly, too.

Two or three days after the murderers had undergone the penalty of the law, some trifling business brought me into Lambeth; and a heavy rain unexpectedly came on, and obliged me to seek shelter. I entered the first public-house that presented itself, and the landlord, observing that I was of better appearance than the ordinary frequenters of his tap-room, politely introduced me to his parlour. There I found several young men indulging in comfortable liquids, and in a learned disquisition upon a subject which then engrossed every order of society, namely, the death and delinquencies of the wretches who had murdered “the Italian boy.” From the professional style of their conversation, I easily ascertained that the party were medical students.

“What a hurry, Tom, your friends were in, last Monday,” said one. “Egad, they seemed more anxious to have the job completed, even than Jack Ketch himself.”

“Faith, no wonder,” replied the second; “their reception was anything but flattering. I never can forget the savage yell which the mob raised the moment that Bishop showed himself.”

“It was some satisfaction,” observed a third, “to see the scoundrel choked. He did me out of half a sovereign.”

“Well, I took care he should not *do* me. When he brought the one-armed chap to the hospital, I stopped a guinea from the price, as an equivalent for the sailor wanting a claw.”

“The rain seems lighter,” remarked another; “let us be off.”

All rose and took their hats, but one. Observing to his companions, that he had “neither coat nor business,” he said he would continue where he was; and, in another moment, the student and myself were left *tête-à-tête*.

Short as the strangers’ conversation had been, I heard enough to rouse suspicion. “The sailor,”—“the one-armed,”—could these remarks have allusion to the outcast? I addressed the student, and little prefatory explanation was required until he set every doubt at rest. His narrative ran thus:—

“Shortly before the murders perpetrated by the Burkers were discovered ——” he stopped, and looked into a memoran-

dum-book—"in fact, it was upon the night of the 19th of January."

I started. By heaven! the anniversary of the storm of Ciudad Rodrigo!

"He had been returning," he said, "to his lodgings in the Borough, at a late hour, when he was accosted on London-bridge by one of the criminals, who, addressing him by name, told him he could be supplied with a subject immediately. A price was proposed, and agreed to; and, within two hours afterwards, a body was delivered to the porter of the hospital—the money was paid—and the man who brought it hurried off.

"I went," continued the student, "early next morning, and found that the singular appearance of the corpse had excited as much curiosity, as the circumstances attendant upon its delivery had caused suspicion. The scars of numerous wounds were visible. The right arm had been recently removed—and livid marks appeared upon the throat, as if the deceased, immediately before death, had been engaged in some struggle or fray. The porter remarked that the body was warm when the ruffians brought it in, and yet *the hair was wet*. It was quite apparent that the corpse had never been inhumed; and, on a more searching examination, laudanum was detected in the stomach. In a word, sir, *the man was burked*—and, from many reasons, with which it is unnecessary to trouble you, I believe that at the time I met the scoundrel on the bridge, his victim was *then a living man*, but buried in drunken sleep, and ready for the murderer."

As he concluded, one of his companions returned, whispered him, and both retired, leaving the apartment to myself.

"Great God!" I ejaculated—for I was thinking aloud—a foolish habit, by the way—"Did that fearful man, before whom the boldest spirits quailed—the fiercest on a rover's deck—the first to mount the flaming breach of Ciudad Rodrigo—he who headed the grenadiers, when the eighty-eighth burst through the village of Fuentes, *derouting* the French guard, as they would have scattered rabble in a fair—*did he die thus?*—smothered in drunken insensibility by a sneaking murderer, whom, mutilated as he was, he could have crushed to annihilation, as I splinter this fragile glass."

"Stop, sir, for God's sake," exclaimed the barmaid, who, unknown to me, had entered the parlour, and was listening to my soliloquy—"that glass will require a shilling to replace it."

The warning came too late; for, shivered in a thousand pieces, it was already sparkling on the hearth-rug. I satisfied the maid amply for the damage,—she handed me my hat and

cane—bowed me out—and I went slowly towards my hotel, “wrapped in melancholy musing.”

“Strange,” thought I, “under what shapes and circumstances death will at last surprise us! I have read that men, after circumnavigating the globe, came home and perished in a rivulet. But to be smothered in a water-cask—done to death by a dealer in human carrion—a vampire—a wretch—a monster—to be *burked*!—villain as *the outcast* was, his fate was horrible.”

“Your narrative, colonel,” observed the lawyer, when the commander had concluded his story, “is, indeed, a startling detail—a pointed example of crime, followed, slowly but surely, by retribution—a demon life ending in a death of violence, and under circumstances the most disgusting. How fearfully the wretched existence of that sinful man must have been tormented, even by the imaginary terrors attendant on the memory of his guilt! And yet, I fancy that conscience imposes more punishment on the brave, than superstition inflicts upon the ignorant. Accident placed me beside the death-bed of a secret sufferer—I witnessed the scene that closed upon a broken heart—the parting of a spirit too proud to own the agony that seared and withered it. Were the hour not too late I would briefly relate an adventure.”

“Late!” exclaimed the colonel; “why, it wants a full hour of twelve, and who, upon a night like this, would think of bed before he had borrowed largely from the small hours? Jack, stick to thy vocation. The bowl requires replenishing—and now, sir, we are ready for your tale.”

The lawyer bowed, and thus proceeded with his story:—

THE UNKNOWN.

"Is there no remedy?"—SHAKESPEARE.

I KNOW no greater luxury on earth, than a temporary retreat from the noise and hurry of the town. The mind, harassed by the cares of trade, or the difficulties of an arduous profession—the eye wearied by the eternal sameness of a crowded street—the ear dulled with ceaseless turmoil—all predispose the man who "steals from the world," to enjoy, with exquisite sensations, his brief season of relaxation.

To me, the denizen of an Inn of Court—the occupant of gloomy chambers—the "doomed one" to a profession for which I have no fancy—this occasional retirement is delicious. To refresh the eye with field and forest—to rest the ear with rustic quietude—to lose care and thought for a season, however short, have proved the sunniest periods of a life fevered, as mine has been, by the difficulties attendant on a profession so embarrassing and exhausting as the law.

Among the scenes I loved to visit, the little inn at Everton has been a favourite retreat. The picturesque appearance of this secluded hamlet—its antique church and modest cemetery—its green hedgerows and sparkling rivulet, all seemed to invite a wearied spirit like mine to seek and find there the repose it panted for.

But there were charms other than those of rural solitude, which attracted me more warmly to "The Woodman." Annette's smile welcomed me when I left the city—Annette's voice fell like music on my ear—her hand, I fancied, smoothed my pillow—her form flitted around me as I dreamed—and I, cold and reckless of adventitious charms as I was, thrilled with sensations hitherto unfelt, when gazing on the unconscious beauty of this gentle and unsophisticated girl.

It was late in spring when, after a long absence, I revisited "The Woodman." The delighted smile and gentle reproach that welcomed me, proved that Annette was gratified at my return. I regretted that my sojourn was limited to a night; and when evening came, and I set out for my favourite haunt, I entered the village churchyard with feelings that required its soothing influence to compose. But what was the beauty of the inn to me? I had no time to waste on woman, for years of anxious and sustained exertion must elapse before I should be

enabled to retire from the drudgery of my profession. 'Twere worse than madness to encourage dreams which never could be realized, and I determined to conquer my latent love, and fly from Annette and "The Woodman."

The sun touched the verge of the horizon, and the yew-trees flung their shadows over graves whose simple memorials told of the humblest of the villagers. At some distance from the rest, I observed one little mound, and no stone recorded who the being was whose ashes rested underneath. Doubtless it was the grave of a stranger, and I fell into a train of thought, which the approach of an old man and interesting child disturbed.

"And why did they bury her there?" said the youthful querist.

The old man's reply was inaudible.

"And are people who die for love, placed thus apart from others?" she continued.

The old man smiled. "The disease, my child, is unfrequent; and few have been so unfortunate as the lovely being who sleeps under yon green turf."

My curiosity was excited—and while the child turned aside to pull the wild flowers with which the graves were thickly sprinkled, I learned the melancholy story of her who occupied this solitary resting-place.

She was young, beautiful, gifted, and born to fortune; but accident robbed her of that wealth to which, from infancy, she had believed herself the heiress. She bore the visitation patiently, and sought the humble occupation of a governess—and talents and accomplishments which had been cultivated for amusement, were exercised to obtain an honourable independence.

Unfortunately, a young officer was a relative of the family where Emily resided, and consequently a frequent visitor at the house. He saw the beautiful girl—he loved her—and he was beloved. Favoured by the circumstances of his intimacy, he pressed his suit with ardour, and when the regiment was unexpectedly ordered to the Continent, that incident produced a full disclosure of Emily's attachment. Their vows were solemnly interchanged—and on the last agonizing evening before he sailed, Emily, yielding to his passionate request, granted him a midnight interview. Alas! that meeting proved to her a fatal one.

He went—four months passed rapidly away—Waterloo was fought and won—and among those who fell was Emily's lover.

Many a heart was agonized when the fatal death-list reached England; but she, the lost one, had a double grief to mourn. The consequences of her hour of indiscretion would shortly

become apparent, and shame and sorrow were too much to bear together. Maddened by blighted love and an inevitable exposure, in her frenzy the means of self-destruction were procured, and Emily—the young, the beautiful, the gifted being—perished miserably by her own hand.

"They placed her here," said the old man; "and while yonder costly marble is raised above a mass of age and deformity, the green turf alone covers the mortal remains of that lovely and ill-starred girl."

He wiped away a tear, took the child's hand, and bade me a courteous adieu. I stayed for a short time beside the grave, and left the scene of death, filled with pity for the beautiful victim of imprudent love.

Months passed, summer succeeded spring, I began to feel my resolution waver, and wished to see Annette once more. Annette was not to be easily forgotten. Hers was not the florid comeliness that distinguishes a vulgar beauty—every look and movement were feminine and elegant, and nature had moulded her a gentlewoman, although the sphere she occupied was humble. The witching smile that played about her mouth, the soft expression of eyes of darkest hazel, the silver voice, that excellent thing in woman, all haunted my imagination; and while prudence whispered me to avoid her, resolution failed, and on a fine June evening I drove once more to "The Woodman" at Everton.

When Annette heard my voice, she came forward to welcome me.

"Ah! Mr. Melville—how did I offend you? You stole away without bidding me good-bye."

I held her hand in mine—I saw her eye sparkle, the colour flash upon her cheek, and muttered a confused apology.

"Well, I am so happy to see you," she continued; "and it was but this morning that I spoke of you to the captain."

I started—a thrill of jealousy shot through my breast.

"*The captain!*—who is he, Annette?"

"Oh! you will so like him," said the blushing girl; "that is, when you know him; for he appears cold and haughty at first, but he will not be so to you."

"To me, Annette! I have no ambition to obtain the acquaintance of a stranger; and, believe me, I shall not unnecessarily expose myself to the *hauteur* of any man."

"Well, well—invalids are always irritable, and he is very, very ill. You must know him. There is something about him so noble and interesting when he chooses to be so, that none can be near him without liking him."

The animated expression of her face while she spoke of the Unknown, made me miserable. I cursed "the captain" in my

heart, and determined that, in coldness and repulsion, I should be at least his equal.

The day passed over; my rival did not appear; and when I left "The Woodman" for my evening walk, he had not left his chamber. The churchyard, of course, was visited—I stood beside the grave of the unhappy lady, and her melancholy story afforded me a theme for sad reflection.

It was evening when I reached "mine inn," and, as I passed the parlour window, a sight met my eye that brought the colour to my cheek. Upon a sofa, a tall and noble-looking man was extended, while Annette leaned over him, and with marked assiduity placed cushions for his head, and arranged his military cloak. I could not see his features, as his face was turned from me, but he held her hand in his, and she seemed in no hurry to withdraw it.

I was tortured with rage and jealousy. Should I fly at once, and leave Annette to my rival? No. She was but a woman, and why should she have power to make me wretched? I must—I would subdue my feelings—and absence would teach me to forget her. Pride urged me to be resolute—but still I felt a weakness of the heart that told me it were better to avoid her, and I waited till she left the room before I entered it.

The opening of the door caused the stranger to look up; he scarcely, however, noticed my entrance, and his eyes fell quickly on a paper he had been perusing. I sat down at a window—a quarter of an hour elapsed—and we did not exchange a word.

While this unsocial state of things continued, a third personage joined us; a forward, self-sufficient, over-dressed young man, who seemed to stand on excellent terms with himself. He stopped beside the stranger, and asked, in a drawling and affected voice, after "the last night's debate." The invalid slowly raised his eyes, bestowed a look of supercilious indifference on the inquirer, and, without deigning to reply, resumed his investigation of the newspaper.

Again we were left together. Presently Annette came in to ask what the captain would have for supper.

"This is the gentleman I spoke of," she said in a whisper, directing her expressive eye towards me.

Instantly the stranger threw aside the paper—"Mr. Melville," he said, "must pardon my inattention—I was not aware that my pretty Annette's friend was in the room. That forward puppy chafed me. We, invalids, are somewhat testy, and 'to be pestered by a popinjay' would flurry a philosopher. Will you permit me to share your supper?"

I was atonished. The cold and withering look with which he

repelled the advances of the citizen had given place to an expression of singular urbanity. His voice was soft as woman's; his manner bland and winning; I felt irresistibly impelled to meet his advances and encourage an intimacy with a man, whom but five minutes since I had looked on with aversion.

Our *tête-à-tête* confirmed the feelings his first overtures had given rise to. The stranger's conversation was brilliant and intellectual. He had been much about the world, and in his wanderings he had found no barrenness. I looked upon his countenance—once it must have been strikingly handsome, but the face was faded and care-worn, and its varied lines betrayed the workings of a bosom where pride, and grief, and many a stronger passion, had for years careered. At times, however, the brow unbent, the eye flashed with intelligence, a smile of exquisite sweetness played around the mouth, while the perfect intonation of the sweetest voice I ever listened to, rendered his conversation fascinating.

One thing struck me as being unaccountable. The Unknown was professedly an invalid, and yet he drank freely as if his health was perfect. As night advanced, a hectic overspread cheeks hitherto so wan and colourless; and when I took his hand at parting, I found it burning in my grasp.

I stayed two days longer at "The Woodman." The stranger expressed his pleasure at my sojourn; and although he never rose till evening, we passed many hours together. With me he seemed to throw aside his coldness, as, supported on my arm, we walked slowly through some of the rustic avenues which issued from the village. These excursions were necessarily short. Notwithstanding his erect and easy carriage—probably a result of military habitude—his limbs could scarcely bear him through; and it was too evident that an unbroken spirit contended vainly with an exhausted constitution.

I had scarcely been a week in town before a note with the Everton post-mark reached me. It was from the stranger—and contained a pressing request that I should dine with him on an early day. The billet bore no name, and was merely subscribed with an initial. I required little inducement to visit "The Woodman;" and accordingly the invitation was accepted.

Annette received me with her customary kindness; but when I named the stranger her eyes filled.

"Ah! Mr. Melville, the captain's dying. Since you left Everton he has declined rapidly. I have often pressed him to call in a physician, but in vain. Hush! I hear his step upon the stairs, and you will, no doubt, perceive an alteration for the worse."

While she was still speaking, the door unclosed, and the

stranger entered. Oh God! how changed. The ravages of disease in one short week were frightful.

Dinner was served, but the stranger scarcely tasted it. The bottle passed rapidly—the dessert was placed upon the table—and we were left to ourselves. Filling a claret glass to the brim, “Come, Melville,” he said, “know’st thou this day?”

I replied, “that I had no particular recollection of it.”

“Dull slave of law!” he exclaimed with a smile, “has Waterloo faded from the calendar already?”

It was the anniversary of that battle—we drank to the memory of the brave—and, warmed with the wine, the stranger’s spirits became excited. He had been there—had been wounded—left upon the field—and returned in the list of the slain. He spoke with enthusiasm of that glorious fight—his descriptions became more vivid—his anecdotes, more racy and interesting. The pale cheek flushed—the dim eye brightened—but the exertion was too great to be sustained: he soon became exhausted—and, at last, obliged to own his feebleness, accepted my assistance to reach his chamber.

Business imperatively required my presence in London, and early next morning I left “The Woodman.” Four days passed, and from Annette I learned that hourly the Unknown grew worse, and that the fatal crisis was approaching.

I had already determined to visit “The Woodman” on the following day, when a note from the stranger caused me to set off immediately. Like the former, this note was without subscription, and the few lines it contained were almost illegible. I compared the notes—and the altered hand-writing sufficiently attested the awful change which a few days had brought about.

I found him sitting in the parlour, where, as Annette told me, he had been occupied in burning papers. I stood beside him—and one look told me had not many days to live.

My arrival, however, seemed to give him unfeigned pleasure, and pressing my hand within his feverish grasp, he thanked me for attending so promptly to his letter. “Is the evening warm, Melville?”

I replied in the affirmative.

“Then,” said the stranger, with perfect calmness, “you and I will take our last walk together. I have been destroying papers of some moment, and I shall finish my task while dinner is being prepared.”

He took a small packet from his writing-desk, and unbound the blue ribbon, which encased a number of letters whose beautiful and delicate penmanship at once discovered them to be a female’s. One by one his eye passed over their contents, and, with an effort which seemed to require some determination, he

flung them into the fire. "'Tis the last relic but *one*," he murmured, "and that lies *here*," and he laid his hand upon his bosom. Just then dinner was served: he ate little, drank a glass or two of wine, and then rising from the table, requested me to accompany him.

There was one shaded avenue that had been his favourite walk—we passed it, however, and turned our steps towards the churchyard. Entering through the wicket, we stopped beneath the huge yew-tree which overspreads the gate.

"I have been fortunate, my dear Melville," said the invalid, "in meeting with one so kind as you, to cheer the parting hours of my earthly pilgrimage. I am grateful—and as hitherto you have never asked a question touching my name or history, I would entreat it, as a last request, that you will never demand an explanation of my evening visit to this place. I will briefly state my wishes—and I feel confident that *you* will see them effected when I am at rest."

He led me along the walk until we reached the extremity of the burying-ground, and, to my surprise, stopped beside the grave of the beautiful suicide, whose fate had so often excited my warmest sympathy.

"Melville," he said, in a voice which betrayed the workings of an agonized spirit, "will you recollect this spot? Lay me here—*here*—close to that solitary grave. Mark the place well, and promise that my last request shall be attended to." I gave him a solemn assurance that his wishes should be obeyed. He was fearfully agitated: his strength failed, and with considerable difficulty he was enabled to leave the churchyard, and reach "The Woodman."

He threw himself upon a sofa—and whether fatigue, or the place we had visited, affected him, I know not, but his once fine face was clouded with an expression of the deepest sadness. Once I observed a tear glisten on his cheek.

"I must give in, Melville," he murmured, feebly; "the machinery of this poor frame is nearly worn out; assist me to my chamber."

I did so—partially undressed him—laid him on the bed—and at his earnest request, then left him to himself.

The evening wore heavily on—midnight passed, and the occupants of the inn retired to their respective chambers—but I felt for the sick man a feverish anxiety that banished sleep. I rose and unclosed the lattice—the air was chill, the night dark and moonless—a torturing presentiment of coming evil oppressed me, and I stole quietly to the stranger's apartment. A stream of light issued from beneath the door, but all within was hushed. I feared to enter lest I should disturb him, and was about to re-

tire, when a faint sigh startled me. An impulse beyond control urged me to enter—the door yielded to my touch—I stood beside the bed—a fixed and glassy stare met my inquiring look—I snatched a candle from the table, and one glance told me that the stranger was a corpse, and the sigh I overheard had been the parting struggle of a disembodied spirit!

I leaned over the departed soldier, and the marked expression of the countenance told that he had not passed quietly away. One arm was extended above the coverlet, and a prayer-book, that had dropped from its hold, was open at the beautiful petition “for persons troubled in mind, or in conscience.” The breast was uncovered, and two remarkable objects met my eye—the cicatrix of a gun-shot wound, and the miniature of a beautiful girl. Other tokens of “foughten fields” were visible—and the wasted arm, scarred deeply by a sword cut, bore silent testimony that the Unknown had been engaged “where death was busy.” We laid him in the grave he wished for—and the haughty soldier sleeps beside the fair unfortunate.

Who was he? Some posthumous document might tell; and on the evening of his funeral, we opened his writing-desk in presence of the village pastor. Within, letters and trinkets, perfumed billets, ringlets of hair and other “mementos of lady-love,” were discovered, but they bore no superscription. One sealed packet was addressed to me—it conveyed a large sum in bank notes to Annette, with an earnest request that I should marry her; and, like the rest, it too was without a signature. We found a Waterloo medal, the name and rank of the possessor would of course be engraven round the edge. I snatched it from the clergyman; but every letter had been carefully filed out, and the word “Dragoons” alone was traceable.

“*Who was he?*” exclaimed the host.

“Colonel, I cannot tell—his secret perished with THE UNKNOWN.”

“Death came to the Unknown,” said the commander, with a heavy sigh, “a welcome visitor; and whoever the sufferer was, you may rest assured, poor fellow! he had been once a splendid soldier. The sick-bed, gentlemen, tries men more severely than the battle-field. During the glorious hurry of a conflict, the marvel is where cowardice finds leisure to creep in. But sickness—and if the malady be mental, the worse by far—*that* shatters the nerve, and saps the courage of the boldest. Is it not also singular, that men of the most opposite habits and pursuits occasionally contract strong friendships? Yours, sir, with the stranger at ‘The Woodman,’ affords a striking instance.”

"Many of mine, colonel," replied the lawyer, "have been as warm and as accidental. I formed a lasting friendship by sharing a prayer-book in St. Paul's; and another commenced in Oxford-street, from a passenger communicating the pleasing intelligence that my purse had been just abstracted by a pick-pocket. A man who holds out for formal introduction before he ventures to bandy a civility, goes to the grave, leaving an unregretting clique behind, who do not value his demise at a pin's fee; while he who takes mankind as they come, rough and smooth together, will find ore and dross combined, but, with a little discrimination, he will not be frequently puzzled in making his election between the two. I account my acquaintance with the 'Unknown,' as the most important incident in my life, for its ultimate consequence was—matrimony."

"An important consequence, indubitably," observed the Irish gentleman with the unpronounceable address; "I too, sir, am of the order of Benedict; but faith, the means by which I gained 'my lady-love' were somewhat different."

"Gentlemen," said the colonel, "you have touched upon a subject of deep interest to me. I may as well make a clear breast at once, and own that at times, '*suadente diavolo*,' I fear I feel 'a longing after' matrimony. Prudence, however, jogs me on the elbow, and whispers—'Denis O'Flaherty, remember you are on the wrong side of forty-five; and even in your best days were never reputed to be a lady-killer. Ceylon does not operate like milk of roses on the complexion; and the next time you are shaving, just look in the glass, and observe that interesting Badajos memento which ornaments your nose, and say if it be an improvement.' But still, gentlemen, I might muster a desperate resolution. They tell me that the ways by which women may be won are manifold. Some are slowly taken by sap, others carried off-hand by storm. By which method, if it be no secret, might I inquire was your success, sir, achieved?"

"By neither, colonel," replied Mr. O'Donel; "I won my wife on horseback."

"Then, alas, may I despair. If I must 'witch the world by feats of noble horsemanship,' I shall go to the tomb of the Capulets unmated. But Jack, my kinsman, will listen with the deepest interest; some of his equestrian exploits have not been exceeded since the days of Mazeppa."

The gentleman from Ballamascanlan, having received a *refreshment*, as the lawyer termed it, from the punch-bowl, immediately commenced his story.

MY FIRST STEEPLE-CHASE.

"Had Diana been there, she'd be pleased to the life,
And one of the lads got a goddess for wife."

OLD HUNTING SONG.

YEARS—*cheu fugaces!*—have passed, and yet how vivid is the 16th of October, 181—, in my memory. The larger portion of my web of life is spun—and mine, to say the truth, has been one of mingled yarns. Well, it matters little now. I can remember calmly the sunshine and the shadow; and the gloomiest retrospect has many a lightsome day and merry night associated with its recollection. Mine was, indeed, a careless career—for fancy led all through, and prudence was double distanced. Like wiser men, many a wrong cast I made; was "stabbed with a white wench's black eye"—consorted with "Ephesians of the old church"—and listened too often to "the chimes at midnight." But, like old Jack, I leave the blame upon "villanous company," and say with him, "I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need be."

It was the first week in July, when, having taken the honours of a graduate after a five years' sojourn within the classic courts of Alma Mater, I strolled into the Repository in Stephen's-green, to bid adieu to old H——, who for thirty years had horsed "us of Trinity." It was sale-day, and a blank one too. The world was out of town—and there were few to sell, and fewer yet to buy. A hack, not worth a hay-band, was knocked down to an aspiring linen-draper, who wanted "something smart" whereon to *dust himself* occasionally. I saw him regularly jockeyed with infinite satisfaction, as he had once dunned me, even unto payment, for "a beggarly account" of gloves and pocket handkerchiefs. Although he did not venture to invite me to be of the multitude of his counsellors—I had broken his windows upon the evening I paid his bill—that did not prevent me from pointing out certain beauties in the quadruped then beneath the hammer, which had even escaped the auctioneer himself. Indeed, according to my showing, the cardinal virtues of horseflesh were concentrated in that matchless animal. Yet, human judgment is fallible, and the steed did not realize the qualifications ascribed to him by the puffer and myself; for, as the *Evening Post* soon afterwards announced, Mr. Lawrence Lutestring was run away with upon the Rock-road, and the excited courser, not content with demolishing sundry ribs of the

unfortunate cavalier, had, from an infirmity of vision, come in contact with a loaded jaunting-car, and the concussion was so awful, that the company were deposited in a wet ditch, and the vehicle rendered *hors de combat*.

I was about to leave the yard, when old Phil, prime minister to the Repository, jogged me on the elbow. "Stop a minute—it's worth while, sir. There's a queer one coming out—he's the devil, to be sure. Och, if he had but temper; and here he is." While he spoke, a rattling thorough-bred dark-bay horse issued from the stables. He was in the lowest condition imaginable; but, notwithstanding his poverty, he seemed the ruin of a noble animal. He was far from handsome—the head was coarse—the shoulder thick—but he embodied some good points, and, though cross-made, to an experienced eye his *ensemble* was excellent. Archy, my best man—as honest a groom as ever wore livery—whispered, "If he had not *the go* in him, he was the biggest villain under the canopy"—and before the animal had made the third turn down the run, I had come to a similar conclusion.

The groom stopped when he gained the 'vantage-ground. "There, gentlemen," said the auctioneer—"there's what I call youth and beauty. There's the making of a fortune, and no mistake. The lady who could refuse anything to a man with such a daisy-cutter under him would be hard to please indeed. Run him down, Lanty—that's action and elegance.—Come, sir," to a tall raw-boned young grocer, "that horse was foaled for you—a gentleman of your figure should never cross anything but blood. This here horse is young Selim—own brother to Mouse-catcher—cousin to Morgiana—and up to fourteen stone with any foxhounds in the kingdom." But Selim appeared likely to profit little from this respectable relationship—he had a *ree look*, a blemished knee, was fired behind, and had killed a man into the bargain—for he had, as it transpired, run off with a drunken helper, and broke the rider's neck against the frame-work of the stable-door. Now, in a company of sober cits, requiring "steady roadsters," and "useful family horses," Selim found little favour—and the young grocer, even to become a lady-killer, would not bid a sixpence.

"Gentlemen, I put him up at *fifty*," said he of the hammer. "No reserve in this case—none, upon honour—owner gone to the Peninsula, and orders for sale absolute. Selim is a beautiful charger—steady with arms"—and here he addressed a corpulent personage, who, as it appeared, was in the yeomanry—"he would carry you upon parade, delightfully—his courage is only equalled by his training—his late master would ride him at a battery." *A battery!*—may heaven forgive him! Selim had never seen a corporal's guard relieved in his life; a cracker

would rise him sky high, and a squib send him across the broadest part of Sackville-street. Still, not a whisper from the company, and the auctioneer proceeded—"Gentlemen, we must sacrifice him—orders peremptory—say *forty*, for this beautiful and gentle animal." "Gentle," ejaculated the grocer, "after killing a groom." This was, indeed, a home hit. The auctioneer coughed—"Hem—hem; rather unfortunate, but mere accident after all. Say *thirty*, gentlemen—*twenty—ten*—do give me a bid." "*Five*," roared a jingle-owner—"Ten," said Archy—"Fifteen," shouted the puffer—"Twenty," cried I—the hammer fell—and the brother of Mouscatcher was mine.

Now, I verily believe that the whole history of Selim was apocryphal, except the solitary fact of his having finished a stable-boy. In one thing, however, Archy and I were unanimous—that to a herring-cadger he was worth the money, provided he would but carry the baskets. We brought him to the country—bled, fed, blistered, and physicked him, all *secundum artem*—turned him out upon a fine salt marsh, and left him to "fulfil his destinies."

At this memorable period of my life, the north of Ireland was celebrated for its sporting associations. The Boyne, the Doagh, the Newtonbreda Hunts, were all in full force; and few of the larger towns wanted their own particular club. Many private gentlemen were also masters of hounds, and kept their establishments nobly. Then the glory of "The Rangers" was in its zenith—their country and members were alike extensive—and no gentleman attached to field-sports, within thirty miles, whose rank and fortune would authorize his admission, but was enrolled in that celebrated club. The members met annually in the county town, attended by a pack of foxhounds and "a gallant following." They lived like "Irish Kings"—played high, drank deep, seldom went to bed, gave dashing balls, and set the country in a blaze for weeks before and months afterwards.—Alas! all this is over; the club is no more; the pack is scattered; the kennel, a ruin; most of the "Rangers" fill "the narrow house;" and where, in Ireland, could rank, and wealth, and influence be congregated now?

Into "The Rangers" I had been recently admitted: their meeting was fixed for the middle of October, and the Cup, with other valuable plates, was then to be contested. The Cup had excited unusual interest, it having been challenged by a dozen members, "good men and true," and each having, or believing he had, an excellent chance of winning it. The race was three miles over, *Hibernicè*, a sporting—*Anglicè*, a break-neck—country: the weights, thirteen stone. There were already eight candidates in full preparation. Six depended on their own

horses,—good, fast, honest, weight-carriers,—but two had gone to considerable expense, and had secured, at a large figure, celebrated racing-hunters “for the nonce.”

“What will not young ambition?”—and in spite of this mighty array, I boldly added my name to the list of challengers. I had a slashing four-year-old mare, whose stride and action were extraordinary. As there was no allowance for age or sex, the weights were certainly against her; but I was not the one to despair, and even to name her in such a match was an honour worth the entrance-money.

August came; Miranda was in beautiful condition; and Archy exhausted upon her training all the arcana of the racing-stable, and the experience of a life, while I dreamed of nothing but cups and conquest. Alas! these visions were rudely dispelled—for, one morning, Miranda was found halter-cast in the stable. She was dead lame, and lame she continued for many a month afterwards. To me and my master of the horse, this was a sad disappointment. I betook myself to grouse-shooting, and Archy to whisky and religion. Poor Archy—in the hours of business he was but after all an indifferent Catholic, for the priest declared that from the moment a horse was put in training, he never “darkened a chapel-door.”

August passed, and I would have willingly continued absent. To witness the downfall of my ambition was painful, as it was feared that Miranda was incurably lame. Other feelings were paramount; I was deeply in love, and at twenty-one that is a desperate concern.

Rosa lived near me; I would have forgotten her, but that was impossible. She was an heiress—gentle, and timid to a degree, and fearful of hearing she was beloved. Yet there were times, when, if my advances were not encouraged, at least my suit was listened to—and an ill-concealed satisfaction betrayed that she was not indifferent. Her coldness piqued me for a moment—and yet I left her, persuaded that of all her sex, she was best worthy of being wooed and won.

I arrived home for a late dinner, discussed some old port, listened to a long story from my father, and was musing over the misfortunes of my mare, when Archy popped in his head, to ask “if I would look into the stables.” I followed him, and one glance told me that Miranda was not to figure in the field. My eyes passed rapidly over the stalls, and rested on a stranger in the corner, sheeted with my own covers. Archy, with a knowing look, stripped the new-comer, and the brother of Mousecatcher was before me. And could this be he? The rakish, tattered, rejected man-killer of the Repository, changed into as fine a horse as ever followed a foxhound!—The mystery was quickly

solved:—Archy had visited the salt marsh—found Selim so altered as scarcely to be recognised; took him up and got him through physic and ready for training. For this, indeed, there was but little time; but Archy swore that “slight training was best for a half-bred,”—and Archy was right.

For my own part, I could scarcely believe my eyes, and examined Selim carefully, to assure myself of his identity. Every scratch upon his legs had disappeared; the blemish on his knee was hardly visible; he was now a sporting-looking horse, and as Archy swore, “better than he looked.”

Time flew, and everything increased my confidence in the cousin of Morgiana. His speed was easily ascertained, but of his fencing qualities we knew nothing. Anything we took him at he executed well, and intricate leaps were, for obvious reasons, avoided. I had secured a gentleman to ride for me, who in steeple-chasing had already covered himself with glory; and with reasonable hopes of success, I awaited the result.

And yet I never caused my competitors a thought—for with the lameness of Miranda, it had pleased them to conclude my racing history. They heard accidentally that I had purchased a horse in town, and all they knew of him was, that he had killed a man, and had been bought for a song. With this information they rested satisfied, and decided that myself and man-killer were below consideration. I kept my own counsel—and when it was necessary to remove to the vicinity of the race-ground, I procured accommodation for my establishment at an obscure farm-house, and our *incognito* was as perfect as if we had never quitted our stables.

But there was one to whom my proceedings were not indifferent—and that one was my gentle Rosa. With all a woman's tenderness she had sympathized in my disappointment. She knew my secret—for ours were young hearts—and what agitated one breast could not fail to interest the other.

The evening before the eventful day, I stole from the club-room to exchange the jargon of the field for a *tête-à-tête* with my pretty mistress. “Hot with the Tuscan grape,” I urged my passion with more than common ardour, and Rosa listened. Just then her maid disturbed us, and brought me a letter that had been forwarded by express. I broke the seal—death to my hopes! my rider had been thrown from a coach-box, and lay, with a broken arm, at a country inn, some ten miles distant.

Rosa remarked my agitation; “Is there anything wrong, Arthur?”

“Yes, dearest, I am indeed a luckless cavalier: K——— has met with an accident, and Selim is consequently without a rider?”

"And will he not run, then?"

Half a minute determines frequently, as well as the consideration of half a year, and in that brief space I formed my resolution. "*He will run*, Rosa: but with me upon his back, what chance can he have with the best riders in the kingdom opposed?"

"But the danger, dear Arthur."

"Is not greater than fox-hunters encounter thrice a week."

"And is there really no more?"

I assured her there was not, and shortly afterwards bade her good-night. This trifling occurrence elicited more from Rosa than all my studied efforts; and when I left her, for the first time I pressed her to my bosom, and heard her murmur a prayer for my safety and success.

Whether it was that unforeseen events call forth the latent energies of the mind, or a consciousness that I was beloved by her for whom I would have sacrificed a world, that roused the ardour of my spirit, I know not, but I entered the club-room with buoyant and excited feelings. The accident to my rider had transpired, and from some I received sincere—from others ironical condolence.

"I hope, notwithstanding, that the *homicide* will run," said the president.

"The *homicide*, as you are pleased to term him, will run; and, for want of a better horseman, his owner will ride and win—if he can."

My tone and manner were not unmarked: and while some were recommending me to effect a life-insurance, I was coolly booking heavy odds, and so continued till every gentleman inclined to bet them had been heartily satisfied. The joking at my expense subsided fast—people began to look suspiciously—and Jemmy Joyce whispered his next neighbour, that the sooner he hedged the better, as the race was not quite so sure, I being, according to his parlance, "very like a lad who would make a spoon, or spoil a horn." Having balanced my book, I borrowed an old blue jacket from the huntsman; left the club; visited the stable; and went quietly to rest, to be fresh and ready for the morrow.

Morning came, and I felt rather queer. I began to discover that it is no joke for nervous gentlemen to ride steeple-chases for the first time, under the critical examination of thirty thousand spectators—but an incident restored my *hardiesse*. At breakfast, a sealed parcel was handed me by the waiter—it contained a beautiful pink and yellow jacket—no note accompanied it, but to the cap a scroll was attached, bearing, in a female hand, the motto "*May this be foremost.*" Whose might this faery

favour be? My heart whispered the name, and I was not mistaken.

The ground selected for the race was chosen with excellent judgment, as it afforded to the mighty multitude an uninterrupted view of the race from its commencement to its close. From a circular valley the surface undulated gently—and the course, nearly elliptical, stretched along the rising ground. In the same field the starting and winning posts were placed. This was the favourite stand; a long line of carriages of every description occupied it; ladies were there “thick as leaves in Vall’ombrosa,” for everything *distingué* and beautiful for counties round had congregated.

At twelve o’clock a warning bugle was heard, and from their respective cantonments the horses slowly approached the same point—and each, as he entered the field, was scrutinized by a crowd of horsemen, who were assembled for that purpose at the gate. With short intervals, a grey, a brown, and two bays passed review; they had their respective admirers, but caused no great sensation, for expectation “was still on tiptoe.” Presently a buzz was heard—a horse approached, and Firebrand, a noted racing hunter from Roscommon, appeared. He looked to be in capital condition, and, from having won four cups already, his character was deservedly high.

“But louder yet the clamour grew,” as the pet of the day, the far-famed English horse Comet, appeared. He was a thoroughbred chestnut, full sixteen hands high, and “looking every inch” a racer. I felt my cheek blanch as I examined him. He was indeed a formidable opponent, and as his late owner, Captain M——, reputed justly to be the best field horseman in the kingdom, was to ride him, no wonder that I began to dread the contest.

He was presently led off—and my forlorn charger was impatiently expected. In the few minutes which elapsed before his *entrée*, I and my *man-killer* were subjected to many a sporting jest. At length the brother of Mouscatcher appeared, and on he came with a careless toss of the head, as if he had never finished a stable-boy. Closely sheeted as he was, his appearance was very different from what had been anticipated; the knowing ones looked more knowing; and Jemmy Joyce swore, with a grin, that he seemed “mighty like a Tartar!”

While the horses were leading to the starting-post, I galloped up the rise to the place my pretty mistress occupied in an open carriage.

“Tell me, I pray,” said her cousin, “what spell is over Rosa; know you the secret that robs her of her roses?”

“Shall I restore them?” I replied; and unclosing my top

coat, I displayed my handsome jacket. When it met her eyes, her cheeks were dyed with blushes, and I was left at no loss to conjecture whence my "faery favour" came.

Again the bugle sounded—Comet and Firebrand occupied the attention of the crowd, while Selim was stripped and saddled behind a large marquee. To assume my gay cap, and doff my coat, was but the business of a minute. My competitors were already mounted, and I was impatiently called for, and promptly from behind the tent, a dashing horse and gallant rider issued. Our appearance elicited a murmur of applause: the owners of Comet and Firebrand looked blank enough; and faith they had good reason.

As we drew up in line, I thought the English racer appeared not to be in full force; but the determined countenance of his inimitable jockey, dressed in his black and buff stripes, looked alarming. Nor was Firebrand without his friends; and *the green cap* was offered fully against everything but Comet. As to me, people seemed afraid to back, or bet against me; and those who had laid odds last night so heavily, were hedging now as fast as they could meet with customers.

Off we went in a bunch; the bays, brown, and grey, making the running. I saw at once that the pace, though severe for them, was nothing to Comet, Firebrand, and my friend the *man-killer*—and after a mile we tailed them off, and had the race to ourselves.

One moiety of the ground was broken into tillage fields and enclosures; the other was open meadow, affording excellent galloping. It was interspersed with stiff fences. Here, having cleared the paddocks, we increased the speed, and came out at a killing pace.

On entering the grass lands, I found my rivals could not conveniently go faster, and that I was up to it well. The race was indeed beautiful—for the next mile a sheet would cover us—the fences were taken in line—and none could tell whether black, yellow, or green was foremost.

Half a mile from home there was a fence of tremendous size; it was a ditch with a drain at either side, and the face that we approached was *stockaded* with stumped thorns. It was in truth "a regular rasper," and distinguished by the country people, *par excellence*, as the *big leap*. As we neared it, my companions gathered the energies of their horses for the trial, and Selim looked as if he were half persuaded to decline it. For the first time, he felt the steel; and with a glorious effort cleared this formidable barrier in a style that drew down from the multitude a thunder of applause. Not so my rivals; Firebrand fell, and staked himself—while Comet, by his rider's horseman-

ship, was indifferently brought across, but staggering, he came down on landing, and in the mistake lost ground he could never recover. During the run home, he did make a wonderful struggle to pull up; but it was vain, for after we crossed the break-neck fence I had the race hollow.

Amid deafening cheers, I was carried from the scales in triumph. I was declared, even by Jemmy Joyce, a youth of promise, and my *man-killer* pronounced the best weight-carrier in the kingdom.

Every tale has its moral, and so has mine. Never condemn a horse untried; for many a good one has thus been sacrificed. I saved Selim from slavery and a jingle; and in return he won me four cups, and carried me four seasons, as I was never carried afterwards. Nay more, I owe my connubial happiness mainly to "my bonny bay." Rosa was an heiress, and I a younger son. A rich rival was encouraged by her guardian, and in a few days he was expected to make his addresses in form. I was flushed with victory, and she flattered to see her faery favour *foremost in the field*. At the ball that night, my eloquence was irresistible; she smiled upon my suit; and to end uncertainty and save her guardian future trouble, we eloped next morning to Gretna, and there became one flesh.

Years of happiness have proved how fortunate that union was; and if reminiscences of early indiscretion will sometimes intrude upon my memory, on two eras I can look back with unalloyed delight—the morning when I rode my first steeple-chase, and the evening that made Rosa mine.

"Mr. O'Donel, your story-telling is equal to your horsemanship—both admirable!" exclaimed the colonel; "but alas! I must despair; no hymeneal fortune is in store for me, if an heiress must be won by crossing a stiff country at break-neck speed, and upon a horse that has already finished a stable-man. Jack, 'an thou be a man,' to thy bowl again! One round more ere we beat a retreat for the night. I have kept Captain Bouverie in reserve, to tell us a parting story before we seek our pillows."

"Nothing, my dear sir," replied the gallant captain, "would give me greater satisfaction, than to contribute to the 'joint stock' of this goodly company; but, in truth, mine are only the reminiscences of 'a man about town;' or, duller yet, those of a soldier whose services have never extended beyond that arch-deceiver's, 'Captain Smith,' who drove Miss Bailey to desperation. Like him, I have dwelt 'in country quarters,' escorted a

gauger with a captured still, and even commanded a baggage-guard. But stop! may I not become 'a retailer of other men's wares?' An incident occurred to a kinsman of mine which he noted down, and which, at the time, appeared to me to possess some interest. In you, colonel, the tale will find a partial listener, for my cousin is a Tory of the first water; a man with whom, after a preliminary embrace, you might swear an eternal friendship; and to other gentlemen, of 'liberal principles,' I shall only observe, that manifold as my sins are, I am guiltless, thank God, of authorship. I will read the manuscript—and it is not of the clearest character—as it came into my possession, and with the best 'emphasis and discretion' I can command."

The captain smiled, unlocked his writing-case, extracted what Tony Lumpkin would call "a d——d crabbed piece of penmanship," and thus began:—

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A DECEASED PLURALIST.

"Pshaw! let him starve—
The fellow's old—no matter when he dies."

OLD PLAY.

It was the last week in April, when my leave of absence had expired, and I was hurrying to the village of — to join a detachment of the Rifle brigade, to which corps I was then attached. The morning had been sharp and gusty, but as evening came on, the wind dropped, and a small thick rain succeeded. We stopped at the Red Lion for dinner—and for the first time, insides and outsides, with one exception, united round a well-covered table.

None of my fellow-travellers were in any way remarkable, except the individual who declined to join the company, and beyond a first look, I scarcely noticed them. To judge from their conversation, some were in trade, and others were cattle-dealers. They ate with the despatch of men accustomed to discuss a travelling meal—comforted themselves with a strong infusion of "real Roscrea"—assumed their coats and cloaks, and, as the rain now fell heavily, every man protected himself against the inclemency of the weather as he best could.

I have already said that one personage kept aloof from the remainder of the company, and while they were occupied at the dinner-table, he gazed listlessly from the window. I looked at him with attention. He was tall, thin, stricken in years, dressed

in shabby mourning, but "every inch" a gentleman. I never witnessed such settled melancholy as his care-worn face presented; while deep and ill-suppressed sighs occasionally escaped from a bosom evidently surcharged with sorrow. To look upon that pensive countenance unmoved, was impossible. I felt intensely for his sufferings, although ignorant of the cause from whence they sprung—and, when the guard announced that the coach was ready to proceed, I would have given "a Jew's eye" to have known the old man's history.

The rain came down in torrents—the outsiders mounted to their places—the object of my curiosity prepared to follow them, when the coachman advanced and touched his hat respectfully.

"You had better get in, sir—there is but one gentleman—I'm sure he won't object."

Object! he would be a brute indeed, who would not submit to personal inconvenience to accommodate that meek and heart-broken stranger. The old man hesitated, looked upwards at the thick and murky sky, then at his own threadbare surtout, bowed gratefully when I seconded the driver's invitation, and placed himself beside me. The door closed, the horn sounded, "all right," said the guard, "chit-chit," returned the coachman, on rolled the mail, and the stranger and myself were left together.

Our *tête-à-tête* was but a short one. Four miles onward the coach pulled up, and my companion announced that his journey had terminated. He bade me a polite good evening, and once more I found myself in lonely occupation of "the leathern convenience."

I watched my fellow-traveller from the window, and remarked that both the guard and coachman declined the small gratuity he offered them. The old man passed through a ruined gateway into an avenue overrun with weeds, which led to a dilapidated mansion. Suddenly a turning of the road shut out the stranger from my view—next moment the building disappeared—and I flung myself back in the vehicle, and strove to sleep.

The effort was idle; the old man could not be readily forgotten; for, short as our interview had been, his conversation and address had fascinated me. He was unquestionably a man of sorrow, but at times he endeavoured to be cheerful, and succeeded. Alas! "the sunshine of the breast" was with him a transient gleam—sad reality returned, the smile sickened on his furrowed cheek—and deep, heart-sinking despondency overspread a countenance that once had glowed with intellectuality and benevolence.

Three stages more brought me to my destination. My servant was waiting the arrival of the mail, and to him I con-

signed the charge of my baggage, and entered the parlour of the King's Arms, which I had selected for head quarters during my military occupation of the village where my party was cantoned.

The coach proceeded on its route, my portmanteaus were safely deposited, and Hall, my best man, then delivered me a small book which the driver had found in the carriage, and concluded that it was forgotten there by me. One glance told that it was no property of mine. It was a memorandum-book, written closely in plain and old-fashioned characters. Whose could it be? The old man's, certainly. I turned to the fly-leaf—there was a clear and remarkable autograph—the name was "Edmund Harley," and underneath, "Dunlow Rectory, 1830."

Was Edmund Harley, then, the melancholy stranger? He was. The landlord confirmed my conjectures, and favoured me with all the particulars of his sufferings that he knew.

For forty years he had been in possession of two adjacent parishes, and the income they produced was considerable, although, from the studious habits and easy disposition of the incumbent, scarcely a moiety of what he might have conscientiously demanded was obtained. He was generally respected—for a blameless life and gentle manners had rendered him deservedly a favourite. Harley was not the man to amass wealth—and when a lawless combination against the Irish clergy, fostered by the passive endurance of an executive which should have crushed it in its birth, carried misery and desolation into many a happy home, the aged rector of Dunlow was prominent among the sufferers. He had not saved a guinea; for confident in the stability of vested rights, he was content with forwarding the professional interests of his son, and securing, by a life-insurance, an adequate maintenance for his wife and daughters, if they should survive him. Alas! to a certain extent that precaution was unnecessary. His son died in a foreign land—his favourite daughter survived her brother but a twelvemonth—indigence followed affliction—his income was withheld, and his carriage, plate, and books, were all gradually sacrificed to meet demands which every day became more pressing. His wife, a woman of high sensibility, was unable to sustain the loss of her beloved ones, superadded to unexpected and unmerited penury—and in a few months she, too, was where the weary rest.

The old man bore his trials as the follower of a meek Master should bear them. He was destitute and bereaved—he had outlived those who should have closed his eyes—he had been stricken with poverty—but no complaint escaped him, and in an unfurnished and half-ruined house, once a home of happiness, he was

patiently wearing out his appointed days, and waiting for "death, the deliverer."

"And was he abandoned by all? Oh, no! one there was who never left him. Ellen Harley—she, the young, the beautiful, the gifted—she on whom, in the brilliancy of the ball-room, the eye would turn with delight—she tended the sufferer with that love that woman only knows. She shared her parent's indigence without a murmur; and, while a once proud heart was breaking, the sigh was hushed, the tear repressed from starting, lest any indication of the misery she endured should add to the wretchedness of her father."

I listened in agony to the landlord's narrative. What are fictitious sorrows to the sad realities of life? I never regretted that Fortune had not loaded me with her gifts till now. I unlocked my writing-case; and the few bank-notes it contained were quickly under an envelope, and directed to Harley's address.

"Heaven will reward you, sir," observed mine host. "I will bring the letter to the office, and pay the postage, or the old gentleman would not, most probably, be able to release it."

Great God! a scholar and a gentleman so destitute, that the possession of a few pence was questionable! It was, indeed, too true,—and the landlord's precaution was not an unwise one."

Night came on,—torrents fell from the sky, the wind rose, the doors rattled, as every gust with increasing violence swept the sleet and rain against the windows. I never felt myself more wretched and depressed; and yet, why should a tale of individual suffering touch me deeply? Is not misery entailed upon existence? and, sooner or later, every heart must bleed. I snuffed the candles, drew my chair closer to the fire, and opened the churchman's diary. But was I authorized to read that record of affliction? I paused, and laid aside the book. I taxed the motive that influenced my wish to learn more of the old man's history. It was sympathy for his misfortunes, and a determination to relieve them if I had the power. I opened the manuscript again, and read the following extracts :—

* * * * *

"1830.—The *fortieth* anniversary of my marriage. Elizabeth and I have gone smoothly hand-in-hand through life. They told me, when I resigned my fellowship and married my beloved, that I undervalued my talents, and had no ambition. They were wrong. I knew I had within myself means to command worldly or collegiate honours; but they were right—I had no ambition beyond competency and a virtuous woman. Was I not wise,

* The extracts are loosely taken from the manuscript.

and Heaven too bountiful? My attached companion—my brave boy—my innocent and beautiful daughters—the luxury of a quiet life—my books—my happy home—would lawn sleeves, or a provost's chair, repay for the loss of these? No, no! Edmund Harley, thank the Dispenser of all good for the happy lot assigned thee!" * * *

"1831.—Tithe resistance increases, money comes in tardily, and my wife urges me to lay down my carriage; but to her declining health gentle exercise is necessary, and I must not deprive her of the means. Surely the government will check these outrages! If suffered to continue with impunity, it is hard to say where the mischief will end." * * *

"1832.—Matters grow worse. They have posted threatening notices on my gate. Not a shilling to be had—my life insurance falls due within a month. Where is the money that shall pay the policy to be obtained? I fear the carriage must go. Poor, dear Elizabeth! when I hinted at parting with my library, never was distress like hers. She solemnly declared against entering her carriage again, and I know her determination. Well, well—we must wait a week or two before we sell it." * * *

"My equipage is laid down. Thank God, a provision for my dear wife and daughters is safe for another year." * * *

"1832.—Alas! the mischief is but beginning. They have murdered my tithe-proctor, to prevent his proving what debts are due to me. He was an honest and inoffensive man—and his only fault, fidelity to his employer. I must provide for his family. Alas! I can hardly provide a sufficiency for my own." * * *

"1833.—A letter from Frederick. He has heard of my embarrassments, and what a sacrifice does he contemplate! To leave the army, quit the profession he glories in, and sit down in degrading inactivity at thirty-two! No, Frederick—thy father shall never shorten a career commenced so brilliantly. I have written and implored him to abandon his design, and assured him I had a present supply. There is not a shilling in the house; but, surely, the falsehood is excusable, for a few days will bring us the amount of the plate I have sent to Dublin to be sold." * * *

"— I have ended my distressing task, and sent a catalogue of my library to the bookseller. Heigh-ho! the work, or rather the amusement of fifty years is gone! I have kept a few dupli-

cates—and I should be thankful that I had the means of averting want for a season. Emily looks ill—my altered circumstances are preying on her in secret.”

“ — The last Protestant family has departed. The murder of their neighbours, the Gilmores, has terrified them into a resolution to quit the country altogether, and they set off this morning to embark at Limerick for the States. My congregation is now confined to a few policemen. Ten years since, I reckoned one hundred in my church; but terror has gradually driven them from a place where life and property is not worth a pin’s fee!”

“ — A sealed letter with black, and bearing the Jamaica postmark. My God! I dare not open it!”

“ — He is dead! my brave—my only boy! For the last three days excess of misery has stupified me, and I have only awoke now to the full consciousness of my loss. Frederick! Frederick!—my son, my son!”

“ — Another day has passed, and I am nearly frantic. Now do I feel the bereavement I have undergone. Oh, God! in what have I offended, that the phial of thy wrath should thus be poured on my devoted head? Peace, sinful man! To your closet, and there seek humbleness of spirit to bear thy Maker’s visitation. My brain is burning. Oh, God! preserve my senses, and teach me patience under thy decrees.”

“ 1834.—I have risen from the bed of sickness—ten weeks of suffering—but the Lord was merciful, and the hand of death was stayed. I am spared, alas! for fresh misery. During the period of my insensibility, the time allowed for claiming relief from the million loan expired, and we are destitute. We must sell the furniture.”

“ — Emily’s cough is unabated, and I see a hectic flush redden her pale cheeks occasionally. Merciful Heaven! spare me—spare me my darling child!”

“ — I dread to ask the fearful question. Doctor Edwards is most kind, and redoubles his attention. I have nothing but gratitude to offer. May the Lord reward him!”

“ — Ellen has procured some money, for she showed me bank-notes, and with a smile told me we were wealthy still.

Where could that supply have been obtained? The produce of my jaunting-car, I know, has been long since exhausted."

" — The secret is discovered; Ellen has sold her harp. Her harp! the parting present from our lamented Frederick!"

" — Emily is dying. The doctor has told the worst, and hope is extinguished. Merciful God! support her unfortunate mother! Could I but procure the means of removing her to the Continent, a milder climate might save her yet. Will the executive of Ireland suffer the rabble and their leaders to outrage the law of the land openly, and establish a reign of terror? I entreated a trifle, almost as alms, from a man indebted to me some hundreds; and his reply was, that 'if he paid me a shilling, his house would be burned, and his cattle houghed.' Is this a Christian land, and what rulers have we? God pardon them the misery they have wrought to me and mine!"

" — 'Tis over. The grass is withering on the grave of Emily — Emily, the beloved and beautiful; and her mother, like Rachel, refuses to be comforted. I cannot weep, although my brain is burning. Oh, my God, keep reason in her seat, and send thy comfort to a mourning mother."

" — Mr. Jones, the neighbouring curate, murdered in open day, for attending the sick call of a dying pensioner."

" — Attempted to bury the pensioner, but was assailed and hustled by the mob, who swore they would throw me into the grave. Obligated to leave the churchyard to save my life. The priest, I am told, performed some ceremonies after I was ejected."

" — My wife suddenly attacked. It is cholera. Her enfeebled constitution will render her a certain victim."

" — The struggle is ended. Elizabeth, wife of my love! thou art at rest, and in a better existence, united to your darling ones! Oh, that I were with you! But not my will, Lord, but thine be done!"

" — The monument to my son, erected by his brother-officers, has been placed above the altar. It pays a noble tribute to the virtues of my gallant boy. I read the inscription with pride. How dear to a father is a dead son's fame!"

I hurried over several pages. The melancholy detail of continued suffering was harrowing. I turned many leaves, and threw my eye over the last entry in the book, which, as it would appear from the date, had been made only on the preceding day.

"— The only shilling I possess has been sent to buy a loaf. Ellen confessed our destitution—and for the first time her reliance on Providence seems abated. I strove to banish her despondency, and assured her that I would obtain fresh relief. I will try a friend—one whom I once saved from ruin by becoming his security. Surely he will relieve me."

The last extract ran thus:—

"I am refused, and coarsely too. Alas! alas! how shall I tell Ellen that I return as penniless as when I left home this morning!"

I was called off suddenly to give evidence before a court-martial, and three weeks elapsed before I rejoined the detachment. Anxious to visit Mr. Harley, I mounted my horse early next morning, and at noon reached the public-house that is contiguous to the churchyard of Dunlow. A funeral had entered it—and, while the service was proceeding, I strolled into the church to shelter from the shower. The interior of the building was ruinous—the seats were dropping to pieces, the pulpit door fallen from its hinges, while, forming a singular contrast to the desolation around it, a beautiful tablet of white marble had been recently erected over the communion-table. I looked at the inscription—it was headed—

Sacred to the Memory

OF

MAJOR FREDERICK HARLEY,

A brave Soldier, and an accomplished Gentleman.

And a noble biography I never read. It was a just one; for the deceased had been a gallant soldier, and bled at St. Sebastian, Orthez, and Albufera. The funeral was soon over—the rain ceased—the sexton closed the broken gate with the key, and I returned to the church to visit the rectory.

I found the head of the sexton closing the broken gate with stones, and asked him if Mr. Harley was at home. He stared—and asked me the question. The old man burst into tears. "He is dead," he said, "we have just buried him."

"How sudden was his death?"

"No, sir; his heart for years was breaking. He's gone—the best of men, the best of masters!"

"And his daughter?"

"A kind lady, and one quite a stranger to the family, heard of Mr. Harley's death, and took Miss Ellen away yesterday."

"Then," I said, half aloud, "I need go no farther."

"No, sir; at the rectory there is nothing but bare walls. The few articles of furniture which remained were removed, under a decree, by a tradesman, before the old gentleman was cold."

"Gracious God! and was this the end of a Protestant dignity?" exclaimed the colonel.

It was—but, good my Lord Morpeth, let not this old man's martyrdom excite your sympathies too powerfully. What boots it, that a community of educated and unoffending gentlemen were sacrificed, who, trusting to the sacredness of their properties, dispensed with a liberal hand the incomes they received, nor dreamed of the destitution that awaited them. Pshaw! my lord—it was their own obstinacy after all. You extended your tender mercies to them, *for a consideration*; and they refused to prostitute their principles for a mess of pottage. Have you not gained your object? and in Whig morality, the end, you know, justifies the means. Yes, for a few brief years * *it is possible* you may hold office. You have propitiated the agitator, obtained the sweet voices of his tail, and, with the co-operation of some wretched Protestants—men who, if the foul fiend tendered the bribe, would barter their salvation for a borough—you have for a time paralyzed the power, and defeated the wealth, and talent, and respectability of Great Britain. Is not this a glorious boast for you and the homunculus of Stroud? Go on—but, as the Scotch say, "bide a wee;" and if the degradation of your slave-directed party be not commensurate with its deserts, then is there, good my Lord Morpeth, on this earth no political retribution.

The following day brought no improvement in the weather. The rain fell still in torrents—the wind blew with increasing violence—and at night-fall the same good company encircled the colonel's ingle-side. The fire was heaped with wood—the curtains drawn—the candles lighted—the decanters placed on the retired list—and the toddy-bowl, in solitary dignity, once more occupied the centre of the board.

"What a gale it blows!" exclaimed the commander, as the big rain-drops smote the casement, and the gusts, in quick suc-

* This was written in 1836.

cession, came roaring through the pine-trees. "It must be a bold man who would venture to cross the moor to-night."

"It must, indeed," responded the lawyer. "I hold myself the boldest of the company; and, faith, I would not, even for 'a Jew's eye,' make the attempt."

"A startling declaration," returned Captain Bouverie.

"The boldest in the company!" See you not, sir, how bravely your chair is flanked? On one side a Companion of the Bath; and on the other, a redoubted *Die-hard*."

"To both," observed the lawyer, gravely, "I will concede the gallantry their deeds deserve. But although I have never figured in the 'imminent deadly breach,'—nor careered across the red field of Waterloo, 'seeking the bubble reputation'—yet I account myself 'the bravest of the brave.' I once travelled, for four weeks, in company with a *gentleman from Connemara*. Have I not, colonel, as we say in Figtree-court, made out a *clear title*? Dare man do more?"

"After that deed of desperation, your courage must pass unquestioned. No doubt, sir, it was an ordeal, through 'perilous adventure,' and 'moving accidents by flood and field.'"

"We lawyers," replied the little gentleman in black, "carry our professional habits into the more ordinary occurrences. I note down every important event; and surely that most adventurous epoch of my life would not escape unregistered? Here, sir, my tour is journalized; and if the colonel will permit me, I will submit my wanderings to this company."

The proposition was willingly received; and after the candles had been carefully snuffed, the lawyer unclasped a red memorandum-book, and thus detailed his adventures:—

A TOUR—NOT SENTIMENTAL.

BY ONE WHO TRAVELLED WITH A GENTLEMAN FROM CONNEMARA.

"Don Juan bade his valet pack his things,
According to direction; then received
A lecture and some money * * *
She hoped he would improve—perhaps believed;
A letter, too, she gave (he never read it)
Of good advice—and two or three of credit."

BYRON.

It was in a saloon of the Palais Royal that I first met Arthur Mac Dermott. The night was wild, tempestuous, and disagreeable—the wind howled, and so did the dogs—the rain splashed, and so did the passengers. I was heart-sick of Paris, tired of sights—abominated theatres—discovered that my valet was a rogue—had been jockeyed in the morning, and jilted in the afternoon—and not knowing how else to kill a dreary hour, as a last resource, dropped into a gaming-house.

Everybody plays *Rouge et Noir*, had they but the honesty to acknowledge it; and, therefore, everybody knows the *locale* of the table, and the character of the company. On this night there was the usual *family party*, with some *legs* and some *soft ones*. A few small merchants were peddling cautiously, and the only dashing player had just been regularly done up.

"May the curse of Cromwell attend you, red and black!" ejaculated a tragi-comic voice, which issued from the moustached lips of a strapping Emeralder. I looked at the plucked one: he was a fine, stout, dark-haired fellow, of six feet high. "He will be in the *morgue* to-morrow," whispered a lemon-coloured dwarf, with a nondescript ribbon at his button-hole; "he has lost five hundred Napoleons." I examined the sufferer again. The Frenchman was wrong—the careless, dare-devil *insouciance* of the man showed that he possessed the true mercurial temperament indigenous to the land of potatoes, which rises while fortune sinks, and sets calamity at defiance.

While I still gazed at the unlucky gambler, who had assumed his hat and gloves preparatory to leaving the scene of his defeat, a sudden thought struck me, that even yet luck might change, and the poor fellow retrieve his losses. I took ten Napoleons from my purse, called him apart, and whispered my wishes. A broad suspicious stare from the stranger was succeeded by an inquiry of "whether I was serious?" On this point I satisfied him—and next moment he took out his ticket-case, begged me to

interchange cards, and returned as merrily to play, as if he had already netted a thousand.

"The devil's in the fellow's carelessness," said I, "the *Naps* are gone for ever;" and the very first movement at the table demolished a moiety of my subsidy. In silence I lamented my own folly—and determining not to witness the result, left the Palais Royal, and hastened to my hotel, reprobating mankind, the elements, and *Rouge et Noir*.

Some hours passed—every lodger in the house was sleeping but myself, when a thundering knocking threatened destruction to the door, and the drowsy porter, muttering curses "deep, not loud," rose to parley with the untimely visitor. A colloquy in broken English ensued. My name was mentioned—"Monsieur is in bed—Monsieur is not *visible*."

"*Bedershin*, my jewel!" returned a voice whose tones I began to recollect—"visible or not visible, I'll see him. I will, by everything that's fortunate;" and in the briefest space imaginable, the black-whiskered adventurer of the Palais Royal bore down all opposition, and was standing at my bed-side.

"We have been lucky, my darling boy," exclaimed the excited Milesian, as he flung a handkerchief, filled with notes and gold coin, upon the coverlet. "The old girl of the wheel proved herself a gentlewoman, and stuck to me like bird-lime, till, by St. Patrick, I cleaned out the company—broke the bank—and now for a division."

"A division!—I have no claim beyond a return of the sum I lent you," said I.

"No claim! arrah *nabochish*; were we not regular co-partners in trade?" replied my loving countryman. I denied altogether the existence of the firm—and after a stout demur on his part, received my ten Napoleons, with a squeeze of the hand that left mine aching for an hour afterwards. Taking up his hat, Mr. Mac Dermott rolled up his treasure in the handkerchief, secured it with a knot, and promising that he would see me early next day, was in the act of taking leave, when the porter knocked and was admitted. He came up to say that he had observed two men, of very suspicious appearance, loitering before the hotel, and had no doubt but that they had dogged the stranger thither, with evil designs against his person or his purse.

The windows of my sitting-room commanded a view of the street, and leaving the candles in my chamber, to prevent our being discovered by those without, we peeped cautiously abroad. The light was variable, as the clouds careered across the moon, but presently she shone brilliantly for a moment, and in the passing gleam, we saw two figures such as the servant described, lurking in the opposite gateway. The truth was evident.

The successful gambler had been pursued from that sink of villany, the Palais Royal, and the ruffians outside were waiting his return from the hotel to rob, and most probably murder him. I shuddered when I thought how narrowly the unconscious victim had escaped assassination.

"Now, what the plague can these fellows want with me?" inquired my countryman, with provoking indifference.

The porter grinned, shrugged his shoulders, and replied with a polite bow, "Nothing more than to qualify Monsieur for the *morgue* in the morning."

"Phew!" said the Milesian, with a peculiar whistle, "and is it that they're after? Well, I have the luck of thousands to-night. I saw a very decent-looking pair of marking-irons on your table. I'll borrow them, if you please. Just when I go out, do you lift the window, and if in the course of your travels, you ever saw a couple of private gentlemen more beautifully taken in, never trust me with the tools in future."

"Now, would it not save you some trouble, and me a charge or two of powder, if you would not interfere with the executioner, and remain contented for a few hours where you are? There is an excellent sofa, wood enough in the grate, candles, wine, and you can make a pillow of your property, and sleep upon Napoleons and bank-notes."

"Egad, you are right, but ——"

"But you are dying for a row," said I.

"Why, faith, I would give a few pieces to accommodate the scoundrels with the wrong metal, and while they expected gold, make lead answer."

"Well, I have no doubt, that finishing a brace of cut-throats would make a pleasant wind-up to a night of play; but still I recommend the sofa to you, and them to the hangman."

"You are right," said Mac Dermott, "but it is unfair to let the honest men without waste time in useless expectation." He opened the window. "Gentlemen of the *pavé*! the top of the morning to you, as we say in Tipperary. Toddle off, if ye please. I'm going to practise at the post beside you, and as the light's but indifferent, I might mistake the mark, and shoot into the gateway."

The address of Mr. Mac Dermott was understood—and indeed it would be surprising had it not been, as he delivered it in three languages, namely, English, Irish, and French. A shuffling of feet, a muttered oath, and a momentary glimpse of two persons stealing round the corner, showed that the hint had been attended to.

In a little time my unexpected guest had arranged the sofa to his perfect satisfaction, heaped on a blazing wood fire, fortified

his stomach with by far the larger portion of a bottle of Lafitte, and long before I could compose myself to sleep in the inner chamber, a heavy breathing in the outer one told that he was "fast as a watchman."

I could not rest, thinking of the wild and reckless personage to whom I had been so singularly introduced, and had been providentially so serviceable. By my assistance he had retrieved his shipwrecked fortunes; and but for me, he would have been at the bottom of the Seine, or lying in some gloomy by-street with a gashed throat. I half regretted, on his account, that I was to leave Paris next day, as the chances were great that he would be ruined in a week or two. I fell asleep at last; and when I awoke late in the morning, the first sound that met my ear was the voice of the fortunate gambler crooning an Irish ditty in the next apartment. I rose, dressed, joined him, and we sat down to breakfast.

The stranger thanked me heartily for all his recent good fortune. He seemed, on a longer acquaintance, to be a very curious medley—brave, thoughtless, generous, silly, and acute. I felt some anxiety about him—and regretted that I must leave him to the tender mercies of the world, and these feelings I expressed.

"And *why* do you leave Paris—and *where* are you going?" said the Irishman.

"I hardly know where," was the reply.

"I wish you would take me with you!" said he of the Palais Royal.

I smiled. "You do not know where I am bound for."

"Pshaw! no matter for that; Pekin or St. Petersburg—Milan or Mexico—no matter; any place but Ireland."

"And wherefore is Ireland objectionable to so disinterested a tourist?" I inquired.

"Why, simply because there I am a *dead man*—and it would be a great inconvenience to a large and affectionate family like mine, were they obliged to suddenly discard their mourning."

"Really," said I, "you are a little incomprehensible."

"Well—take me with you, and some wet day I'll tell you every thing concerning my life, death, and resurrection."

I declined the offer as delicately as possible; but Pat was no man to be easily discouraged, and so very ingenious were his arguments, that I demanded an hour for consideration, while he adjourned to his hotel and dressed.

Leaving his effects, handkerchief and all, in my safe custody, he departed, made his toilette, and in good time reappeared.

I had in the interim weighed his proposition. I might, probably, save him from ruin—but I might, as probably, greatly inconvenience myself in doing so. My tastes and habits were

formed—he was the weathercock of the moment. I was ten years older, and past the hey-day of life—he had not touched its meridian. All this considered, I felt as much perplexed to refuse his request as I was fearful in acceding to it—and in this uncertainty he found me.

“Come, my dear friend,” he exclaimed, his dark eye sparkling with pleasure, “I know you’ll take me with you. I told them at home I was preparing for a start, and desired the rascal who robs and dresses me to have all packed. Say but the word, and in the snapping of a flint I’m ready for the road. Land or sea—hill or valley—all one. Come, say yes—I know you will!”

“Mr. Mac Dermott, I have considered your proposal. On certain terms *I will consent* to our becoming fellow-adventurers on the road, and sign articles of copartnership in a calash.”

“Arrah, name them, and I say, *done*.”

“Attend,” I replied. “*Imprimis*—You are to fight no duel during the expedition, unless I carry the message.”

“Beautiful,” said Mr. Mac Dermott.

“*Second*—You are not to quarrel when you can avoid it.”

“Nothing fairer!” was the response.

“*Third*—You are to pledge your honour as a gentleman, that during our confederacy you will not play, *directly or indirectly*.”

Pat placed his hand upon his bosom, and nodded an affirmation.

“*Fourth*—You are not to carry off any man’s wife or daughter, without giving me six hours’ clear notice, to enable me to run away in an opposite direction.”

“With all my heart.”

“And *lastly*—All moneys are to be deposited with Lafitte, save one hundred pounds as a moiety of common expenses, over which I am to be absolute, with fifty Napoleons for the privy purse, to be expended by Mr. Mac Dermott, *ad libitum*, in gingerbread, *bon bons*, or for any other proper consideration.”

“Arrah, my dear friend, do make it *the hundred*; fifty’s a crooked number; and even money, they say, keeps harm out of one’s pocket. Say, *the hundred*—and take my blessing.”

Well, well, I must consent,” said I, “and now let us be off, to bank your money and get the passports.”

All was done accordingly, and next morning we passed the barriers of Paris, and turned our faces to the Rhine.

I firmly believe, that no man had ever undertaken to become bear-leader to a more untamed personage; nor did a more unpromising pupil ever fall to the lot of a philosopher to reclaim. It is true, that in him there was no deception—no duplicity in word or action. Eye, look, and bearing—all put one on their

guard—and like a board upon a garden, his face gave legal notice that the premises within were dangerous.

I hate your smooth and oily moralist. I had once an acquaintance of the class who used the commonest business of life to point some adage for the benefit of the listener. He had the most sympathetic sigh imaginable, and drew upon tears at sight. After a ten years' intimacy, he accommodated me with a spavined horse, and took away a nursemaid from a family to whom I had introduced him as immaculate. Since then, I have eschewed professed morality, and exclaim, with Sir Peter Teazle—"Rowley, if you regard me, never let me hear you utter anything like a sentiment. I have had enough of that to last the remainder of my life!"

* * * * *

We had delightful weather—passed Chalons sur Marne, and St. Diziere; halted at Nancy, and established ourselves in the Place Royal. The ancient capital of Lorraine is indeed a charming town; wide streets, well-built houses, and good hotels.

King Stanislaus, to whom the French ascribe the beauties of the old, and the founding of the new town, is buried in the Faubourg St. Pierre. We visited, in company with a learned guide, the library, which contains forty thousand volumes, and a few manuscripts. Of the latter, the most interesting showed to us was an autograph letter of Henry IV. to a favourite general. I regarded, of course, the royal hand-writing with fitting reverence. *Mac*, however, brusquely observed, that "it was a cursed cramped piece of penmanship, that even an apothecary could not read;" and resumed his station at the window, to watch the progress of a bargain which a very pretty *soubrette* was driving with a fruit-woman in the street.

Dined; wine excellent—of which *Mac* carried off two bottles; went to the theatre; play, *Othello*—nearly a translation from our own, only that "the old man's daughter" clears her character, and escapes strangulation. *Mac*, at the conclusion, "*non est inventus*." Found him, however, ready for the road next morning. Lest he should oversleep himself, I suppose, he had prudently sat up all night. Made up for lost slumbers on the road. I'll sleep him in a carriage for a hundred, against anybody produced—*barring* a watchman.

* * * * *

I have been amused with my companion's predilection for the "ould country." Everything we see is tested by a native standard; for, according to *Mac*, Eve was an Irishwoman, and Eden situated on the banks of the Shannon. Excepting Mr. Daniel O'Connell, I have never known so enthusiastic an admirer of the Emerald Isle, or one who gives his countrymen

a better character. The only difference between the parties is, that Daniel says what he does not think, "for a consideration"—while *Mac* thinks what he says, and does it gratuitously.

* * * * *

From Nancy to Strasburgh, the route not very interesting, but some views from the heights of Saurne very picturesque; the road approaching Strasburgh fine, and planted with walnut trees at equal distances, which afford the traveller a grateful shelter from the sun. I was lavish in my praises—but *Mac* compared it with a certain line in Connaught, "where even a drunken post-boy could not find a jolt for you in a day's drive; and in a dozen miles you could not pick up a pebble large enough to smash a window with." I never had the luck to travel the line in question. I wonder where it lies.

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Strasburgh.—Cantonèd at the Hotel de l'Esprit, very comfortable; and here we will abide until we examine this ancient city.

The first thing generally pointed to the traveller's attention is that *chef-d'œuvre* of Pigalli—the marble monument of Marischal Saxe, standing in the church of St. Thomas.*

My companion listened more attentively than usual to the guide as he enumerated the beauties of the monument; and after a heavy sigh, remarked—

"I knew him when I was a lad, and a better soul never stretched his legs below a mess-table!"

"Knew whom?" I exclaimed in astonishment.

"Why, him there—Marischal Saxe."

"*Pardonnez*," said the guide, "Monsieur must be in error."

"The deuce an error," replied Mr. Mac Dermott. "But what an expense the family must have gone to? and he would have lain just as snug and warm in the old church of Clonmel."

The guide stared; I was horrified; and *Mac* continued—

"Poor fellow—he could never stand a joke; and that, you know, is a sure way for a man to keep a nick-name. Maybe you never heard how he came by it, sir?" and he addressed the guide, who grinned, and bowed to the ground.

"You must know," said *Mac*, "that the old man, his father,

* The design is chaste and beautiful. On one side a weeping figure is contemplating the hero, holding a reversed flambeau beneath exalted trophies; while just below, a female, representing France, endeavours to retain the marischal, and repulse Death. The latter, a well-conceived figure, most of whose skeleton and hip is concealed by a finely executed drapery, holds in one hand an hour-glass, and with the other points expressively to the tomb, to which the marischal, with firmness and dignity, approaches. Beyond, a Hercules in tears is seen. The whole is nobly executed.

was a miller, and made his money in the grain trade. Well—he bought property in the county, until at last he got the Tipperary militia for his son. The first day the colonel appeared in regimentals—that's the son, I mean—at the head of the corps, says a blind aide-de-camp to Major O'Callaghan—'Arrah, who on earth is that?' 'Who should it be,' says the major, 'but Marshal *Sacks* (Saxe), with the *flour* (flower) of Tipperary at his back.' How a name sticks! I wonder what made the family plant him here, though; but, faith, they did the thing decently. What money it must have cost! Many a tenant was driven to pay for old Father Barebones there."

Was there ever such a villain? To confound a departed hero with a dead militia-man!

From St. Thomas's we proceeded to visit the cathedral, whose celebrated spire is said to be the highest in the world. Half way up, we reached a platform commanding a magnificent view of the Rhine, the plains of Hohenlinden, and an immense expanse of most interesting scenery, terminated on one side by the German mountains, at whose feet the river serpentine from south to north; and on the other, by Hohenlinden and the heights of Alsace. Never were travellers rewarded with a more glorious prospect than this diversified landscape and "battle-plain" presented.

"Is it not worth a pilgrimage?" I rapturously exclaimed to my companion.

"Faith, it's a pretty view enough," he replied; "but then to mount three hundred and forty steps, for I counted them—Och, if you were only, of a bright summer's day, on the top of Carriga-binnioge! But that beats the world, and there's no use in talking of it now."

I could have knocked my pupil down, had I not feared that in the hurry he might have forgotten that I was his Gamaliel, and retaliated, to the danger of my person.

The whole appearance of Strasburgh will rather disappoint the traveller. It has all the inconveniences of a French town—narrow streets, bad pavements, and no flagways. It is (or was) a great place of trade—a depôt for that of France, Germany, Italy, and Switzerland. All now looks dull—the theatre is badly attended—and Mr. Mac Dermott, after a patient investigation, declares he saw but five pretty women in Strasburgh—this is astonishing, for I have no doubt that his researches were extensive.

One of the greatest curiosities here is the fish-market. The fish are offered to purchasers *alive*, being preserved in large water-tanks. I am assured that upwards of fifty kinds are occasionally exposed for sale, embracing every variety from a

sprat to a sturgeon! Mr Mac acknowledged "the thing was very pretty-looking. But, for eating, God help him! he had no ambition. He was easily pleased. Give him a Galway turbot, a Boyne salmon, a Toom eel, or even a Bann trout, and he could live for a day or two with a Catholic family—but then he was no epicure."

The fellow's intolerable—he hits me now and again, and pretty hard, and here he had me confoundedly. If Apicius himself were choosing a fish dinner, where could he match Mr. Mac Dermott's selection?

A great quantity of wine is annually produced in this part of France. The "*vin ordinaire*" at dinner—and very excellent wine it was—cost but twenty sous the bottle—the very oldest and best "*vin du Rhin*," only six francs. Indeed, as Mr. Mac Dermott remarked, "it was just the place where a prudent man could drink himself rich."

* * * * *

We proceeded on our route, reached Basle in the evening, and established ourselves at the Crown Inn, in full view of the Rhine, and only distant from it by the length of the street.

Having hired a guide, we set off to view the cathedral. Our cicerone was an old man, who spoke English remarkably well. He had lived in the household of Cardinal Fesch, whose family, he says, were originally *fishmongers*. A lucky trade to produce such men as Crockford and the cardinal!

From the cathedral we adjourned to the panorama, which gives an excellent idea of Basle. The artist obliged us with a view of two originals of the old masters, "A Virgin and Child," a sweet painting by Raphael; and "A taking down from the Cross," one of Holbein's best pictures. By a fanciful conception of the artist, the devil is introduced in the act of carrying off the *unbelieving* thief. Mr. Mac was rather chary in his commendations of honest Hans's *chef-d'œuvre*. "The painting," he admitted, "was well enough, if he had left the devil out—but where was the use of frightening people?" The artist listened to my friend's critique with all the "*politesse*" of a Frenchman, but shrugged his shoulders, and I suspect, were he employed to collect a gallery, would not select Mr. Mac Dermott as a coadjutor.

We spent the remainder of the morning in the public gardens, which are beautifully ornamented with water-works, Chinese bridges, &c. At four we dined—discussed two flasks of exquisite "*vin du Rhin*," when Mr. Mac Dermott requested to be accommodated with a third one, pleading in excuse, his great exertions during the morning. It is astonishing how many good and sufficient apologies he discovers, when an extra bottle

is required—and indeed, since we left Paris, he appears, as poor Lord Louth used to say, to have “an unquenchable thirst upon him.” We start in the morning for Schaffhausen, to view the Falls of the Rhine.

We passed in our route the interesting village of Angst—the *Angustia Rauracorum* of the Romans. Here many antiquities of great value have been, from time to time, discovered. I purchased some ornaments in bronze, with a few coins, and examined the ruins of a temple, bath, and theatre. Mr. Mac declined to accompany me in these researches. He had established a smart flirtation with the hostess of the “Black Eagle,” and to every antiquarian inducement sported “deaf adder.” “What novelty was a Roman village to him? Within twenty miles of his father’s there was but one Protestant, and that was the parson. His assistant was a Catholic, and like ‘the clerk of Ballyhain,’ when he finished at church, he ‘served mass afterwards.’ Roman villages! he would be glad to know where there were any else, from one end of Connemara to the other?”

We crossed to the left bank of the river, by the wooden bridge at Rhinfelden, and, four leagues farther, recrossed at Lanffenburgh, near the salmon fishery. We were now within two miles of Waldshut, but the rain fell with such violence that we halted for the night at a small and unpretending inn, where, notwithstanding, our supper, wine, and beds, were excellent. The bill was moderate enough: for all these, but eight and a half francs!

We resumed our journey under, it appeared, fortunate auspices, as the guide acquainted us that in the morning he had lighted his candle at the Virgin’s lamp, which is kept burning all the night. Our route lay partly through the Black Forest, and it was wild and gloomy enough. Near Waldshut the Rhine is prettily studded with numerous islands—and, with its forest scenery and picturesque mountains, forms altogether an interesting scene.

It was evening when we reached Schaffhausen, and immediately proceeded to view the celebrated Falls of the Rhine, which are about two miles from the town. The cataract, the broadest in Europe, presents one of the most extraordinary scenes imaginable. The castle of Lanfen stands on the rocks above it, and from beneath we viewed the Falls, till the spray had penetrated our clothes, and obliged us to take up another position. The noise is astounding, and as Mac remarked, “a man could not hear his own ears.” Huge fragments of rocks divide the sheet of tumbling water into four parts, which hurries “in foam and fury” into the deep basin at the base of the ledge. The height of the fall varies considerably, and it is said to be

greatest about the end of June. It appeared now to be about seventy feet, but formerly it was much higher, for the ledge has been progressively washed away by the violence of the water. I think the best point to view the Falls is in front, and from the castle of Innwhat.

We proceeded by the right bank of the river to Constance, and on our arrival procured a guide, and set out to visit its celebrated hall. Here in 1414, the famous council was held, which condemned to the flames John Huss and Jerome of Prague, and ordered the bones of Wickliff, then thirty years dead, to be exhumed and given to the fire. The chairs which the emperor and the pope occupied during the trial, are preserved and exhibited. This hall was built in 1348, and is now used for storing merchandize brought to the city for sale at the fair. A wretched little house is shown near one of the gates, where Huss was apprehended: his bust is placed above the door, with the date beneath it, 1414. The convent in which he was confined is now turned to a better purpose, and used for a manufactory.

We left the "Aigle d'Or" at Constance, and passing the beautiful village of Franenfield, found ourselves comfortably seated at dinner in the auberge "L'Epée," in the town of Zurich. The house in which Lavater resided, and the church in which he officiated, were close to our hotel. In the evening we visited the library, which contains forty-five thousand volumes, and, among other literary curiosities, some original letters of Lady Jane Grey. Although very anxious, I was unsuccessful in my endeavour to get a sight of these interesting manuscripts, and expressed regret at my failure. Mr. Mac Dermott, however, exhibited no sympathy for my disappointment. "For the life of him," he said, "he could not imagine what fancy I had for such things. Sure nobody wrote letters but tailors, attorneys, and old women; they were all to one tune—duns and good advice—and no gentleman minded either. Many a time his poor father had bid 'bad luck to the music,' when he heard the mail-horn—for, as he said, 'there was nothing but botheration in the bag.' God be with the time when in Connemara the post came in but once a fortnight, and the king's writ was not worth a *traneen*.* He, Mr. Mac, had not the honour of knowing Lady Jane; he supposed she was sister to Lady Morgan, and if she wrote Greek and Algebra like her, her letters would be a small loss, for none but a priest could make them out."

After this lecture upon letters and ladies, we continued our ramble over Zurich. The streets are narrow and ill-constructed—the churches not worth attention—the arsenal, to one who has

* *Anglicè*—a straw.

seen the Tower, contemptible. It contains, however, one relic worth all its arms besides—the cross-bow of William Tell.

The last thing we visited was the observatory. The situation of the building is good, and commands, north and south, an extensive prospect—but it is otherwise a wretched affair. It contained a transit instrument of clumsy workmanship, a bad clock, a bad telescope, with a tolerable repeating circle, of English make—and these comprised the instruments. We learned, however, one very interesting fact: the astronomer dines at noon, and the sun himself is not more regular in his movements, than the professor in his meals!

To-morrow we shall bid this beautiful town farewell. Mr. Mac Dermott has made an acquaintance with an Austrian colonel, a pleasant fellow enough, whom we met here, *en route* to Paris, with his lady. Mac and the commander have vowed an eternal friendship, over a “stoup of Rhenish,” and I suspect that *madame* is a contracting party to the treaty. Our respective courses, thank God, are very opposite—were they not, agreeably to article *four*, I fancy Mr. Mac would favour me some evening with a six hours’ notice to be off. There they go, arm in arm! Well, if the colonel is contented, what right have I to complain!

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The sun was shining gloriously as we toiled up the mountain road that leads from Zurich to Zong, a distance of about fifteen miles. We halted on the summit of a hill, and breakfasted at a small *auberge*, which commands a beautiful view of the lake and town. Passing through Baur, we reached Zong at noon, took up our quarters at the “Cerf,” and accompanied by “mine host,” a remarkably fine young man, set off to visit the nunnery.

From the inmates of the convent we received a polite reception. We found them instructing a number of interesting girls in French and music—and, to judge from sundry articles of female workmanship which we purchased, the pupils were proficient in painting, and the fabrication of those little elegancies of art in which the fairer sex excel. It was astonishing how soon Mr. MacDermott, who had been rather dolorous since he parted with the colonel and his lady, recovered his spirits. Of fancy works he declared himself an admirer—and in pincushions, a perfect connoisseur. As he seemed likely to prove a profitable customer—his wants being many—he found favour with the sisterhood, till alas! a lynx-eyed *religieuse* detected him pressing the hand of a novice, with whom he was bargaining for a pencil-case. Such sinful proceedings on the part of a good Catholic were deplorable—I felt my face redden—while my companion, with unblushing assurance, looked innocent of guile, as if he had been offering up an “Ave Mary,” instead

of making unholy advances to the very prettiest of these "maids of heaven."

From this bazaar we proceeded to the chapel, where there is an extensive ossuary, every skull bearing the name of the quondam proprietor. The tombs in the burying-ground adjacent are decorated with metal crosses, prettily gilt and painted, on most of which an epitaph is inscribed, together with a miniature of the departed. Here is a very curious piece of sculpture. The design is taken from the book of Revelations, and represents the angel coming down from heaven with a chain to bind Satan for a thousand years, when the Millennium is to commence. The features are beautifully executed. Mac declared, however, that a worse-tempered man than the devil looked, he had never met with in his travels; "but it was no wonder, since he was to be strapped up neck and heels like a deserter, and that too by an old acquaintance."

Berne is beautifully situated on the slope of a hill, at the base of which the river Aar winds. The houses are built with cut stone, the streets wide and clean, the pathways flagged and arched over, which renders them a dry promenade in all weathers, and in sunshine particularly agreeable. The Gothic cathedral, with its admired steeple, the hospital (Eglise du St. Esprit) rebuilt in 1722, the library of thirty thousand volumes and fifteen hundred manuscripts, the small museum of natural history, and the botanic gardens, are all exceedingly interesting, and Berne is reckoned one of the most desirable residences in Switzerland. Our guide acquainted us that here Haller was born (his picture may be seen in the museum), and the best gunpowder in Europe was manufactured near the town. Mr. Mac doubted whether Hall or Harvey were not as good; but as he recommended it, he, Mac, "would try a canister or two of Haller's." Was there ever such a Vandal?

We left for Lausanne next day, and reached Morat for dinner. The town is situated on a lake of the same name, but wants those charms of Swiss scenery—wood and mountain. It is celebrated as the scene of the defeat of Charles the Bold, in 1476; and a little chapel, filled with the bones of those that fell, bears this pithy inscription:—"The army of Charles the Bold, besieging Morat, left this monument of its passage." Mr. Mac Dermott observed that "they might call him 'Bold' here; but he was too timid in London, or he would never have popped his head out of Lord Melbourne's middle window to lay it on the block. Many a time he had looked at it (the window) while kicking his heels at the Horse Guards." It was useless to explain; Mac confounded the martyr of England with the daring duke of Normandy—*N'importe*.

We reached Geneva early next morning. The town stands on a rising ground above the lake, and is divided by the "dark blue waters" of the Rhone. Excepting the library, there is little to interest the tourist, although the trader will have much in its extensive manufactures to admire. At the distance of a league from Geneva, stands Byron's favourite château. When here, in 1816, I visited him, in company with a friend. Unfortunately his lordship had been seriously indisposed, and obliged for several days to keep his room. He sent us a kind message by his servant, regretting his inability to receive us, accompanied by the key of the garden, and a request that we would cut some fruit, and walk on the balcony, which commanded a magnificent view of the lake as far as the castle of Chillon. As we passed one of the windows, we saw the poet lying on a sofa, and he saluted us. He seemed as if in pain; and one momentary glance at his fine and intelligent face plainly told that he suffered from bodily ailment far less than from the agony of "a mind diseased."

We left Geneva to visit the interesting valley of Chamouni, in a small and coarsely-built four-wheeled carriage, drawn by a pair of mules. The narrowness and roughness of the road render it impracticable for more comfortable vehicles. On our route, we stopped to view the cascade of Chede. As the water was abundant, and the fall is computed at three hundred feet, it forms an interesting object. The morning was remarkably fine, and the sunbeams falling on the spray, formed the most beautiful iris I ever looked at. While I was gazing with delight upon this splendid bow, Mr. Mac Dermott had discovered a more engrossing feature in the scene—a very pretty girl, employed in sketching the cascade.

For the soul of me, I cannot comprehend by what freemasonry the fellow manages to slip into society with persons from all corners of the earth, and with whose very existence he had been previously unacquainted. Surely, that look and brogue of his are sufficient to alarm an Amazon—and yet, before I had completed a hasty survey of the rainbow, he was pointing pencils for the fair artist, and basking in the sunshine of the brightest blue eye that ever perplexed a traveller! But the old man, her father, approaches; he will bring pencil-cutting to a close, and mar the *tête-à-tête*. God help me! never was I more astray. There is an interchange of smiles and snuff between the parties. Mac's "Masulipitan" is requited with the stranger's "Strasburg"—and in five minutes I expect to see the whole group contract an eternal friendship, and register it by all the beauties of the cascade!

* * *

As I anticipated, the mischief is done. The old man and his daughter are bound for Chamouni—and Mac has made it exceedingly plain, that the interests of all require us to occupy the same inn and table, and establish a sort of travelling copartnership. The father, of course, will be turned over to my attentions, while my worthy companion superintends the lady and her portfolio. Well, no matter for a day or two—the old man looks intelligent—and I'll submit.

Proceeding on our route, accompanied by the strangers, in a small calèche, we ascended the hill and reached the lake, which bears the name of the fall we had been viewing. Still toiling on, we gained Lezouche, to which the glaciers of Mont Blanc approximate. Short as the ascent was, the changes in atmospheric temperature were most rapid. At the fall, the thermometer stood at seventy-eight degrees; on the hill above the lake it sank to seventy degrees; and on the highest level of the road, where we turned aside to gain a better prospect of the glaciers, placed upon the snow, it fell to thirty-two degrees. A cold shower hurried us on to Chamouni, and we were happy to find ourselves safe from the weather at the Hôtel de Londres.

The village is very small. It contains but the priory and a few houses. The museum of minerals, however, is worth attention; and the old gentleman, after dinner, accompanied me to visit this cabinet. The *demoiselle* proceeded with her sketch, and Mr. Mac remained with *madame*, to aid, comfort, and point the pencils.

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At seven o'clock next morning we commenced the ascent of Montauvert, elevated two thousand six hundred feet above the valley of Chamouni. Our mules carried us about half-way, when the steeps became so frequent and abrupt, that we were obliged to dismount, and send the quadrupeds back. The road, or rather pathway from the valley, is rapid in ascent, but not dangerous, and runs through a forest of pines and larch-trees. Three hours' toil completed the journey, and placed us before the temple on the summit.

The view from this is grand beyond description. To the south, we saw the Noir Aiguille of Charmay; on the north, the Rougeâtre de Dru, six thousand feet higher than the spot whereon we stood, from which it is separated by the Mer de Glace. Many other mountains of extraordinary shape are visible from Montauvert. Underneath, the valley of Chamouni appears—while the glaciers, and more particularly the Mer de Glace, resemble a sea suddenly frozen in its most violent agitation, over whose surface sharp and savage rocks protrude, casting on the lighter ice a tint of variable hue.

Next day we set off for Martigny. Our fair companion was too much fatigued by the exertions of her late expedition to attempt the Col de Balme. She, therefore, preferred accompanying the baggage, which made a *détour* by Valorsini and the *Tête Noire*. Mr. Mac Dermott conveniently sprained his ankle when we were about to leave Chamouni, and the old gentleman declared himself anxious to be my companion. Mr. Mac, though *hors de combat*, offered his protection to the lady and our effects. Of course it was accepted; and we, accordingly, took different routes; I having first intimated to my worthy camarado, that if he did not intend to re-appear, he would much oblige me by leaving my portmanteaus at Trient, and, agreeably to article No. 4, notify his designs, if any, upon the fair *artiste*, to enable me to bolt in good time before the catastrophe occurred.

It would appear that women recover from fatigue rapidly; for, on our descent to Trient, I observed through a telescope a lady and gentleman walking in front of the auberge, in whom I recognized my disabled friend and "the old man's daughter." Mr. Mac's convalescence also appeared miraculous. At Chamouni he was lame as a Greenwich pensioner, but a drive in the calèche had restored the infirm member, and he moved as jauntily about as if he had been receiving a lesson from *Coulon*. Indeed, I was delighted to assure myself of his identity at a mile off. I know him to be an "honourable man;" but, Lord! in the hurry, he might forget No. 4. From the miserable appearance of this Alpine hostel, we only waited to take a hasty lunch, and, proceeding on our route, and crossing the Col de Forclas, reached Martigny for dinner.

We recommenced our journey very early next morning; passed through St. Lionhard, and, crossing again to the left bank of the river, saw the village of Leuk on the opposite side, perched on the brow of the mountain. A league farther, at the hamlet of Gemmi, the celebrated baths of Leuk are situated, envired by scenery of the most romantic character. At Visp we breakfasted, and went afterwards to visit the fall, which is about a quarter of a mile distant from the auberge. It is worth the traveller's notice, and I think not inferior to that of Martigny. The height of this cascade is probably a hundred and fifty feet; and, as there is always an immense body of water discharging itself over the ledge of rock, the noise is deafening. The fair artist made a hasty sketch—Mac, of course, in charge of the portfolio. I think the old citizen has taken the alarm—if he has not, the man must be blind as a beetle. At five we reached Breig or Bryg, the first village on the great road leading over the Simplon into Italy.

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We have parted with our fellow-travellers rather unexpectedly, who decline crossing the Simplon, and return to Lausanne to await the arrival of a relation, who purposes accompanying them to Italy. I am glad of this for every reason. There is a mystery about Mr. Mac Dermott that I have been unable to penetrate. At times he seems unhappy, and recollections obtrude upon his gayest moments, which cloud his brow, while still his efforts at concealment indicate a spirit struggling, by native elasticity, to overcome thoughts that rack its quietude. His attentions to Miss Selwyn are not like those of the fugitive flirtations in which I have seen him indulge; and she, I suspect, has not heard him with indifference—but time will show. The old gentleman is a retired trader; wealthy no doubt. His daughter appears gentle and affectionate. If I am not astray, after we retired last night, there was a farewell interview. I saw a tear fall from beneath her veil this morning as Mac handed her to the *calèche*; and since her departure the swain looks *triste* and dejected, while frequently he contemplates a ring which I never remarked before upon his finger. But, what are their follies to me? He'll forget her before we see St. Peter's!

Although we had intended to start for Padua this morning, Mr. Mac Dermott, for some unaccountable cause, insists on waiting for the post; and, as a day must be lost, I have left him in the hotel, and set out for Monza, some eight miles distant, to visit the *palais* of the Viceroy of Italy, and, if possible, see the "iron crown." I succeeded but partially. The gardens and park, both beautifully kept, were opened, with a portion of the palace. Unluckily, one of the archdukes was then the occupant, and the greater moiety of the building could not be exhibited.

The iron crown is safely deposited in a chest of the same metal, and secured by three locks. But in the same place there is an object of greater value. This is a large gilt cross, having in its centre a crystal, containing a portion of the sponge saturated with the identical vinegar presented to our Saviour while crucified, and by Him rejected! This, of course, is an inestimable treasure; but this favoured church is rich in relics, and contains one, worth sponge, crown, and vinegar—to wit, a vial containing a small quantity of the blood that flowed from the Redeemer's side!! Heretics may cavil—but is there a true believer who ever doubted these acknowledged truths?

The post has brought a letter—at least I suspect this to be the case—as Mac has started willingly. There never was a lovelier day for travelling, and we have passed some interesting places—Colomba, Cassano, and Carravagio, with Cheari, celebrated for its silk mills, and arrived late at Brescia.

This we found a very considerable town, and if the population-

returns be correct, judging from its size, the last place upon the Continent that Malthus or Miss Martineau would patronize. It looks less than Belfast, but contains one-fourth a greater population! The cathedral is modern and very fine, and there are some good paintings to be seen. But Brescia is famous for its trade, and appears to be a place of unusual bustle. Firearms are the chief manufactures; and about a mile from the town, on the Verona road, stand a foundry and arsenal, nearly completed by Napoleon. Turn where you will in France and Italy, you find mementos of that extraordinary spirit—that "illustrious unfortunate."

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Late on the following evening we reached the ancient city of Verona, the scene of so many of Shakespeare's loveliest creations. The place is truly classic—for no city contributed to Roman literature so many venerated names. Catullus, Macer, Cornelius Nepos, Pomponius Secundus, Vitruvius, and the elder Pliny, form a constellation of the first magnitude. Our own "master of the heart" has immortalized it in several of his dramas. Here is the scene of the luckless loves of "Romeo and Juliet," and we cannot forget "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

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Whether my worthy companion has received a despatch from the pretty *artiste*, "blighting his hope," or that tender recollections have arisen over the tomb of the "gentle Montague" which we have just left—certainly Mr. Mac Dermott is melancholy as "an old lion, or a lover's lute." I am dying to discover "what sadness lengthens Romeo's hours"—and after dinner will dissolve the mystery and conjure him

"By Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,"

If Verona hold a stoup of Burgundy I'll unlock his tongue—
and between love and wine, if he retain his secret, I'll believe
that there is constancy in man—faith in a mistress—honesty
in a Jew—and no virtue in the bottle!

"Lord! what a sigh. That sprain will come against you,
Mac. I fear you have overworked yourself to-day."

"Why, faith, my dear boy, I am but a dull companion. I wish somebody would assist me to break article No. 1—and I'd call the man my friend who would blow out my brains genteelly. Zounds! I could jump into the Adige, burn a church, turn Methodist—for I am in most villainous humour with the whole human race."

"Come, pass the bottle, Mac; one or two bumpers like that

honest one you filled, and all will be '*couleur de rose*' again," said I.

"No, no—my peace of mind is over—and though now and then I may drown recollection in the goblet—still memory jogs one's elbow, and whispers what a fool I have been." His eye glistened. Burgundy is, after all, the touch-stone to the heart—and I called for another flask.

"Come, Mac—rally and fill me a brimming bumper—this is Miss Selwyn's health."

My pupil started—but I had no reason to complain that he did not fill fairly, and the spirit of the rosy grape was not allowed time to evaporate.

"What the deuce was that midnight divan you held with Mademoiselle at Breig, after you had seen the old cit and me retire?"

"Nonsense, you only jest," returned Mr. Mac Dermott.

"No, faith: I heard enough to inform me who the *dramatis personæ* were. How were you engaged, Mac—pointing pencils or making love? Was Chloe cruel, or are you fed on hope, and like aameleon, air-crammed? Come, you are an excellent Catholic, and know the value of a clean breast; and, believe me, you'll find yourself all the better for confession. Surely you once threatened me with a narrative of your adventure."

Poor Mac was agitated—his eye flashed, his cheek reddened, as, with much bitterness, he replied—"If you are curious to hear the confessions of a fool, ask *but* a detail of my career."

"No, Mac—you are chagrined. Many a man has made a wilder cast, and redeemed it gallantly afterwards."

"In my case, that is impossible," said my pupil.

"Nothing to the determined is so—and so far as breaking heads, and drilling a man's carcass go, you're not amiss."

"That may be so," said Mr. Mac. "But what can I expect in life, when I am dead already?"

"That is, indeed, a puzzler—and yet for a defunct gentleman, you have the sweetest swallow imaginable."

"But I'm worse than dead," returned Mr. Mac Dermott, as he laid down the empty glass.

"Indeed!"

"Yes."

"How, pray?"

He fetched a desperate sigh. "*I'm married!*"

"There is no disputing your assertion, my friend. Where may the lady be at present?"

"Heaven only knows," responded Mr. Mac.

"When do you expect to see her?" I inquired.

"Never, if I have any luck."

"Have any pledges of mutual attachment blessed this auspicious union?"

Mac smiled, as he replied, "Ladies of three score are not generally prolific."

"Alas! my friend, you must pardon me. I knew not the extent of your misfortunes. To be defunct was bad enough—but what was that to matrimony? Come, out with the tale while I order a fresh bottle."

"Make it *two*, if you love me," said Mr. Mac, "or I'll choke in the middle of the narrative."

The wine appeared. Mr. Mac Dermott having "screwed his courage to the sticking place," by the agency of a second bumper, gave a preliminary cough, and thus began:—

MR. MAC DERMOTT'S STORY.

ANT. S.—"There's not a man I meet but doth salute me
As if I were their well acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name."

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

"SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot," says the song—they should—and would that mine would forget me! My friends, alas! are "faithful to the tomb." Men who have seen me for a second at a crossing, would remember my person if we met by accident at Timbuctoo; and, though blind to all the world beside, recognize me at the distance of a street. Confound their memories! they have marred my fortunes when the tide seemed "taken at the flood."

Mine shall be a brief history. My father was a wealthy stock-master in Roscommon, who prided himself on the antiquity of his lineage, and the pedigree of his horses; and there was not a more hospitable house within the Shannon than his own. There, the stranger was sure to find a good dinner—a heavy drink—warm quarters, and a hearty welcome. Wanderers to wakes and markets made Kiltycormack their abiding-place—friars and physicians infested it by the dozen—drinking and dancing was the order of the day; for my father, to do him justice, lived like an Irish king—sporting a rattling stud, and a pack you could cover with a blanket—kept a priest in the house, and two pipers into the bargain.

On my education and earlier life it is unnecessary to dilate. At twenty, I could read, write, and serve mass in Latin, when my mother and the maids confessed their peccadilloes to Father

Anthony. I knew a blemished horse with half an eye—won a steeple-chase at Knockcroghery—bullied a fire-eater at Ballinasloe—and entered the Galway militia a captain; but then, if the truth be told, commissions were at a discount.

Three years passed—and without vanity I may acknowledge that my outward man was generally admired by the softer sex. I was a clean-timbered strapping fellow—tall enough for a flanker—with a merry eye, and a devil-may-care swagger—rode hard, talked flippantly, copied the elegancies of a sprig of fashion, with whom our corps was fortunately ornamented—and passed currently in park and ball-room, as if I had never blistered a broken knee, nor danced “apples for ladies,”* with my mother’s maid, at the pattern of Knockbuoy.

It was in the middle of January, 181—, that we got the route for Dublin; and no order ever caused more pleasure and dissatisfaction to a marching regiment, than that which summoned us from our quarters for garrison duty. The young and single were delighted with the change—the old and married horrified at the bare idea of dear lodgings, and the immediate *surveillance* of a commander-in-chief. Indeed ours was not a “crack corps,” but as slow a battalion as ever figured in the Phoenix-park. Most of the officers had passed their climacterics, and were provided with families that would astonish Harriette Martineau. Freeholders, not fitness, were passports to commissions; and I verily believe that the service could not produce a stranger sample of soldiers, than the honest gentlemen who led the gallant Galway to the field.

Of those most overjoyed at our removal to the metropolis, I may place the commander’s lady foremost. She was a fine woman of high fashion, to whom the country was intolerable. Nothing, therefore, could exceed her raptures when the route for Dublin was received. Great were her preparations for the spring campaign. A house was taken in Merrion-square—a new barouche turned out by Hutton—liveries were renewed—footmen multiplied; and before a month, the name of Mrs. Colonel O’Dogherty was foremost on the Castle list.

It was the end of March—the Patrick’s night ball had brought everybody to town—Dublin was full, and the season was at its zenith. Some regimental affair obliged me to call upon the colonel. I was shown into the front drawing-room, while the commander and his lady were in conclave in the back one, and in the heat of argument, they forgot that the folding-doors were ajar.

“Well, my dear,” said the fair one, “be sure you get the box

* A musical composition of great merit, although, as I am informed, not generally danced at Castle balls.

next Lady Asgill's. Don't lose time, or that vulgar city woman, Mrs. Sheriff Sullivan, will be sure to pick it up."

The colonel promised to be expeditious.

"Whom shall we have, my love, to meet the Lorimers? Unfortunately the staff are obliged to attend the Castle dinner, and everything decent beside is secured by Lady Melvyn."

"Could you not have some of our own people? of late we have rather overlooked them."

"Heavens! colonel, don't mention it! Wherever you contrived to pick them up, there is not such a collection of scarecrows in the service."

"True, my dear; but you know one's county interest must be looked after—and there is not one of them that has not a *fodeein** and some freeholders."

"Hang their *fodeeins*! Heaven knows how dearly county honours are purchased. With one or two exceptions, is there a presentable man among the gang? And, now, colonel, *whom would you ask?*"

"Hem—hem!—Why, my dear, Major Grogan has never been here since he joined us in town."

"Colonel, you would not, surely, introduce that overgrown monster to the Lorimers?"

"Certainly, Grogan is singular both in manners and person; but there is Captain Dempsey."

"A second Punchinello, with a civic paunch and bandy legs."

"What do you say to Captain Joyce?"

"Nothing—only send him a clean shirt with the invitation. The man, I fancy, imagined that linen was included in his allowances—or supposed that our corps was like Falstaff's, and that he would find 'enough on every hedge.'"

"Oh, my love—indeed you are too severe. What say you to Captain Cormack?"

"Worse and worse! He speaks to the servants in Irish, takes soup a second time, and calls the knave of clubs 'Jack my jewel.'"

"Lieutenant Corcoran——"

"Has no clothes."

"Lieutenant Daly——"

"Wears a home-made wig, at total variance with the colour of his whiskers."

"Well, are any of them producible?"

"Ye—a. Conyngham is a good style of man; and Mac Dermott—he dresses well, and would pass current enough if he did not say 'arrah!' and 'ah, now!'"

This flattering notice of my merits was delightful—and that,

* *Anglicé*—a small estate.

too, from a first-rate authority like Mrs. Colonel O'Dogherty, and the observations I had overheard were not thrown away. I did not play deaf adder—but firmly resolved to abandon “*arraah*” and “*ah, now,*” for ever. Determined to support my well-earned reputation, although deeply registered in my tailor's ledger, I decided upon giving the unhappy man further instructions in book-keeping, and ordered for the nonce, a full-dress jacket, with the largest wings procurable from Brady. To be seen with “the Lorimers” in public would stamp me at once a denizen of the world of fashion. Among the leaders of the *beau monde*, the Lorimers were most *distingus*; bonnets being nominated after Lady Jane, while the *contre-danse* at the last Rotunda ball had opened with “Lady Mary's Rant.” No wonder that I waited impatiently for the promised invitation. It duly came—and on the appointed day I drove to Merrion-square, in full feather, to partake of an early dinner, and afterwards escort the ladies to the theatre.

I was first of the company—and had time to take a full length peep at my outward man in the tall pier-glass between the windows—and, faith! nothing could be better. My lower extremities—my legs were reputed to be good ones—in short kerseymeres and white silks, might have passed muster at a drawing-room. My hair was critically curled—but the new jacket—that beat all—Phil. Costigan, my valet, averred upon his conscience, that my own skin was not a closer fit; and, indeed, the garment was so generally correct, that, in a burst of gratitude, I almost registered a vow to pay the tailor at some future day; but, as rash promises should be eschewed, mine was conditional upon getting a prize in the lottery, or succeeding to some estate, of which the right owner at present kept me from possession.

While I was still engaged in personal admiration, Mrs. Colonel O'Dogherty entered in full dress, just as a splendid carriage stopped, and a thundering knock, loud and long as the *feu de joie* of a battalion, succeeded. The steps fell—the drawing-room door was thrown open—and a powdered functionary announced “the Ladies Lorimer.”

Our small party was quickly assembled. General and Mrs. Cameron, and a dashing major of Hompesch's dragoons, completed the company. In a few minutes the butler summoned us to dinner. Down we filed to the eating-room—and, in the hostess's arrangements, the Lady Mary fell to my lot. She descended, leaning on my arm, and at table I was placed next her.

All were in glorious spirits—the ladies beautiful as Eastern sultanas, and brilliant as jewels and ostrich plumes could make

them. The Lorimers seemed determined to be agreeable—and Lady Mary listened to me with so much pleasure and condescension, that, when she left us for the drawing-room, I was half persuaded the foundation of a conquest had been laid, and that I was fated, on some blessed morning, to astonish the establishment at Kiltycormack by the introduction of a titled bride. God knows, when I did accommodate them with a daughter-in-law, the one I presented was of a different description!

Dublin was once remarkable for the purity of its dramatic taste, and nowhere did histrionic talent insure a more enthusiastic reception. A visit from some London stars had, of course, created a sensation; and, as the world of fashion had agreed to congregate on this eventful evening in Crow-street, the dress circle, when we entered the theatre, presented a blaze of beauty. From the floor to the ceiling, the house was crammed; in the gallery there was no "room for standing, miscalled standing-room;" and into the pit you could have scarcely introduced a walking-stick. For a week boxes had not been procurable: the tears of beauty could not obtain a second seat; and happy was the man who, by the urbanity of a proprietor, achieved an occasional glance at the stage, over a tier of turbans and a forest of feathers. What were my feelings then, when, by the gracious pleasure of the colonel's lady, I occupied a position in the front row! I was flanked by Lady Jane and an aide-de-camp of the viceroy's; and, happier still, "lovely Thais"—I mean Lady Mary—"sate beside me!"

It might appear an unusual stretch of good nature on the part of Mrs. O'Dogherty, to veil, in the interior of the box, the splendours of her diamond tiara. But the colonel's lady was a sentimentalist in a quiet way—flirtation à découvert is not the thing—she and the Hompescher were far more comfortable in the rear—the Lorimers better seen in the front—the aide-de-camp could exhibit his *aiguillettes*—I parade my wings—all and every were therefore judiciously placed, and that to their perfect satisfaction.

Never was a lady in her own right more affable than Lady Mary. She saw I was anxious to be agreeable, and she condescended to be amused. She was, if Debrett could be believed, verging upon thirty—consequently a little *passée*—and, in *affaires de cœur*, as it was hinted, she had been particularly unhappy. She had been jilted by an earl—lost a lover before Saint Sebastian—and been abominably ill-used by an Irish baronet, who, after naming the happy day, had broken his neck at a fox-hunt. Her fortune was never mentioned: and even her enemies admitted that she professed no fancy for a life of celibacy. Was it wonderful, therefore, all things considered,

that young ambition should whisper what grave reflection would smile at as impossible? Love, like death, levels all distinctions; and why should I be so unfortunate as to falsify the proverb? I determined, *coûte qui coûte*, to make the essay, and who could tell, but a scion of the house of Lorimer might yet astonish the inmates of Kiltycormack, when she came down, a dutiful daughter-in-law, to claim my mother's blessing!

The play was over—the curtain rose again, and “Love in a Village” was substituted for the afterpiece. No opera could have been better selected. I seized on several passages which seemed apposite to my situation—and my sighs might have been heard distinctly in the third row. It was marvellous how rapidly I got on—“I never regretted want of nobility till now—and, had I a title and estate, I knew at whose feet both should be laid!” Did a frown annihilate my hopes, and punish my audacity? Ah, no—a smile, bland and benignant as that with which angels “view a virtuous deed,” was turned for a moment upon my face. I was transported to the seventh heaven; sublunary concerns were forgotten; I had built a fairy edifice; when suddenly my celestial reveries were dispelled by an infernal uproar in the pit.

The noise was indeed astounding—and, as the row occurred nearly beneath the box we occupied, Lady Mary was, or affected to be, desperately alarmed. The opera could not proceed, for *Young Meadows* was unheard in the stage-box, and there seemed to be a rivalry between pit and gallery as to which should deafen the audience, by bellowing “turn him out!” The cause of all this clamour was a short personage, whose sustained attempts to force his way across the pit had occasioned this general *brouillerie*. All I could observe was, that the offender was very troublesome, had a fiery-red head, and endeavoured to make fight with a brass-handled thong-whip, which effort on his part, the denseness of the crowd rendered perfectly abortive.

It was amazing with what pertinacity of purpose, amid kicks, cuffs, and imprecations, *Redhead* persevered, struggled across the *parterre*, and fairly established himself below me. There he stood, gasping for breath—and a worse-received gentleman I never witnessed.

“The curse of Cromwell light upon ye!” exclaimed a stout dowager from Ormond-market, whose toes *Redhead*, in his transit across the pit, had invaded. “Couldn’t ye have remained where ye were, ye ill-visaged keout?”

“Divil speed ye, darlin’,” rejoined a second sufferer, whose bonnet, in the scuffle, had sustained a mortal injury. “None cried God bless him”—and while one moiety of the infernals

were applauding "Rosetta" to the skies, the other were heaping maledictions on the short gentleman with the red head.

I looked at the delinquent, and at the same moment he turned his face towards me. Alas! the snub-nosed and rubicund countenance could never be mistaken; and, as he leered upon me with a small grey eye, coruscant with recent excitement and whiskey punch, I recognized Ned Flannegan of Ballinagran. I wished him astride upon the apex of the Reek, or "five fathom under the Rialto."

Ned was a jobber by profession—and living in a country where the gentry were mostly cattle-breeders, he, of course, was in constant collision with them, and no stranger to the house of Kiltycormack. He had an extensive stock of natural assurance, and was now in that comfortable state of inebriety, when the steam was sufficiently up to overcome any diffidence, had he possessed it, without impeding his articulation. But with all his audacity, surely the devil would not tempt him to claim acquaintance with me in such a place and such a presence? Nevertheless, I was not on a bed of roses—and I would have given a month's pay for an exchange to a back seat—or the best bullock he ever bought from my father, that Mr. Flannegan was up to his neck in the Shannon.

For some time I hoped I might escape the threatened danger. It was an idle expectation. Ned, without a strong inducement, would never have endured the personal damage he had sustained, to which the bastinado was a trifle. Accordingly, I heard his voice in a few seconds, first piano, but gradually increasing in volume, until the scoundrel was more audible than "Justice Woodcock" himself.

"Master Arthur—Arthur *astore*—Captain Arthur—arrah, *bedershin*—how deaf ye are!"

A roar of laughter followed; and everybody in the adjoining boxes, myself excepted, bent over the front rows. From Mr. Flannegan every eye was turned to me—and although I looked daggers at him, the villain resumed the conversation.

"Och, murther! I'm killed wid the hate. There you are, snug and comfortable, while here we're throng as three in a bed!"

Another roar from the pit—Lady Mary red as a peony.

"I have a token from your mother;" and the infernal scoundrel closed his left eye knowingly. "She gave me the wink, and tuck me aside, after I had settled with your father for the heifers. 'Ned,' says she. 'Madam,' says I. '*Tiggum thu*,'* says she. '*Tiggum*,' says I. 'This is the back-hand, ye know,' says she, and she slipped me a ten-pound note. 'Give

* *Anglicè*—Do you understand me?

that to Artur wid my blessin', says she; 'an' tell him I haven't a majesty to bless myself upon, but the owld goold pocket-piece, till Eney Moraghan pays in the wool-money; and you know, Ned, I sould it upon time,* and gave him until little Lady-day.'"

Ned had now fairly divided the attention of the audience, and his monologue appeared far more attractive than the opera. I thought I should have expired on the spot. "Wreathed smiles" had long since deserted Lady Mary's face, and ill-concealed anger told how deep was her mortification at the ridiculous position in which my pit acquaintance, Mr. Flannegan, had contrived to place us both. He, honest man, seemed amazingly gratified that one lately selected to bear a general assault and battery should have changed to a lion of the first order, whose every sally told, if uproarious mirth were proof.

"Honor Brady's off, and your mother's looking out for a dairy-maid. They said that Honor lost her place through you;" and he closed his left eye, and touched his nose significantly; "but Doctor O'Dowd swore he would take the vestment it was nothing, after all, but the jaundice."

Another screech succeeded. To remain longer was impossible. Up rose the Ladies Lorimer, and Mrs. Colonel O'Dogherty led the way, her eyes flashing with indignation. But suddenly as the retreat was planned and executed, Ned Flannegan observed it.

"Artur, dear—arrah, death-an'-nouns—stop, man, stop. Won't ye come to 'The Carlingford' when you're done wid the ladies?"

Two or three college jibs mimicked my tormentor's voice, and repeated the invitation. A roar of laughter followed; and our exit from the box, if not quite as agreeable, was certainly far more *déclaté* than the *entrées*.

Need I mention the result? Lady Mary cut me dead next morning in Sackville-street—and I was quizzed by the women, and worried by the men, until I hipped a pleasant gentleman in "the Fifteen Acres," and gave Philip Crampton the most troublesome job he had met with for the season. During the sojourn of the gallant Galway in the metropolis, I never stretched a silk stocking under Mrs. O'Dogherty's mahogany; and the brilliant hopes I had cherished of quartering the bearings of the Lorimers on the escutcheon of the Mac Dermotts were thus for ever blasted by the recognition of an "old acquaintance."

"It really was too provoking," I observed, as I smiled at the unhappy consequences that Mr. Flannegan's visit to Crow-street

* Time, in Connaught, means credit.

had produced. "But for that rascally cattle-drover, you might now, Mac, have been son-in-law to an earl. To lose a wife was intolerable——"

"Ay—but not half so bad as to recover another."

"Indeed—I cannot comprehend you. Will you favour me with the particulars?" I replied.

"No, no; two melancholy reminiscences would be too much for one evening; and, therefore, I shall reserve the narrative for our first comotation at Florence."

It was late—we separated for the night, and sought our respective pillows.

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Once more embarking on the Brenta, we reached Padua next morning—hired a voiture for Bologna—started immediately after breakfast—slept at Rovigo—and on the following day passed the Po, on a raft formed of two boats fastened to each other. The river here is of considerable size, and in breadth appears to be double that of the Thames at Westminster. Having entered the Pope's dominions, our passports were examined, and our baggage subjected to a strict investigation. This concluded, we pushed on, and reached Ferrara for breakfast.

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The route from Ferrara to Bologna exhibits much pleasing scenery—the roads are good, and the plains highly cultivated. The city is situated at the foot of the Appenines, and is in circuit about five miles.

Leaving Bologna in the evening, we slept at Sienna, and next day commenced our ascent of the Apennines. From the upper ridges of this magnificent chain of hills, the Adriatic Sea is visible. We were belated not far from Pietra Mala, and witnessed a very singular appearance.

On a mountain to the left of the road, over a portion of the surface of the high ground, a bright phosphoric light was emitted. As night had set in, the effect was extremely curious; and on inquiry from our postilion, we were informed that it was called *Foco del ligno*. It is a strange natural phenomenon, touching which men of science are divided. Harmless in its effects, it is not perceptible in the day; but at night it spreads a soft and mellowed light around, and partially illuminates the dreariest solitudes among the Apennines. Giogo is the highest of the mountains. The roads are excellent, and scarcely inferior to the Simplon. We descended the last hill at nine o'clock, and took up our quarters at the *Aigle Noir*.

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Florence is beautifully situated at the foot of the Apennines, and on the river Arno, which divides the city into unequal parts, connected by four bridges. It is about six miles in circumference, and has a population of eighty-five thousand.

This city is a place of considerable importance, in both ancient and modern history. It was originally colonized by the Romans, and its founders were, as it is believed, Cæsar's veteran soldiers. Like the other Italian cities, it was exposed to the aggressions of the barbarians; was taken by the Longobardi; fell into decay, and for years remained a mass of ruins. It was again restored by Charlemagne, and acquired additional celebrity from being the residence of Cosmo and Lorenzo di Medici.

Florence, with great justice, is termed the Athens of Italy. Indeed, the industry of its inhabitants is apparent to every stranger. The men are active, and employed—the women remarkable for beauty and politeness: and, of all the Italian communities I have observed, I should pronounce that of Florence to be, certainly, the most prosperous and happy.

A more brilliant assemblage of the dead will be found in the church of Santa Croce, than in any cemetery of classic Italy. In a tomb, the work of his own pupils, the painter, sculptor, architect, and man of letters, Michael Angelo, lies. Here rests Galileo, persecuted for unfolding "the secrets of the skies." A little farther, Machiavel and Aritian repose. In place of a tomb, the Florentines have substituted a picture in honour of their distinguished poet, Dante—and boast of the glory of that bright spirit, whom they permitted to perish in penury and exile. After his death, they sent a deputation to Rome, to request that his remains, which had been interred at Ravenna, might be restored; but the Pope refused the request, observing, that "the land that receives the exile becomes his native one."

We reached Florence in time for the opera. The house is large and beautiful—the orchestra admirable—and the dancing second only to what one sees in Paris and London. Torelli and Monticini were first among a very superior *corps de ballet*. The signora is a beautiful *artiste*, and I thought Monticini a better figure and a better dancer than Paul, whom we had left delighting the good citizens of Paris.

To-day is the *fête* of Lorenzo. In the morning we were enchanted with the "Miserere," sung, as it can only be sung in Italy; and in the evening there were pony races in honour of the saint. The horses ran through the streets, without riders, to the winning-post at the Duomo. It was late when the gay crowds began to disperse—and we returned to the *Aigle Noir*, to

discuss a flask or two of "Rhenish," and talk over the occurrences of the day.

"You are rather melancholy, Mac Dermott."

"I am, indeed," he replied, with a heavy sigh.

"Still brooding over your mischance, and inly mourning for the loss of Lady Mary. But, courage, man! *Redhead* will never mar your fortunes a second time; for the sea separates you from your too affectionate acquaintance, Mr. Flannegan. Shall I tell you how to win a wife?"

"I should be much more obliged by your telling me how to lose one," returned Mr. Mac Dermott.

"What!—can it be possible? are you Benedict——"

"'The married man?' I am, by everything connubial!"

I stared at my disciple. "You puzzle me; not long since you hinted that you were defunct, and now affirm that you are worse off—married!"

"Dead I am," returned Mr. Mac Dermott; "if a family in second mourning for my demise be any proof; and I am lawfully married, if the clerk of Saint Pancras can rivet the bonds of Hymen."

"Go on, Mac—I am prepared to pity you."

"I am obliged to you; but, extract another cork—one flask of Rhenish is worth a shipload of sympathy." He filled a bumper. "Come, I may as well get rid of an unfortunate confession—and here goes:—"

MR. MAC DERMOTT'S STORY CONTINUED.

Falstaff—"What is the gross sum that I owe thee?"

Hostess—"Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too."
HENRY IV.

WHEN the militia were disembodied, a number of meritorious soldiers like myself were permitted to exchange the sword for the ploughshare, and become members of that respectable portion of the Connaught community, usually designated "walking gentlemen." My campaign in the gallant Galway had unfitted me for any honest calling—and now, "my occupation gone"—after the hunting season ended, I tired of the monotony of Kiltycormack, and the *ennui* of a life of idleness heavily oppressed me. My father, as a panacea for my complaint, recommended farming; my mother proposed matrimony; and the domestic confessor, as in duty bound, averred, upon his conscience, that there was no cure for a case like mine, but "rum and true religion." To the use of all and every of these remedies I felt disinclined,

when the opportune arrival of my maternal uncle, Captain O'Flaherty, to spend the Easter holidays, decided my fate.

It was after dinner, and I had strolled out into the garden, leaving my honoured parents, their worthy guest, and Father Dennis Boyle, in close divan. My father extracted a fresh cork. "Dick," he said, addressing the gallant captain, "I don't know what to do with Frank. It's a mortal sin to see a strapping fellow like him idling about the stables. I offered him the farm of Durneein, and to stock it into the bargain—but he won't have it."

"And I wanted him," said my lady-mother, "to marry Judith O'Brien. He can have Judy for the asking; and she has two thousand pounds, and that ready."

"Two hundred a-year when her grandfather hops the twig," added the commander.

"And the devil a soul her uncle has to give a rap to, as everybody knows, but her own four bones—and Father Bradley will leave a churn-full of half-crowns behind him," quoth the confessor.

"And what objection can the boy have to the match?" inquired Captain O'Flaherty.

"He can't abide poor Judy," replied my mamma, "because she has a turn in her left eye."

"Nonsense," said the captain; "let him always look at her steadily in the right one."

"The family is objectionable," rejoined my sire. "Her grandfather was a brogue-maker—and her aunt went off with a recruiting sergeant."

"Well, you know that Frank would have no fancy to claim kindred with Father Bradley; and there's a prejudice against priests' nieces in general. It will never do," observed the captain. "But I have it; send him to England. He's a tearing-looking fellow—let him but play his cards decently, and he'll bring home an heiress in half a year. Nothing goes down there but an Irishman—and the more brogue the better."

After what is termed in parliamentary language "an animated debate," it was decided that I should proceed directly to the British metropolis, put myself in the way of fortune, and conquest was a matter of course; while my mother, honest gentlewoman, lost half her night's rest in determining which of "the best bed-rooms" her daughter-in-law should occupy—the blue or the buff one.

On this excellent errand of fortune-hunting I bade adieu to home, and reached London safely. All was strange to me in that—

"Mighty mass of brick, and stone, and shipping."

I took lodgings in a private street, near Russell-square; and spent—as fresh ones generally do—a whole week in looking for and at “the lions.”

Before I had occupied my quarters many days, I could not avoid noticing the marked attention with which my movements were observed by a stout gentlewoman, my opposite neighbour. I inquired from my hostess who was the person under whose *surveillance* I found myself; and learned that she was the widow of a tradesman, and had been left extremely wealthy, to the great annoyance of his kindred, even to the third and fourth generations. They had disputed the validity of the will; failed in the attempt; incurred the eternal displeasure of the dowager; and lost every hope of inheriting a sixpence from the irritated relict of the departed sugar-boiler.

A month passed: no heiress presented herself; and all I had to comfort me was the increased admiration of my fat friend and neighbour, Mrs. Green. The Ascot meeting came, and thither, of course, I hastened; for there beauty would be found—and to one so deep in the arcana of the turf as I, the trip, no doubt, would prove profitable as pleasant. The week passed over on which I made my *début*; and its history shall be a brief one. Of my favourites, one *fell*—the other was *hounded*; and on the *wind-up*, I found myself a “cleaned-out man,” and master of a solitary guinea!

Never was an Irish gentleman in more uncharitable temper with the human race than myself as I crossed Russell-square, on the way to my own domicile. It was evening—and I remarked a young lady issue from a house, leading a Blenheim spaniel in a ribbon leash. She was scarcely twenty yards before me, when a vulgar, over-dressed fellow accosted her, to her evident annoyance. The lady quickened her pace, and so did her persecutor. He whispered something, and she averted her head; but, with intolerable impudence, the fellow seized the ribbon and took possession of the favourite. I hurried up. The girl, with tears running down her pretty face, was vainly remonstrating with the scoundrel—but I took a shorter and more successful method—kicked him off the pathway—restored the spaniel to his mistress—and offered my protection, which was promptly and gratefully accepted.

We traversed several streets, and stopped at a handsome residence, which the lady informed me was her father's. She thanked me, and bade me good evening. A footman admitted her; the door closed—I lingered for a moment—ascertained the number of the house—and read upon a brass plate the name of “Mr. Selwyn.”

As I walked home, my head was in a whirlwind—one while

brooding over my losses ; at another dreaming of the pretty girl and her dog. I threw myself on the sofa and commenced castle-building, when my reveries were broken by the maid, who handed me a sealed note. I opened it. For the life of me I could not but laugh—it was an invitation to tea, from Mrs. Green, the stout gentlewoman opposite. Should I accept it? Pshaw! the thing was too ridiculous: she was older than my mother. I hesitated: that evening I had nothing to do: hang it, it would kill time for an hour. I took my hat, crossed the street, and found myself in the presence of the sugar-boiler's widow.

Mrs. Green was a comely dowager, now falling rapidly into flesh and years, but who no doubt, some twenty summers since, was of that class of vulgar beauty that one so frequently meets within the sound of Bow-bell. She was as much over-dressed as her drawing-room was over-furnished. I was introduced by a piquant and pretty-looking spider-brusher to her presence; and, for some minutes, I never saw a hostess and her guest more grievously embarrassed than the widow and myself.

I shall abridge the interview. Mrs. Green recovered her self-possession first, and came at once to business. She had four hundred pounds a year; ten thousand pounds in the three per cents.; her house was freehold property; and all was in her own power, to dispose of as she pleased. "She was a lone woman, God help her! her relatives were worthless and undutiful—she wanted a husband and an heir—and the *finale* was, that her hand and fortune were at my disposal.

Odds wrinkles! here was a confession! What was I to say or do? I stammered out my thanks; told the old story—not a marrying man—but, of course, eternally obliged by the preference; took a polite leave of the dowager, and kissed the maid as she let me out. When I found myself in my own apartments, I could not but smile at the singularity of the matrimonial proposition I had received. Here, indeed, were a wife and fortune, and both unconditionally offered. I fancied the astonishment that the production of such a consort would create at home; smiled at its gross absurdity; and yet before three suns set, Mrs. Green had legally become Mrs. Mac Dermott!

It may be recollected, that after the downfall of Napoleon, the depreciation of agricultural produce, occasioned by a rapid transition from war to peace, ruined multitudes of the Connaught landholders and their dependents. The local banks stopped payment; cattle fell one hundred per cent.; rents were not to be collected; and thousands of farmers, great and small, consequently became insolvent. The occurrence was unforeseen, and the ruin was sudden as unexpected. My father, of course,

was involved with banks and bankrupts; and before I had an intimation of his danger, his affairs were on the eve of destruction.

I awoke next morning possessor of a guinea, and deeply enamoured with the mistress of the pretty Blenheim. London without supplies is, as everybody admits, a less endurable place than purgatory; though the latter has certainly a bad name. I breakfasted—sat down to write a penitential letter, and request an immediate remittance. But before I had proceeded with my epistle, the postman's knock was heard, and a letter, in the well-known handwriting of my worthy father, was duly delivered by the maid.

I broke the seal impatiently. Heaven and earth! what a detail of adverse fortune that brief despatch contained! It is needless to particularize; but unless one thousand pounds were immediately procured, he, with ample means, must yield to the unexpected pressure of the times, and become, like hundreds of others, an insolvent. The chief object of this communication was, to desire me to visit a cousin of ours, a retired physician. He lived in the vicinity of the town; was wealthy, childless, a widower, and a man of no expense; and consequently the likeliest person, on this distressing emergency, to contribute the required loan.

Nor was there any indelicacy, on my father's part, in applying in his hour of need to this his opulent kinsman. He had been an orphan; during his struggles to advance himself in life, my parent's roof had been his shelter; and for three years my father's purse had borne the expenses of college terms, and supplied the means of starting successfully in the metropolis.

I sent for a post-chaise—left a billet from the dowager unopened—drove six miles from town—found out my relative—told him my business—begged the required loan—and offered to join my father (a tenant for life) in any security he would demand. He listened coldly, replied, that through life he had neither lent nor borrowed—and remarked that he could not be expected *now* to deviate from a general rule. He lied, the scoundrel! But for my father's assistance he never could have obtained a diploma. I left him, with a look of scorn and a smothered curse.

I reached my lodgings before two, and when I had discharged the post-boy, was owner of a "splendid shilling." I strode through the room like a maniac. It was a rascally world, after all. My kind and noble-hearted father, for lack of a miserable thousand, must sink; and he, the scoundrel, whose fortunes he had founded, had refused that paltry sum. I knew my parent's temper: his proud heart would break. What was to be done? I flung myself in bitter agony upon the sofa, as Mrs. Green's

maid came a second time, to ask me to see her mistress for five minutes.

Why need I dwell upon it. My father's difficulties had driven me desperate. I listened calmly to the dowager, and told her frankly how I was embarrassed. The interview ended in my giving an assurance that I would marry her next day, and in her transferring eleven hundred pounds to me; of which sum I remitted a thousand to Ireland by that night's post.

I redeemed my promise faithfully—and wedded a woman whom I could not but despise for this last act of most egregious folly. So improvident—or rather I should say insane—was her conduct, that she did not reserve a guinea from my control. The jointure was certainly in her own power; but I could have sold out her stock, and left her a second Ariadne.

To remain another day in London was insupportable. I pleaded indisposition, obtained leave of absence for a week to visit Cheltenham, and left my blooming bride on the evening of the same day which made her mine.

Never was man more superlatively miserable. I had rescued my father, but wrecked my own hopes of happiness for ever! Still *one* thought was consolatory; I had averted ruin from my home—and by sacrificing myself, had saved my parents.

I was far too early for the coach. Where should I turn my steps to? To my own house—for I was now absolute master of a dwelling. No, no—any place but that home for me. I walked rapidly to the square; and from the same house, the sweet girl whom two evenings before I had rescued from insult issued with her favourite—the little Blenheim.

I advanced—God knows why. She recognized me, and with smiles bade me a good evening. With all the artless warmth of a young heart, she thanked me again for protecting her—told me that she had mentioned the occurrence to her father, who regretted that she had not permitted him to acknowledge the obligation in person. She was returning from visiting a sick relative; her parent was at home; would I accompany her, and allow her to introduce me? O how deeply every word stung me to the soul! Here was a being—young, artless, and beautiful. I could have loved her—worshipped her. But I was bound to one from whom I could expect no congenial feelings. I was a victim at the altar—an isolated and devoted wretch—doomed to see happiness within his grasp, and Tantalus-like, his heart's wishes were refused him.

Under some pretext I declined an introduction to Mr. Selwyn. To tear myself from London was impossible, and every evening found me walking with my pretty Marianne. I resided in a village near town; the week elapsed; I remained *perdue*, and

postponed my return to the Greek kalends. The sugar-boiler's relit was not inclined, however, to become a consenting party to this arrangement; and on the very day my leave of absence had expired, she bundled off in the "Red Rover" for Cheltenham, to reclaim her truant lord.

Great was her mortification at finding my name unnoticed in the list of fashionables. A rapid search was made—it appeared that I had not favoured Cheltenham with my presence, and she set off for town, sadder but not wiser than she left it. What was to be done? A tender invitation to return was inserted in the newspapers, and a Bow-street runner employed to discover my retreat.

It had so happened that one of the "finest peasantry on the earth" had honoured me with a call. Accident introduced him to the dowager; and Tony Magin undertook, for a consideration, to restore me to her longing arms. He averred that none could do it but himself; "he would know my skin upon a bush, and swear to my walk a mile off." Sure enough, the scoundrel redeemed his pledge—popped upon me during one of my evening interviews—and having strong suspicions that a recognition would cost him broken bones, Tony prudently declined renewing our acquaintance in the street, but watched me home, and reported to the "lady gay" the exact spot where her errant consort might be discovered.

I, in the innocency of my heart, dreamed not of the agreeable surprise in preparation, and wrapped in my dressing-gown, was drowning easy thoughts over a trial for murder in *The Herald*, and between the production of fresh witnesses was quietly sipping my tea. The door opened—no doubt "the maid of all work" with a fresh muffin. A pair of lusty arms enfolded me—I looked up—my "bonny bride" had locked me closely in her embrace! Behind, the villian Tony was standing; for, doubtful of the reception his employer would receive, he prudently enacted rear-rank man, keeping the door ajar, to secure a retreat on the first demonstration of hostilities.

I returned a captive; but the contiguity of my dear Marianne was, I suspect, the motive that influenced, on my part, this passive submission. Alas! I seldom saw her afterwards, as her father left London for the Continent. During our last walk I took leave of her, and the secrets of both hearts were revealed. I loved her, and my passion was returned. To confess the story of my marriage, was an effort that I had neither virtue nor resolution to achieve; and all Marianne knew was, that at present a barrier to our happiness existed; and I solemnly promised, that were it removed, I should make her mine.

To exist in town after that she left it was impossible; for, to

add to my embarrassments, my consort every day became more tender and more troublesome. Tony, whose agency in my detention I had not yet discovered, was retained by my helpmate the house; and wherever I went, the villain followed like a shadow. The truth at length transpired—I was no longer a frequent, but under strict *espionage*—and that once known, decide me in the course that I had adopted.

I levanted forthwith, and my adventures for the next three months would fill a volume. I hastened to the sea-side, and there Tony Magin apprehended me. I hid myself in the retirement of an inland village, but the villain discovered me in a fortnight. On every place where I sought concealment, he was sure to blunder. I obtained a situation as game-keeper, and had scarcely entered on my service when the eternal Tony appeared at the next public-house. I joined a party of strolling players and made my *début* with considerable applause. But my career was short as brilliant; for, on the third night, when eloquently defending myself before the Venetian senate, my wife claimed me from the stage-box, and “had her claim allowed.” She let me off in triumph; and as we left the barn, a roar of laughter accompanied our retreat; and one of the “grave and reverend signiors” whom I had been just addressing, exclaimed—

“Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.”

I was nearly driven to desperation. If I expected to remain concealed in England, the assassination of Tony would be indispensable; and, wishing to avoid murder, I determined to seek shelter in Roscommon as a last hope. There, it was possible I might remain secure; the sugar-boiler's relict being desperately afraid of Ribbonmen and Whitefeet.

All this time my marriage was a secret to my family—and the thousand I had remitted home was believed to be a contribution from our worthless kinsman, who had refused to advance a guinea. Of course, I determined to keep my own counsel, and not communicate the fact that I had ventured in “love's lottery,” and drawn a prize. I was joyfully received at Kiltycormack—I had done “the state some service”—by timely assistance had averted the danger that was impending—and enabled my father to surmount difficulties, and maintain his independence, while all around were ruined.

A month passed quietly; no attempt at recapture had been made; and I began to hope that my fat admirer would not prove a Penelope, but allow time to abate her sorrow, and obliterate the image of her absent lord. My father spoke occasionally of “settling in the world;” and my mother dropped sly hints touching Miss Judy O'Brien. She was a greater catch, it would

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I was petrified with horror

appear, than ever; for the priest had been gathered to his fathers, after bequeathing the produce of his clerical exertions to this, his favourite niece.

It was a fine autumnal evening; Captain O'Flaherty had come over to shoot partridges, and a few friends were invited to do him honour. All, save the parson, attended in good time; and he being a late man, it was resolved to vote him present. Dinner was ordered accordingly, when wheels grated over the gravel, announcing that the absentee was come.

"Step out, Arthur," said the captain; "hurry the doctor, or he'll take half an hour to *peel* in the hall, as he never ventures out in the evening without being swathed like a mummy."

I obeyed the order—opened the door—and found myself in the close embraces of a female, while a well-remembered voice exclaimed, triumphantly, behind—"Arrah! didn't I tell ye, mistress dear, that, if he was over ground, I would find him for ye?"

I was petrified with horror; but, disengaging myself from my consort's arms, I jumped down the steps; repaid Tony's exertions in recovering me with a flush hit, that left him sprawling on the ground; rushed madly to the stables—and leaping upon a visitor's horse, which fortunately remained saddled, rode off at speed I hardly knew whither.

I stopped at an obscure *shebeen-house*, and despatched a courier for Captain O'Flaherty. He came—and I learned from him, that the astonishment of my parents was only exceeded by the anxiety of my wife. I told him my hapless story—enumerated my various efforts at escape—and confessed that concealment within the four seas of Britain was impracticable—that is, if Tony remained unchanged. The captain agreed with me, and we sat in judgment upon Mr. Magin.

"It can be easily managed," said my adviser; "it is only to pass the villain for a bailiff—and, as a matter of course, the tenants will annihilate him on the spot. But I have a simpler scheme for your deliverance. You shall leave the kingdom, while we spread a report of your death, and thus enable the old gentlewoman to replace you, if she please." The plan was agreed to. The commander replenished my purse—smuggled out my portmanteau—ext.icated me from pursuit by a forced march across the mountains—and, after a safe and rapid journey, I reached Paris undiscovered, leaving Tony *at fault*, and my wife inconsolable.

But, Captain O'Flaherty was not contented with present success—but wisely decided, that, from such ardent attachment as the sugar-boiler's widow's, there was no safety but in the grave. My hat and clothes were, over night, left upon the bank of the

river, found there next morning, and announced the melancholy certainty of my having come to an untimely end. Deep was the general distress, and great the exertions of the peasantry to find the corpse, and lay me in the resting-place of my forefathers. But their efforts were ineffectual—although for miles the river was dragged, and the ground turned up, no corpse could be discovered. It was decided, therefore, that I was inhumanly murdered—and that my body had been thrown into a limekiln, which happened to be contiguous to the spot where my garments had been found. Suspicion lighted on a travelling pedlar. He was apprehended, indicted capitally, and so much was I regretted, that, out of compliment to my memory, although there was not a particle of evidence to criminate him, the jury determined to find him guilty; and, but for the interference of the judge, the dealer in hardware would have “spoiled a market,” and ornamented a dissecting-room afterwards.

You know my story now. I have only to add, that my wife is erecting a tombstone to my memory, and that the obituary notices in the newspapers were numerous and flattering. Hitherto I have remained undiscovered. Captain O’Flaherty sends me the supplies—and I expect to find a letter from him waiting for me in Rome. I may as well tell all. Marianne was the magnet that brought me here. You have seen her, and may, before many days pass, have that pleasure again. Heigh ho! Why do you keep the bottle there? Don’t you perceive how much that confession has overcome me?

I could not, when we separated, but ponder on the madcap’s history; and when I did sleep, dreamed that Tony had discovered us in the Capitol, and that the disconsolate bride had memorialized his Holiness the Pope for restitution of conjugal rights.

* * * *

We left for Rome next morning—slept at Arizzo—left Cortona on the left—crossing the mountain of Spelonca, and halted on the shores of Lake Perugia, *olim* Thrasimene.

The adjacent plain is full of classic recollections. Here was the battle-field on which Hannibal defeated the Romans, under Flaminius, with tremendous slaughter. The consul himself fell, and the blood of ten thousand Romans coloured the waters of the “Sanguinetto,” as the mountain-stream was appropriately entitled.

The plain on which the battle was decided is small, and stretches between the lake and the heights of Gualandra. Two rivulets descend from the hills, and unite their waters in Thrasimene. One divides the Papal from the Tuscan territories; the other (the Sanguinetto) bounds the scene of bloodshed. On

the heights upon the left, the ruins of a tower are pointed out by the peasantry as being the place from which the Carthaginian general directed the movements of his troops, and witnessed the slaughter of his enemies. Of the *locale* of the battle there never has been a doubt; and, had there been any, the immense quantities of human and animal bones disinterred at various times would have sufficiently denoted the scene of "foughten field."

We crossed the Tiber soon after leaving Thrasimene, and travelled the valley of Perugia, esteemed the richest in Italy. Passing through several pretty hamlets, and a rich landscape, interspersed with several interesting remnants of antiquity, we stopped for dinner at Spoleto, the place where Hannibal was repulsed after the battle of Thrasimene; at least, so says an inscription on one of the gates.

The aqueduct across a deep dell—the ruins of an amphitheatre—a temple of Diana, now converted into a church—and the beautiful waterfall, the "Caduta del Marmora," formed by the Volino precipitating its stream from a ledge four hundred feet high into the river Var, occupied us next day. Resuming our route, we passed Narni, and its magnificent aqueduct; and, leaving the Via Flaminia, took the road by Nessi, Mount Rosi, and Baccano; and, without interruption from brigands or breaks-down, reached "the immortal city," safe in purse and person.

On entering Rome, gloomy and dirty streets, splendid palaces, with dung-heaps built against them, ugly churches without number, and a population squalid and beggarly in the extreme, are the first objects which meet a stranger's eye. And was this expanse of ruined buildings the once famed mistress of the world? Were one inclined to moralize on the vicissitudes of "things below," here would be a fitting place. There one would learn that time spares neither man nor the noblest of his works—that a common grave awaits the founder and the city—and in proportion to the pride and pomp of human greatness, the fall will only be the more marked and the more miserable.

"Come and see

The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples, ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day.
The Goth, the Christian, Time, War, Flood, and Fire,
Have dealt upon the seven-hill'd city's pride;
She saw her glories star by star expire,
And by the steep, barbarian monarchs ride
Where the car climb'd the Capitol: far and wide
Temple and tower went down, nor left a site.
Chaos of ruins! Who shall trace the void?"

CHILDE HAROLD.

We were not many hours in Rome before we visited St. Peter's. Having entered "the Eternal City" by the Porta Angelica, we passed in front of the church, and our curiosity was too strongly excited to allow a delay before we had inspected the interior of this "wonder of the world." Provided with a cicerone and a guide-book, we crossed the Tiber accordingly by the bridge of San Angelo, and, turning to the left up a narrow and filthy street, entered the Grand Piazza. Much as the stranger may be prepared to admire, his imagination will fall infinitely short of the scene that there presents itself. A splendid colonnade, with quadruple columns, forms a semi-circular sweep, and nearly incloses the vast area. In the centre stands the Egyptian obelisk of red granite, between two exquisite fountains, which throw their waters to a height of forty feet. Under a covered portico, surmounted by equestrian statues of Constantine and Charlemagne, we entered by the middle door. Suddenly, the curtain was withdrawn—and the interior burst upon us with a magnificent beauty, that even a poet's fancy could not create.

To describe St. Peter's is impossible. On every side the richest marbles present themselves, so elaborately beautiful, that the eye can hardly rest upon any individual effort of the chisel sufficiently long to find out half its charms. The mosaic-work is so exquisite, that it seems for a time to have been produced by the pencil; while through lofty arches, chapels, and tombs, and altars, crowd upon the gaze, offering a *coup-d'œil* that produces a mingled feeling of astonishment and delight.

And yet upon this grand and wondrous display my companion looked with indifference! I gazed around with rapturous surprise, as, advancing up the nave, the altar in our front, by a curious optical illusion, appeared receding as we approached it. Passing the bronze image of the patron saint, once the Jupiter of the Capitol, our guide, while enumerating its beauties, directed our attention to the toes, which, as he averred, were polished by the kisses of the faithful. Mr. Mac Dermott, with an irreverence that startled the cicerone, observed that "were feet to be saluted, there were ancles before him that he would prefer to every saint's in the calendar"—and he pointed to a kneeling devotee. Although my excellent friend did not speak the purest Tuscan, the lady appeared to understand the compliment, and, lifting her dark and sparkling eyes from her rosary, requited it with a gracious smile—while, shocked at the desperate impiety that would compare sinful flesh with sainted bronze, the guide, like a true Catholic, crossed himself devoutly, and muttered an anathema against our heretical unbelief.

* * * * *

The Capitol!—what recollections are associated with the

name! Through filth, and wretchedness, and ruins, we reached its base, and by a lofty flight of marble stairs mounted to the church of Aro Cælia, situated on the eastern summit of the hill, where the temple of Jupiter once stood.

Here an infinity of objects commands the traveller's notice. Paintings, sculpture, and numerous remnants of antiquity, are abundantly collected in the museums adjoining the senator's house. On none of these, however, did Mr. Mac Dermott vouchsafe his observation, for all his attention was bestowed upon the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, which occupies the centre of the piazza. But while the guide was extravagant in his admiration, my companion declared that the emperor was seated on a brood mare! A fiery altercation ensued, and often was my judgment appealed to. The cicerone eulogized the head and neck, and the Hibernian denounced the belly. Without being skilful in horseflesh, I must admit that justice lay with Mr. Mac Dermott—for the abdominal proportions of the steed were preposterous. The figure of the emperor, however, is nobly designed, and its beauty redeems the partial deformity of his charger.

Our last visit was to the Pantheon—by far the best preserved temple of ancient Rome. The inscriptions in front of the building intimate its having been erected by M. Agrippa twenty-six years before the Christian era. The Pantheon is celebrated for the beauty of its proportions. It is ornamented with sixteen columns formed from single blocks of oriental granite, each fourteen feet in circumference, and nearly forty in height. There are no windows in the building, light being admitted through a circular opening in the roof. This matchless temple is now used as a church, and dedicated to the Virgin and holy martyrs. Around the walls are many busts of striking beauty, displaying a curious variety of likenesses; for there sculptors and monks, painters and cardinals, are singularly intermingled.

We happened to be present while mass was being celebrated. The priest was excessively ill-looking—and his audience consisted of a dozen of the shabbiest paupers that Rome itself produces. How we drew down upon us the ire of "his reverence" I never could discover; but attracted by his noise and gesticulation, we soon discovered that his discourse was directed at ourselves; and, to judge from the manner of the orator, his remarks were anything but complimentary. The ruffian auditory began to grin at us, and the guide hinted that it would be prudent to retreat. But Mac was obstinate in remaining—and swore sturdily that he would not quit the Pantheon for the Pope! The storm momentarily lowered; the priest anathematized awfully; and my companion responded in an unknown tongue.

The mutterings of the banditti that surrounded the preacher alarmed me—and I joined our cicerone in urging my companion to retire. He did so reluctantly. "What were you afraid of?" was his first remark when we were safe outside the walls. "Do you think I cared for his curses, if he bellowed till he was black in the face? Was I not 'called out' in the chapel at home? My name, indeed, was not mentioned; but Father Murphy described me to a hair. Ah, if you only understood Irish—for one blessing we got, the old mountebank had three!" Indeed I believe it was the case; for during the maledictory struggle, Mr. Mac Dermott's volubility was astonishing.

* * * * *

As a set-off against the anathemas of the monk of the Pantheon, we have received the benediction of the Sovereign Pontiff, and returned to our hotel, delighted with the urbanity and gentleness of a most interesting old man. Having reached the palace, we found that our arrival was most opportune, for the Pope was descending the stairs to enter his carriage, which was waiting at the door, and we were just in time to gain the end of the hall before he made his appearance. A servant politely directed us to kneel, and pointed out the best and most convenient situation to observe the person of his holiness, and secure his blessing. A buzz announced the Pope's entrance; down we popped upon our knees, as a little figure, "clothed in purple and fine linen," advanced with great dignity.

Pius VII. appeared to have passed his eightieth year, but he was still a well-looking old man. He was dressed in a cream-coloured gown, lined with crimson, and bound round his middle by a sash. His hat was crimson silk, its broad brim looped up at the sides. Scarlet breeches and stockings, with shoes of the same colour, and trimmed with gold fringe, completed his costume.

Perceiving that we were English, he advanced towards us, while we bowed our heads and received his benediction. The ceremony was scarcely over, when our risibility was excited by a great over-fed, thick-winded devotee, waddling after his holiness upon his hands and knees, and kissing his toe devoutly. This piety was, of course, requited with a benison, and he was no doubt made happy. Accompanied by a number of gentlemen, the Pope proceeded to his carriage; we joined the train; and, as he drove off, he returned our salutation with marked urbanity.

Even this quiet scene could not pass over without my mercurial companion involving us in a scrape. As we were leaving the palace, a genteel-looking attendant came forward, and intimated that he was a domestic of the pontiff. The best and most

appropriate reply was, to hand him a few pauls. A second, with a graceful bow, assured us that he, also, was of the household; and another subsidy was presented. A third, and a fourth, succeeded; but when the fifth laid claim to our consideration, Mr. Mac Dermott's irascible temperature was directly in a blaze, and, pushing the applicant aside, he consigned the whole establishment, in "one fell swoop," to pandemonium! Fortunately his English was as unintelligible to the footman, as his Irish had been to the monk; and I ended the argument by removing my refractory companion.

A visit to St. John Lateran concluded our perambulations over "the eternal city." This church was erected by Constantine; and, as an object of interest to the traveller, it is considered only second to St. Peter's. It stands near the Porta Giovanni, and many have been the casualties it has undergone. Overthrown by an earthquake—rebuilt—burnt down—re-constructed, and enlarged. In it the Corsino chapel is erected—where, in a beautiful sarcophagus of porphyry, the ashes of Clement XII. are deposited. The curious in relics would be highly gratified at the interesting collection exhibited to the faithful on Holy Thursday—for a more miscellaneous assortment never delighted a devotee. Here are the heads of St. Peter and St. Paul; a lock of the Virgin's hair; part of her petticoat; a robe of Christ; some of his blood in a bottle; the table on which the last supper was laid out; splinters of the ark of the covenant; the rods of Moses and Aaron; and the identical pillar on which the cock perched who crowed when Peter denied his Master!! But these are of small account, compared with the holy staircase, opposite the church, by which our Saviour descended from the judgment-seat of Pilate! None are permitted to ascend except upon their knees—and to *descend* is totally prohibited. But if the task of mounting be troublesome, verily the reward is great—for an indulgence of three thousand years is granted to the operator. At the top of the staircase is the "Holy of Holies"—and a most uninviting place it looks. I recommended Mr. Mac Dermott to liberate himself from the load of his sins, as he never could effect it on easier conditions; but, with heretical obstinacy, he rejected my advice, and chose the other staircase.

* * * *

My tutelage is ended—"Thanks to the gods!" Mr. Mac Dermott no longer honours Rome with his presence, and a new era has opened in his history.

Breakfast was over, and I had unclosed an English newspaper, when a visitor was announced and admitted. The first look assured me that it was our quondam fellow-traveller, Mr.

Selwyn! On being seated, I remarked that he was greatly agitated, while my excellent companion was not exactly on a bed of roses. After a few common-place observations, and a long pause, the old gentleman turned to my worthy disciple.

"I am come, Mr. Mac Dermott, on anything but an agreeable errand; yet parental duty renders this duty indispensable. My daughter has placed this letter in my hand; and it is only necessary for me to add, that, from a perusal of its contents, Marianne and I request that you will forget we have ever met."

So—the murder was out—and Mr. Mac involved in another escapade.

"I will not question your intentions, sir," the old man continued—"I will judge them charitably, and only inquire, was it wise or honourable to win the affections of an artless girl, whom, from your own admission, you never could have made a wife? Were it not impertinent, I would ask, in what that difficulty consisted? Is it poverty? I have the means to remove it——"

My pupil shook his head, and Mr. Selwyn proceeded—

"Your rank I know not—but I presume that you are what the parlance of the world calls *gentleman*. I, sir, am the child of honest parents, and have realized independence with an unblemished reputation. Of Marianne I speak not; no tongue dare whisper aught to her dishonour."

Poor Mac Dermott was deeply affected.

"Mr. Selwyn," he said, in broken tones, "I am incapable, even in thought, of injuring the only woman I ever loved, or ever shall love. We *must part*—I will leave Rome this evening—I will fly from her whom I idolize—her whom I would give a world to call mine."

Mr. Selwyn was affected, and I almost became a driveller; for there was a sincerity in Mac's sorrow that none could witness with indifference. To conceal my feelings I caught up the newspaper, and glanced my eye over the columns of *The Times*, while my unhappy disciple continued—

"Yes, sir, a barrier divides me from your daughter. Alas! I am already married."

"*Married!*"

"Ay, sir; in a moment of madness, to save a father from ruin, I obtained the means by sacrificing myself."

"From my soul I pity you," said Mr. Selwyn. "But my daughter's peace of mind must not be perilled by a continued intimacy; it would be dangerous—indelicate. We part, sir. My poor Marianne sends you her best wishes——"

"Stop! stop!" I exclaimed, as my eye fell upon a paragraph

that astonished me. Again I read it silently. "It is true, by H——n!" I ejaculated.

"True! What is true?"

I handed Mr. Selwyn the newspaper, and he read the passage I pointed out.

"Died suddenly, at her residence in Great Russell-street, Sarah, relict of the late Arthur Mac Dermott, Esq., of Kiltycormack House, county of Roscommon."

"And what was the result?" inquired the colonel.

"Pshaw, surely you can guess it!"

"You don't mean marriage, I hope?"

"I do. Within ten days, Marianne Selwyn, in the English chapel, plighted her vows to my friend Arthur; and the Irish papers corrected their obituary mistake, and declared that the heir of Kiltycormack was not *dead*, but *married*."

"Well, certainly," observed the colonel, as the little lawyer pocketed his morocco-bound memorandum-book, "my excellent countrymen are mortals of unique construction—wrong-headed beyond belief, but the heart in the right place after all."

"You will admit also, with all your illiberality," rejoined the kinsman of the commander, "that the tone and order of society, and especially those of the aristocracy, have undergone a striking reformation. The schoolmaster has been abroad."

"And upon my conscience, the schoolmaster had an ample field on which he might display his abilities," remarked the host.

"Have not the habits and manners of the gentry, even within your own recollection, become infinitely more civilized and enlightened?"

"Why," replied the commander, drily, "men do not lock up their company for security; and drink six and thirty hours at a stretch; nor are inattentive waiters ejected from an upper window, and directed to be included in the bill; and further still, I believe a gentleman will be received into society, even in Galway, who has not committed, or even attempted, to commit honourable assassination."

"That abominable propensity of your countrymen, I consider the most unpardonable of their failings," observed the lawyer. "We, probably, colonel, look at it with different eyes. You, as a soldier, gloss the crime over, in accordance to the doctrines of a mistaken code, miscalled that of honour. I test it by the civil and the Christian law; and in both I read its condemnation."

"Sir," returned the commander, "I am not prepared to

defend a practice which has been so often and so lamentably abused. The duellist is generally a ruffian—a person of questionable reputation at the best—a man frowned upon by society—one whom the weak tolerate from fear, and from whom bolder spirits turn with contempt. To fight a duel is, however, an alternative to which many a high-minded gentleman has been forced; for there are injuries to which sensitive honour is exposed, over which the law can take no cognizance. I reprobate duelling as a practice; and a melancholy reminiscence, associated with my boyhood, made an impression never to be removed. One fatal duel, and the extensive misery it occasioned, taught me a lesson which, more than once I believe, proved useful—the necessity, where strong passions exist, of guarding rigidly against their hasty ebullition. Come, gentlemen, fill your glasses while I proceed."

The colonel showed a laudable example to his guests, and thus commenced his narrative.

THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

"He now said, 'Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life;' saluted them with an air of cheerfulness, which drew tears from every eye but his own; and hastened to the scaffold."

DEATH OF LORD BALMERINO.

If the present times be chargeable with increase of crime, it will be admitted that there is a striking change in the grade and character of the criminals. A certain order of things has made state offences infrequent—enactments against treason are now a dead letter in the statute-book—"the headsman's axe" rusts in the armoury of the tower—"Noble Lords" and "Gentlemen of ancient descent" seldom appear at the bar of justice—and rarer still does capital punishment fall upon any removed by birth and fortune from the lowlier classes of the community.

That this change is attributable to any reformation in the principles of the upper ranks, would be a questionable inference—and it is referable to a simple cause. In our days the high-born and the wealthy have small inducement to violate the salutary restrictions of the law—and however the moral code may be infringed, the criminal one is respected. In breaches of privilege and honour, aristocratic delinquency is generally comprised—and loss of character and caste are the severest penalties incurred by the offenders.

There are, however, and within our own recollection, some

melancholy exceptions to be found. Men of superior rank have occasionally presented themselves as criminals; and, as the well-being of society demanded, the impartial hand of justice visited their offendings with unmitigated severity.

Of the few unhappy cases, *one* may be remembered with lively regret. For no crime were there more numerous apologists—for no punishment a more general sympathy—and while the sentence was accordant to the law, the sternest ethic lamented that justice required a victim like Major Alexander Campbell.

This unfortunate gentleman was the descendant of an ancient family in the Highlands. Having entered the army at an early age, he served under Sir Ralph Abercrombie, and in Egypt particularly distinguished himself. He was transferred to the twenty-first Fusileers from a Highland corps, and his promotion to a brevet majority, as it was said, had given offence to the senior captain of the regiment. Certain it is, that between these officers no cordiality existed. Little pains were taken to conceal a mutual dislike—frequent and angry altercations took place—and the temper of Campbell, constitutionally warm, was often irritated by the cool contradictory spirit of his unfortunate victim.

The twenty-first regiment was quartered in Newry when the half-yearly inspection occurred, and, as senior officer, Major Campbell commanded on that occasion. After dinner, in the course of conversation, Captain Boyd asserted that Campbell had given an order incorrectly on parade, and a hot and teasing argument resulted. Unfortunately, that evening the mess table had been deserted for the theatre, where the officers had patronized a play—and the disputants were left together at a moment when the presence of a judicious friend might have easily averted the catastrophe. Heated with wine, and exasperated by what he conceived a professional insult, Campbell left the table, hastened to his apartments, loaded his pistols, returned, sent for Captain Boyd, brought him to an inner mess-room, closed the door, and, without the presence of a friend or witness, demanded instant satisfaction. Shots were promptly interchanged—and by the first fire, Boyd fell, mortally wounded.

The dying man was removed to his barrack-rooms, and Campbell hastened from the scene of blood. The storm of passion quickly subsided, and the bosom of the wretched homicide was tortured with unavailing remorse. In a state of mental frenzy, he rushed to the chamber where his victim lay, supported by his distracted wife, and surrounded by his infant family. Upon his knees the homicide supplicated pardon, and urged Boyd to admit "that every thing was fair." The dying man, whose sufferings were intense, to the repeated entreaties of his opponent

replied, "Yes, it was fair; but, Campbell, you are a bad man—you hurried me," and shortly afterwards expired in his wife's arms.

When the melancholy event was communicated, at the solicitation of his friends, Campbell left the town. No attempt was made to arrest him—and he might have remained in partial retirement had he pleased. But his high spirit could not brook concealment; and, contrary to the entreaties of his family, and the opinion of his professional advisers, he determined to risk a trial—and in due time he surrendered himself, previous to the summer assizes.

From the moment the unfortunate duellist entered the prison gates, his mild and gentlemanly demeanour won the commiseration of all within. The governor, confident in the honour of his prisoner, subjected him to no restraint; he occupied the apartments of the keeper, went over the building as he pleased, received his friends, held unrestricted communication with all that sought him, and, in fact, was a captive but in name.

I shall never forget the 13th of August, 1808. I arrived in Armagh the evening of the major's trial, and when I entered the court-house, the jury had retired to consider the verdict they should pronounce. The trial had been tedious—twilight had fallen—and the hall of justice, dull at best, was rendered gloomier from the partial glare of a few candles, placed upon the bench where Judge — was seated. A breathless anxiety pervaded the assembly, and the ominous silence that reigned throughout the court was unbroken by a single whisper. I felt an unusual dread, a sinking of the heart, a difficulty of respiration, as I timidly looked round the melancholy crowd. My eyes rested on the judge—he was a thin bilious-looking being, and his cold and marble features had caught an unearthly expression from the shading produced by the accidental disposition of the candles. I shuddered as I gazed upon him—for the fate of a fellow-creature was hanging upon the first words that should issue from the lips of that stern and inflexible old man. From the judge my eyes turned to the criminal—what a subject the contrast offered to the artist's pencil! In the front of the bar, habited in deep mourning, his arms folded and crossed upon his breast, the homicide was awaiting the word that should seal his destiny. His noble and commanding figure, thrown into an attitude of calm determination, was graceful and dignified; and while on every countenance beside a sickening anxiety was visible, neither the twinkle of an eyelash, nor the motion of the lip, betrayed on the prisoner's face the appearance of discomposure or alarm. Just then a slight noise was heard—a door was softly and slowly opened—one by one the jury returned to their box—the custom-

any question was asked by the clerk of the crown, and—*Guilty*, was faintly answered, accompanied with a *recommendation to mercy*.

An agonizing pause succeeded—the court was silent as the grave—the prisoner bowed respectfully to the jury—then planting his foot firmly on the floor, he drew himself up to his full height, and calmly listened to his doom. Slowly Judge—assumed the fatal cap—and, all unmoved, he pronounced, and Campbell heard, his sentence.

While the short address which sealed the prisoner's fate was being delivered the silence of the court was broken only by smothered sobs—but when the sounds ceased, and "Lord have mercy upon your soul" issued from the ashy lips of that stern old man, a groan of horror burst from the auditory, and the Highland soldiers, who thronged the court, ejaculated a wild "Amen," while their flashing eyes betrayed how powerfully the fate of their unhappy countryman had affected them.

Nor did the result of his trial disturb the keeper's confidence in the honour of the condemned soldier. On his return to the gaol, a simple assurance that he would not escape, was required and given; and to the last, Campbell enjoyed all the comfort and liberty which the prison could afford.

Meantime, the strongest exertions were made to save him. Petitions from the jury, the grand panel of the county, and the inhabitants of Armagh, were forwarded to the lord lieutenant; but the judge declined to recommend the convict, and consequently the Irish government refused to interfere. A respite, however, was sent down, to allow the case of the unfortunate gentleman to be submitted to the king.

For a time the agony of Campbell's wife was severe beyond endurance; but, by a wonderful exertion, she recovered sufficient fortitude to enable her to set out in person for London, to throw herself at the Queen's feet, and to implore commiseration and a pardon. To cross the channel before steam had been introduced, was frequently tedious and uncertain; and when the lady reached the nearest point of embarkation, her journey was interrupted, for a gale of unusual violence was raging, and every packet storm-stayed at the other side.

She stood upon the pier in a state of exquisite wretchedness. The days of that being whom she loved were numbered—and to reach the seat of mercy was forbidden! The storm was at its height—a mountainous sea broke outside the harbour—while a crowd anxiously watched the progress of a fishing-boat, which, under close-reefed canvass, was struggling to beat up to the anchorage.

The success of the little bark was for a time uncertain. The

spray flew in sheets over the mast-head; and frequently the vessel was shut from the view of those on shore. But seaman-ship prevailed—the pier was weathered—and, amid the cheers of their companions, and the caresses of their wives, the hardy crew disembarked.

At that moment, the sorrow of the lady attracted the notice of the crowd, and it was whispered that she was wife to the unhappy convict, whose fate, even in that remote spot, had excited an unusual sympathy. An aged fisherman stood near her, and Mrs. Campbell inquired "if the weather was likely to moderate?" The mariner looked at the sky attentively, and shook his head. "Oh, God! he will be lost," she murmured: "could I but cross that angry sea, *he might yet be saved!*" Her words were overheard by the crew of the fishing-boat, who were securing its moorings to the pier. A momentary consultation took place—and, with one consent, they offered to carry her across or perish. "It is madness," said the old man; "no boat can live in yonder broken sea." But the courage of the hardy fishermen was unshaken; the lady was placed on board—the skirt of the main-sail set—and, after a passage as remarkable for its shortness as its danger, they reached the Scottish shore in safety. To the honour of these noble fellows be it recorded, that they refused to accept one shilling from the mourner; and, after conveying her to a carriage, they bade her a respectful but a mournful adieu.

The commiseration of all classes was painfully increased by the length of time that elapsed between the trial and death of Major Campbell. In prison, he received from his friends the most constant and delicate attention; and one lady, the wife of Captain —, seldom left him. She read to him, prepared his meals, cheered his spirits when he drooped, and performed those gentle offices of kindness which are so peculiarly the province of a woman. When intelligence arrived that mercy could not be extended, and that the law must take its course, she boldly planned an escape from prison; but Campbell recoiled from a proposition that would compromise his honour with the keeper. "What!" he exclaimed, when assured that otherwise his case was hopeless, "shall I break faith with him who trusted in it? I know my fate, and am prepared to meet it manfully; but never will I deceive the person who confided in my honour."

Two evenings before he suffered, Mrs. — was earnestly urging him to escape. The clock struck twelve, and Campbell hinted that it was time she should retire. As usual, he accompanied her to the gate—and on entering the keeper's room, they found him fast asleep. Campbell placed his finger on his lip. "Poor fellow," he said in a whisper to his fair companion,

"would it not be a pity to disturb him?" Then taking the keys softly from the table, he unlocked the outer wicket. "Campbell," said the lady, "this is the crisis of your destiny—this is the moment of escape—horses are in readiness, and ——" The convict put his hand upon her mouth—"Hush!" he replied, as he gently forced her out, "would you have me violate my promise?" Bidding her "good night," he locked the wicket carefully, replaced the keys, and retired to his chamber without awaking the sleeping jailer.

The last scene of his life was in perfect keeping with the calm and dignified courage he had evinced during his confinement. The night before his execution the chaplain slept in his room. This gentleman's exertions to obtain a remission of punishment had been incessant; and now, when hope was at an end, he laboured to prepare the doomed soldier for the trying hour that awaited him. On that melancholy night he never closed his eyes, while Campbell slept as quietly as if no extraordinary event should happen on the morrow. To the last his courage was unshaken—and while his friends were dissolved in grief, he was manly and unmoved. He mounted the stone stairs leading to the scaffold with a firm and measured step; and while the rope was being adjusted, the colour never left his cheek, nor did his countenance betray the slightest agitation.

One circumstance disturbed his equanimity for a moment. On entering the press-room, the executioner, frightfully disguised, suddenly presented himself. Campbell involuntarily shrunk from this loathsome being—but, as if annoyed that the wretch should shake his firmness, he calmly desired him to proceed, and take care that the arrangements for death were such as should make his transit from the world as brief as possible.

It was a curious incident attendant on this melancholy event, that the Forty-second Regiment, with whom he had served in Egypt, then garrisoned the town; and that the same men whom Campbell led to a bayonet-charge against the Invincibles of Napoleon, formed the jail-guard that witnessed his execution. The feelings of the Highlanders, when drawn out to witness the ignominious end of their lion-hearted comrade, were indescribable. When the sufferer appeared at the fatal door, a yell of anguish pealed along the ranks, and every bonnet was removed. Campbell addressed a few words to them in Gaelic, and instantly every face was upturned to heaven; every cheek was bathed in tears; every lip uttered a prayer for mercy at the judgment-seat; and when the board, descending with thundering violence, announced the moment of dissolution, the fearful groan that burst from the excited soldiery will never be forgotten.*

* A gentleman who had been active in vain endeavours to obtain a mitigation

After being suspended only till life was extinct, the body was placed in a shell—a hearse in waiting received it—drove off rapidly—and the remains of the ill-starred soldier were conveyed to Scotland. There the clan and relatives of the deceased were waiting to pay the last tribute of their regard. In immense numbers they escorted the body to the family cemetery—and in the poet's words—"They laid him in his father's grave."

The evening wore pleasantly on, and the weather showed symptoms of amendment. The rain had ceased, the sky cleared, and the moon "went racking through her clouds," as they careered over the blue sky, and by times disclosed and hid "pale Cynthia's chaste cold smiles." The witching hour of night was close at hand—and yet, if laugh and song were proof, the revelry in the commander's domicile continued with unabated spirit.

"Jack," exclaimed the host, as he exhibited an empty glass, "I swear by thy punch, as devoutly as I abjure thy politics. Come, another stoup before we part—and season the mixture with one of thy pleasant adventures. Whether it be love or war, it matters not. Tell us how cleverly you pinked the white-footed patriot, who lay in wait for you when returning from the fair—or whisked the miller's daughter through the window, even while the father, the priest, and the old carle who had come to wed her, were settling the *tocher* in the kitchen."

"No more of that, an' thou lov'st me, Hal," replied the colonel's kinsman, with a smile. "Last autumn, gentlemen, I was caught, as you were yesterday, in a gale of wind, and obliged to become a sojourner, and longer too than I wished, in a wild and rackety mansion situated in 'the far west,' and in that safe and pleasant district, whose staple manufactures are restricted to whiskey and Connemara hose. The cellar was tolerably stocked—the book-case perfectly empty—and the latest paper just a fortnight old. I tired of playing *ecarté* all day long

of Major Campbell's punishment, was standing at his own hall-door at a considerable distance from the place of execution. Just as the drop fell, the soldiery, annoyed by the pressure of the crowd, wheeled suddenly round, and presented their bayonets, as if about to charge. A wild panic seized the multitude, and a cry arose that "the soldiers were about to fire." On hearing the alarm, those on the outside of the crowd rushed from the scene in affright, proclaiming, as they hurried towards their homes, that "the soldiers were firing on the people, and a number were already slain." The effect upon the gentleman alluded to was singular; he heard distinctly the volleys of the soldiery, and that, too, at the regular intervals, when muskets could have time to be reloaded. *The whole was imaginary*—not a shot was fired; but he declares that the illusion was so strong, that the volleys were as distinctly delivered as they had been when the regiment had been inspected.

upon the plate-warmer—and consequently the host set me down a bore—while the priest being a twenty-tumbler man, I could not ‘come the pace’ at night; and therefore his reverence declared me nothing better than a milksop. What could I do? After some delay in determining between *jelo de se* and authorship, I chose the latter, and chronicled the occurrences of my visit. How far I am destined to ‘star it’ in the literary world, it is not for me to say. ‘On their own merits modest men are dumb;’ but to you I shall read my first essay, entreating ‘a gentle judgment’ on these my ‘inklings of adventure,’ as Yankee gentlemen now-a-days are pleased to designate their lucubrations.”

LEAVES FROM A GAME BOOK.

SEPT. 27.—Yes—the sea-coast, be the weather what it may, offers an everlasting variety. The rain falls incessantly; the wind blows a regular *sou'-wester*; and though we be well sheltered by the bold hill which forms the entrance of the bay, the blast moans through the oak wood, and drives in gusts against the windows. The tide has been for some time flowing, and boats and hookers are running for the islands, to shelter from the gale. Their appearance, as they pass the shoulder of the headland, is picturesque. Ha! the cruiser, a ten-gun cutter, stands in under easy sail, followed by a man-of-war brig! “Hazy weather, Master Noah, outside, I guess.” This bodes badly for to-morrow. A whale within five leagues—and I not see it! “Patience, cousin”—south-west winds cannot blow for ever.

28th.—“A fresh hand at the bellows.” In simple English, it blows a gale; and a gale on this coast! here—where the Atlantic comes tumbling in, with every billow like a mountain. Heavens! how the spray flies over the ridge of rock which stretches seaward from the point, while the waves in quick succession rush up the sandy cove, and break upon the beach in thunder. The rain has ceased, and we are going to shoot. Shoot what?—why, two servants can scarcely close the hall-door. But time will tell.

Provided with an ample supply of heavy shot, and a couple of attendants with gaffs and boat-hooks, we set out for this novel *chasse*; but from previous preparation I could not possibly conjecture what our pursuit should be. Westward, the hill which rises abruptly from the ocean presents to the eternal roll of the Atlantic a cordon of almost inaccessible cliffs, varying in

height from thirty to three hundred feet. A narrow goat-path winds over the brows of these tremendous precipices, and leads to two or three inlets in the face of the hill, terminating in huge, black, unexplored caverns, into which a human being has never ventured. Indeed, to investigate them would be impossible; they are too narrow and irregular to admit the entrance of a boat; and, in the calmest day, the swell breaks with violence inside. Within these caverns, immense numbers of wild pigeons roost and build; and in the face of the cliffs around, choughs and corvorants—particularly if the evening be stormy—occupy every point which can afford them rest and shelter.

With some difficulty we descended to one of these caves; for the rocky path, rendered slippery by rain and spray, made a cautious descent necessary—while the roar of the surf against the rocks, with the feeling of insecurity in treading the verge of a giddy precipice, produced sensations anything but agreeable. We reached the bottom safely—and then the work of death commenced.

On the first report of a gun, a flight of pigeons issued from the cavern; and these birds, once disturbed, continued occasionally returning to their holes during the hour we remained. Of these we shot some twenty; and by means of our gaff and boat-hook got them out of the surf, with only the loss of a couple. But the *black hags*—as the peasantry call the different varieties of the corvorant—afforded us constant practice; and, while we remained, a regular fusilade was maintained upon those unfortunate birds. Flock upon flock continued, as the evening advanced, to come in rapid succession from the sea, to seek their usual resting-places; and when we left the cave, we had bagged enough *black game* to load a donkey. I understood that the peasants who picked them up, skinned and dressed them for food—but judging from their rancid smell, they must have been abominable.

29th.—The gale has moderated; but it yet blows fresh, with a heavy broken sea. Not a sail upon the water—all safe within the islands—and there they seem determined to remain. We have had a consultation with Tom Rush, the skipper of the best hooker in the bay. He says we shall make the landing-place of Innis Turk in half-a-dozen stretches, and have a leading wind home. Of course we must calculate upon wet jackets; but surely a man would submit to be half drowned to see a "veritable" whale—and so we will venture.

Under a close-reefed mainsail, foresail, and jib not bigger than a pocket-handkerchief, we slipped our moorings, and stood across towards Achill-beg. Reduced as our canvass was, it was all we could do to carry it. The sea was sadly agitated, as it ever is for some time after such a gale as yesterday's. The hooker "made

all fly;" and from the commencement to the close of our voyage, we were under a sheet of spray. But putting our trust in *cothamores** and cognac brandy, we accomplished our voyage gallantly, and were landed by a rowing boat in the cove where the dead whale "lay in state."

This inlet forms the only landing-place upon the island; and on the sand, and at high-water mark, the huge animal was hauled up. At a little distance it resembled the hull of a lugger, keel uppermost; the length was about seventy feet, and its whole appearance most extraordinary. It had been dead, undoubtedly, for a considerable time before it was discovered floating on the ocean, for it was putrid when towed in by the united efforts of every fishing boat in the island. That it had been harpooned, was evident—a wound of several inches' diameter and considerable depth was visible in the side.

After cutting some of the laminæ, or thin whalebone, from the mouth, we walked once more round to view the mighty monster carefully. Our cicerone, as we paused to examine the wound, determining that all our senses should be gratified, removing a wisp of hay which filled the orifice, and the most pestilential effluvia that it is possible to imagine, issued from the hole. I and my companion had nearly fainted, but the islander seemed greatly gratified at the effect, observing with a grin, in his peculiar English, that "it was a fine beast, and she was a great smell." Another puff of that infernal exhalation would have finished us on the spot—while Denis, with wonderful *sang froid*, replaced the plug, to keep the "great smell" in full force for the next visit.

The whale was fated, even after death, to create an extraordinary sensation. The defunct fish was claimed by the landlord, the captors, and the admiralty—and to whose lot it fell I forget; but it was purchased by a Liverpool merchant. Now he, "good easy man," omitted to ascertain its species; and, after sending a vessel and multitude of casks for the blubber, discovered too late that it was not a sperm whale—and that the bone—for it had scarcely any oil—would not pay for the hoops upon his puncheons.

We had a splendid passage home, and landed safely in an hour and a quarter. This was a grand *finale* to our expedition—for to return from Innis Turk is rather precarious, and instances have occurred of people being weather-bound there, not for days, but months. A curious anecdote is told to illustrate the uncertainty of getting away.

A tailor residing on the main, was brought one fine morning into the island, to make a suit of clothes for a gentleman who

* *Anglicè*—great-coats.

had resolved upon committing matrimony—and when the boat came to fetch him, the artist was planting his potato crop. The weather changed before his task was ended; the communication with the main was interrupted; and this state of affairs continued so long, that when the unfortunate fraction of humanity was restored to his sorrowing household, he found them occupied in digging the very potatoes upon the planting of which he had been engaged on that unlucky day when he left Connemara for Turk Island.

Just as we were pulling off to the hooker, a man, loaded with a pack, presented himself upon the rocks, and begged to be accommodated with a passage. We consented, and took the stranger and his effects on board. He proved to be one of those travelling dealers who traffic with the islanders and mountain people, supplying them with all their finery and articles of *vertu*—to wit, gilt rings, knitting-needles, looking-glasses, and clasp-knives; and in return—for barter is the order of the day—receiving stockings, rabbit-skins, feathers, and dried fish. The wandering merchant, our *compagnon du voyage*, was bound for the main, with a miscellaneous cargo of Connemara socks and salted whittings. It is a hard and adventurous life that these men lead. No island on this stormy coast remains unvisited—nor does a mountain glen or solitary sheeling escape their trafficking researches.

A few days before our visit to Innis Turk a foul murder was accidentally revealed. There is a bleak and expansive plain, stretching for several miles between the sea at Doohooma and the mountain of Shrike; and through it, one of those tributary streams which fall into the estuary at Ballycroy, flows. A foot-path crosses the waste—but it is rarely trodden by any save herdsmen and the pedlars who periodically visit this wild and unfrequented district.

The moorland, notwithstanding its extent, is so very flat, that objects upon its surface may be seen distinctly, excepting in the centre of the plain, where the ground dips suddenly, and forms a green and lovely valley. The river flows gently through this dell; the grass is short and verdant; here the shooter will repose himself—and here, the wayfarer suspend his journeying. One hesitates to leave this oasis for the fens or wastes that encompass it. Upon its freshness the eye reposes. There is a holy calmness in its solitude that the heart loves: and the murderer must be dead to the voice of nature altogether, who would desecrate this sweet spot by “a damning deed of blood.”

Rivers, dependent on mountain sources, rise and fall with astonishing rapidity. In the morning, a volume of discoloured water rushed through the channel of this moorland stream,

tearing down its banks, and sweeping off every obstacle that opposed resistance to its fury. At evening, the peasant girl threw a glance around to see that no curious eye observed her, tucked her short kirtle above the knee, crossed the abated waters without difficulty, and merrily pressed up the bank on her way to join the dance, which on that night, was to be holden at a village beyond the wide and dreary moor.

But ere she proceeded many steps, an object met her view, which sent the blood to her heart, and changed her light carol to a shriek of horror. Close to the path, a human hand appeared above the turf. It was bare—bleached by the recent overflow of the river—and encircled by a scarlet cuff. Averting her eyes, she fled from the little dell, hurried across the waste, rushed into the first house she reached, and fainted.

They recovered her, and she told the cause of her dismay. Instantly a number of the peasantry repaired to the spot, disinterred the corpse, and recognised it by the dress (a soldier's slop jacket) to be the body of a pedlar, who, with a comrade of the same calling, had passed that way some weeks before. That the dead man had been robbed and murdered were equally apparent; his pack was gone, his pockets rifled, and a dreadful fracture in the back of the head, told by what foul means the wretched victim had met his death. After the deed was done, the assassin had concealed the body in a hole, and covered it slightly with turf, which the river, in its overflow, reached and removed, and thus betrayed the murder. Inquiries were made; suspicions, amounting almost to certainty, fell upon the companion of the deceased, and his absconding confirmed them. Sweeney—for so the wretch was named—had, however, hitherto evaded apprehension.

The person we received on board had known the deceased and his murderer well, and his own escape from the monster seemed providential. He told us that he had been in Erris, disposed of his pack, and was returning to Castlebar to procure a fresh supply. In a pass of the hills, he met Sweeney on his journey into that wild peninsula which he was leaving. After some conversation, the murderer declared that he would proceed no farther, but accompany his fellow-dealer to the town. This was a strange determination in one who had already carried a heavy load for thirty miles—and now, when within a short distance of his market, abandoned it for no cause, and without making an attempt to sell the wares he had brought in.

There are two routes from Erris to the town of Newport. That commonly taken, runs through the lowlands, and, skirting an inlet of the sea, unites itself to the main road at Duhill.

The other is a disused path, winding through the mountains—wild, difficult, and solitary beyond conception. None but smugglers and dealers in illicit whiskey travel by this deserted route—and if anything could render it gloomier, the frequent *cairns*, which record fatal accidents and half-forgotten murders, would supply it well.

Our fellow-voyager spoke English but indifferently. Everybody conversant with the habits and manners of the western peasantry may have observed, that when they have a tale of passion or interest to narrate, their native language is preferred, as they feel that from its force, variety, and copiousness, they can convey ideas more efficiently than if they used "the tongue of the sassenach." Our companion, of course, was no exception—and his escape from the murderer may be thus translated:—

"When we reached the point where the hill-path meets the road, Sweeney proposed that we should take the 'short cut.' He said, that he had friends beyond the mountains; they would make us welcome; and we should have a supper, a bed, and whiskey *galore*.*

"We proceeded for a mile or two; the last village was in sight, and the sun had a full hour yet before he would sink behind the hills. I don't know why it was, but my heart failed, and every step I took seemed heavy, as if my shoes were filled with lead—yet I was light, and Sweeney loaded. He urged me on, and seemed anxious to pass the village without stopping; talked from time to time of trade; and at last inquired 'if I had brought, this turn, a large pack into Erris?' I had already taken alarm—I stole a side glance at him—and murder was in his eye! He always carried a yard measure of heavy oak; it had worn a little at one end, and a copper strap was nailed upon it. Commonly, he used it as a walking staff, or to support his pack when light; but now he clutched it firmly by the middle, as if the hand obeyed the heart mechanically, and was prepared before the time to do the deed of murder!

"I took my resolution; the village was only a cluster of wretched cabins—but there I should be safe till daylight; and when I reached the first house, I told him that I was tired, and would proceed no farther. He seemed thunder-struck; he argued, and he coaxed me; 'it was but three short miles to his cousin's—there, was a warm bed—there, was a good supper.' But I was determined. Then his temper failed; his face—Heaven pardon us!—looked like a demon's; and had we not been in the village, I'm sure he would have killed me on the spot. Just at that moment, the poor youth he murdered came

* *Anglicè*—in abundance.

up. He was travelling into Erris, and had come by the mountain road. Sweeney declared at once that he would retrace his steps; and, before his victim had time to sit down, he hurried him off, darting a look of deadly hatred at me, the victim who had escaped his doom.

"You know the rest, gentlemen. He kept with him, night and day, until his goods were sold; and then, when they reached a proper spot, he did the deed of murder."

As I have mentioned this anecdote, I must become the chronicler of Mr. Sweeney. The murder occurred in my immediate bailiwick; and, for a time, the villain skulked among his clan in Achill and Ballycroy, and evaded every attempt I made to apprehend him. Finding, however, that it would be impossible to elude my efforts long, and trusting to the secrecy with which the foul act had been perpetrated, he came in and surrendered.

I have seen some noted felons; I saw the *Burkers* on the scaffold; but I never looked upon a countenance where nature had written blood so legibly as on Sweeney's. He was an under-sized, bullet-headed, beetle-browed savage, with hair black and curled like a negro. His lips were thick, his eyes small, quick, and restless; his form that of a stunted Hercules; such limbs, shoulders, and neck, I never looked at; and it is a curious fact, that to this surpassing strength he owed, in a great degree, his conviction.

Knowing the localities of the country, Sweeney chose the little dell as the safest place wherein to despatch his ill-fated companion. The path was narrow,—the victim led the way,—the murderer followed. With one shattering stroke the deed was done; and the pedlar's skull was crushed, as if stricken by a crow-bar. But the violence of the blow detached the copper strap from the measure. It was found beside the body—identified by the ship-carpenter who had nailed it on; and hence, no doubt remained as to the means by which the murder was effected.

For three assizes Sweeney's trial had been postponed—a material link in the chain of evidence being wanting. A beggar-woman, whose name and residence were totally unknown, had been by accident wandering in Erris. She had crossed the moor the morning of the murder; met the pedlars proceeding towards the dell; saw both descend together; had sat down to rest; and, in a short time, observed but *one* man quit the valley, and he was the *shorter* of the two. The very morning of the trial, she, unexpectedly, appeared in Castlebar. She knew not even that a murder had been perpetrated, until she was ascending the table, to assist in the conviction of the assassin.

Sweeney was not twenty years old when he suffered. For nearly two years, while he remained in prison, he steadily denied his guilt; but the moment that the jury returned their verdict, he confessed every circumstance attendant on the murder. The memory of the foul act never appeared to have disturbed him for a moment. He spoke of nothing but what he should do when liberated; slept soundly; ate and drank heartily; and, during his confinement, became amazingly fat.

It was a lucky circumstance for society that he was so speedily removed from the world. He had tasted blood; and had he been unfortunately loosed again on mankind, he would have lived on spoliation, obtained by murder.

I could have knocked down a puling sentimentalist who attended the ruffian's execution. He pitied, forsooth, the "poor young man," and reprobated the sanguinary code of Britain, that would consign "a fellow-creature to the gallows." Pity a bloodhound that, for days, had hung upon his victim, and done that ruthless deed, to obtain a sum not amounting to five pounds! * * *

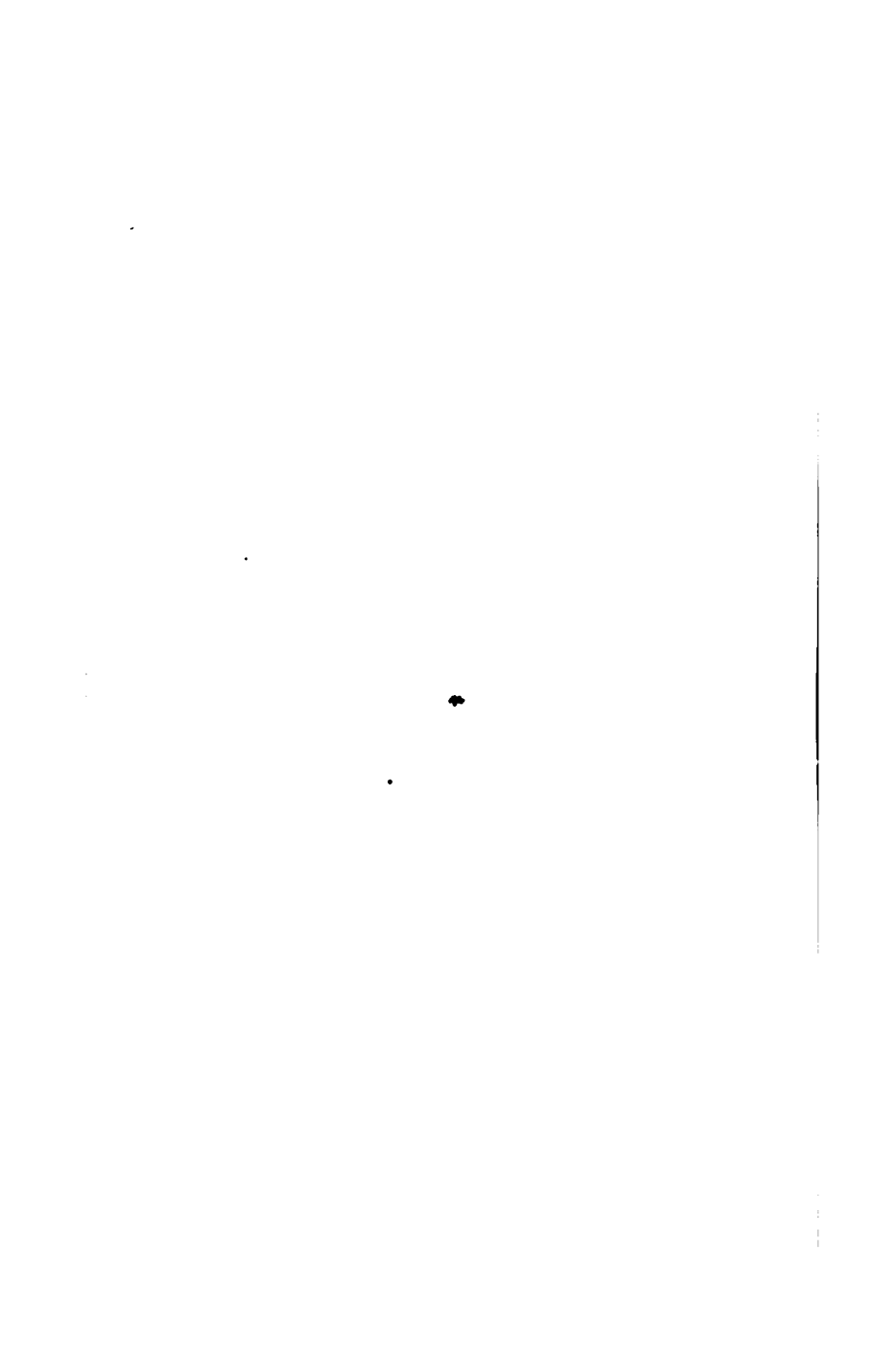
"Alas!" said the colonel, "that this, 'the sweetest hour i' th' night,' should be the one for parting. But, gentlemen, I cannot presume to stay you longer than the morning. I know a soldier's leave is limited,—and Mr. Melville avows that he must return to Fig-tree Court incontinently,—and, therefore, the furloughs of the 'Die-hard' and the 'Devil's Own,'* it seems, are fast expiring. You, Mr. O'Donel, plead matrimony, and state yourself, in consequence, to be 'a man under authority.' I fear I cannot controvert that plea; for I have heard that, at times, 'the white sergeant' proves as tight a hand as the most fidgety field-officer that ever commanded a battalion. I part from you with regret, slightly abated by the promise you hold out, of again beating up my quarters. May you, sir, be promoted in the next Gazette; and you, who have already attained the highest flight of human happiness, to the returning welcomes of your 'lady-love' I consign you with the best wishes of an old bachelor. Once more, gentlemen—

"To one and all, I drink a fair good night."

* *Sobriquets* given to the fifty-seventh regiment, and the Lawyers' Corps.

THE Second Part of this Work consists of the most interesting portions of "Hints to a Soldier on Service," a book in two volumes, by the same Author. The Editor, in this arrangement, has omitted long quotations and matter not calculated to interest the general reader; and by revision and abridgment has sought to ensure renewed popularity for these charming sketches of Military life.

LONDON, JULY, 1857.



THE CODE OF HONOUR—FATAL DUELS.

THAT stormy period in European history, which occurred between the commencement of the revolutionary war and the downfall of the dynasty of Napoleon, was marked with political changes reaching far beyond the bounds of human foresight and putting mortal calculations at defiance. Thrones, whose succession rested on a line of ages, were rudely overturned—kingdoms appeared and vanished—one empire was aggrandized while another was partitioned—convulsed by desolating warfare, the face of the Continent was changed—and one power attained a mighty pre-eminence and rose upon the ruins of the rest. Such was France, when the star of Napoleon was in the ascendant. Every state in turn had felt and kissed the rod—the will of the conqueror was despotic—his mandates were issued and obeyed—with one exception, his authority was paramount over Europe—and Britain alone stood grandly isolated, while cold alike to overtures of friendship, as impassive to the consequences her bold defiance might provoke, single-handed she took a hostile attitude, and defied a conqueror whom Europe had opposed in vain.

When I obtained my first commission, England possessed the undisputed sovereignty of the sea. Piece-meal, the navy of her enemy had been transferred to the British dockyards—and the crushing blow delivered at Trafalgar, had annihilated the naval power of France. The insulated position of Great Britain, with her immense extent of Colonial possessions, had rendered her dominion of the ocean the vital principle of English statesmanship. Her navy, consequently, was at the same time her hope and pride; and military disasters, following in fast succession upon each other, had damped the martial spirit of the country, and almost neutralized its "ocean triumphs."

Hence, England's sole dependency was placed in her matchless navy, and her military arm was neglected. It is true, that

in amount of number, her war establishment was most imposing. The regular army was on a most extensive scale—the militias numerous and effective—while the exigency of the times had infused a spirit of resistance generally throughout the empire, and innumerable citizen associations had armed for self-defence. But the feeling under which every class in Britain had thus assumed a warlike attitude, was rather to repel aggression than act offensively against an enemy, who, from an uninterrupted march to victory for years, had been entitled to assume the character of being invincible. To preserve the integrity of Britain was all that was expected from her military arm—to her fleets the task was entrusted of maintaining her dignity on the ocean; and while Europe appeared too small to offer field enough for Napoleon's thirst of conquest, and, like a second Alexander, his eyes were turned to the East, the British ensign floated triumphantly on every sea,

“From Egypt's fires to Zembla's frosts,”

fully justifying Talleyrand's expressive phrase, when he assigned as boundaries to the British empire, “wherever there was water for a frigate.”

Such were the political relations of Europe in 1807, and such the relative position of France and Britain. I will now briefly describe the state of the English army, when I was gazetted to an ensigncy, and joined my corps in Dublin.

What a singular contrast does that army present, from the period when I first carried the king's colours, until I retired from the service in the command of a crack regiment, even among the glorious and unmatched Peninsulars? At that hal-
lowed name this old blood courses through my veins once more, and in shadowy review “the fighting third” again are under arms, bayonetting “the middle guard” in the streets of Fuentes, or, like the launching of a thunderbolt, bursting through Mar-
mont's left centre at Salamanca! Sacred be the memory of that section of the most perfect army that ever formed upon a battle-field! one that in fight and storm had established a proud superiority over all the soldiery of Europe, and warranted its unrivalled leader in asserting, with truth, that “with those troops, at whose head he had crossed the Pyrenees, he could have gone any where, and done anything.”

Until nearly the middle of the long war, the English army had been unaccountably neglected. Its discipline and internal economy were obsolete, and its abuses almost incredible. The code of discipline, religiously adhered to, was framed on the formulæ of an exploded school, whose defects the French repub-

licans had years before detected and abandoned. Although the schoolmaster had been abroad, English commanders declined modern instruction, and in dress and drill, the slightest departure from the true antique would have been held as absolutely heretical. Twaddling old gentlemen, and the scions of the aristocracy, too frequently held commands—one class, men who twenty years before should have exchanged the sword for the ploughshare—the other, green youths, pushed forward by iniquitous promotion, and entrusted with a regiment before they had experience to command a company. Non-commissioned officers were generally chosen from length of service—dull, corpulent, and white-headed—while to produce the private soldier, it was necessary to cripple the man. He was tight-breeched and gaitered, with half a yard of twisted leather, called a queue, suspended from a head whose every pore had been previously hermetically sealed with grease and hair-powder—while from the general inconvenient arrangement of his appointments, when under arms, a felon in the pillory might have been considered comparatively at ease. Such was the soldier on parade. In the field, the evolutions of a battalion were slowly and formally executed—light infantry movements were almost unknown—and the platoon exercise was stupidly embarrassed by motions unnecessary for any purpose of war.

Such was the defective organization of the English army—and its *morale* was even worse. Not only the militia, but the line, were overrun with persons who had obtained appointments to which they were unfitted by birth and breeding—and uneducated men, of coarse and vulgar habits, were taken from between the stilts of the plough and gazetted to commissions. The militia was, of course, most open to this species of malversated patronage—but the line eventually suffered from it severely. Men, unduly elevated, and transmuted from tradesmen to holders of the king's commission, were naturally looked down upon by those of equal rank, who refused to receive them as fellow-gentlemen, and disrespected by others over whom they should have exercised command. From the local construction of a militia regiment, the former calling or lowly birth of the military *parvenu* were perfectly well known. His brother-officer declined his overtures to familiarity—the soldier's obedience was but mechanical—and as he rendered the customary token of military respect due to a superior, he could not forget that he had frequented the same hedge-school when a boy, or drunk with his officer as a boon companion. To escape these *désagrémens*, the neophyte took the earliest opportunity of retiring from a corps, where a knowledge of his earlier life was too extensive, not to eternally remind him that he now occupied

a false position. He accordingly volunteered to the line—in the hope that, among strangers, the secret of his peasant birth or former avocations might there remain unknown.

With many admirable exceptions, the *morale* of the army was generally most exceptionable. Dissipation, to a certain extent, was considered permissible in a soldier—and military society was disgraced by the drunken orgies of the mess-table. That beastly abomination of forcing men to drink to excess was still existing when I joined the —th, and I dreaded a company-day, well knowing that a disordered stomach and aching head would await me the next morning. Boyhood afforded no protection—and the entertainment would have been considered incomplete if half the guests were able to quit the barrack-yard without assistance. Hospitality was estimated by the quantity of wine consumed—and I recollect dining with a most distinguished regiment in garrison, whose colonel had invented decanters with circular bottoms, to ensure an eternal transit of the bottle.

The mischievous results of this barbarous state of society was regimentally and individually destructive. Many a young constitution sank under the effects of continued dissipation—while harder bacchanals became hopeless and habitual drunkards, and were obliged either to retire from the service on half-pay, or, not unfrequently, expose themselves to courts-martial, and forfeit their commissions altogether. Another curse attendant on a dissipated corps of officers, was, invariably, a drunken regiment. The contagious example of their superiors was not lost upon those whom they commanded. He who staggered past the sentry the night before, or was carried by the mess-waiters to his room, could with bad grace reprove a tipsy soldier when he met him in the street. Bad example produced lax discipline—and a full guard-house, dozens at pack-drill, and the frequent appearance of the triangles on morning parade, gave a sad but tacit evidence how baneful is evil example in superiors.

In the social relations of a regiment, the mischievous results of this bad and brutal system was still more strongly evidenced. Few tempers in ebriety are under safe control, and some become positively dangerous. The composition of the army was different from what it is at present. As I have already explained, coarse-minded and vulgar men constantly obtained commissions. Ignorant of those delicacies in social intercourse which the conventional rules of polished society impose, the restriction observed in sobriety was too frequently forgotten in excitement. Arguments, coarsely urged, with coarse dissent, or brusque contradiction, produced eternal differences. Many were terminated by the judicious intervention of men whose tempers and intellects were happily undisturbed by wine; but occasionally, the mis-

understanding that had arisen at the mess-table was ended in the field—and a quarrel originated in drunkenness over night, was concluded in bloodshed on the morrow.

Another evil consequence attendant on inebriety, was gambling—and it would be difficult to decide whether duelling or play has most extensively wrecked the peace of families, or entailed more enduring remorse on the misguided individuals, who encouraged a passion for either. As to the abuses of the former, I regret to say that I speak of them from sad experience. For play I never had a fancy, and I have ever despised a gambler from my soul. The evil working of both vices I have watched; and although the flimsy veil of fashionable example has been employed to blind the unsuspecting, and give homicide and broken fortunes milder appellations—I shall be able to establish by example the inevitable ruin which overtakes the man who courts the infamous celebrity of the bravo, or endeavours to acquire the foul gains which arise from that execrable source—the gaming-table.

A professed duellist is a public nuisance; but from such a curse a military community is now pretty safe. Its friendly and polished intercourse has that restrictive check which inhibits coarse familiarity, and hence its harmony is rarely disturbed. At times, however, and from the most trifling causes, a whole corps has been unsettled; and the bad temper or bad conduct of an individual proved ruinous to the unanimity of a whole regiment. To no military offending should the attention of a commanding officer be more promptly addressed. The mischief should be crushed in the outset; and the censure of the superior officer conveyed in language that marked his displeasure, and admitted no ambiguous construction, under which the criminal might palliate his punishment.

When I commenced my military career, Irish society was but slowly emancipating itself from the feudal barbarism which had rendered its intercourse brutal and insecure. In the north, a better order of things had been established—drinking was going out of fashion, and duelling had become infrequent. In the other provinces, however, the march of civilization was slower. Among an uneducated gentry, accustomed from childhood to witness personal encounters, and see men shot as an every-day occurrence, for the slightest causes, and often for no cause at all, it was a difficult task to eradicate the evil. From the western and southern militias the line was largely recruited. Raw and illiterate young men found themselves, consequently, placed among strangers; and with the barbarous idea that the courage of a soldier was to be established at the earliest opportunity, a quarrel was rather courted than avoided, to prove to their new

companions that they had come of "fighting families," to whom the smell of powder was "natural as mother's milk."

In a garrison where I passed the first year of my military novitiate, two affairs of honour were transacted during that brief space, and *three* lives were sacrificed. The first duel was attended with results particularly distressing—for the parties were men beyond the middle age—married to amiable women—and the parents of young families. Major Glentarkin, a hot-blooded Highlander, goaded by the teasing and sarcastic contradictions of Captain Boyne, who persevered in asserting that he, the major, had given a word of command incorrectly, in a fit of passion insisted on instant satisfaction, and in a room, with the door locked, without a friend or witness present, shots were interchanged, and Captain Boyne was mortally wounded. Unhappily, the business was so unexpectedly and rapidly transacted, that no amicable intervention could be tried; and to gratify a burst of passion, two amiable ladies were widowed and eight children made orphans! Whether anguished by remorse, or with a false expectation of acquittal, Glentarkin despised the warnings of his law adviser, and madly risked a trial. A stern judge charged strongly against the unhappy criminal—a verdict of guilty was pronounced—and the last penalty of the law was undergone by a tried and gallant soldier, for yielding to ungovernable rage, and pressing an irregular duel to fatal issue.

The second encounter which terminated in loss of life took place between two subalterns, both Irishmen—when O'Brien, one of the finest and most amiable young men I ever knew, was shot through the heart at the first discharge. The seconds were heavily censured. The cause of quarrel was a trifling misconception—and the prevalent opinion was, that no necessity existed for any hostile meeting, and that life was exposed and lost through the rashness of those to whom its preservation, consistent with a soldier's honour, should have been the primary consideration.

I have, I regret to say, been present when blood has been shed unnecessarily; but one pleasing reminiscence attends a look back into a stormy life, and smooths my pillow when I recall the past. I have been sufficiently fortunate in removing misunderstandings among friends, and ending affairs, to mutual satisfaction, which portended more serious conclusions. In making this assertion, I claim but little merit, for during the experience of a long career, I conscientiously believe, that in ten appeals to the field where life was sacrificed, *nine* were unrequited—and I feel assured that an honourable accommodation could have been effected, had those employed, as Napoleon called it, "known their trade," and exercised a sound discretion.

The first affair of honour I was engaged in was purely military;—the principals and myself had not reckoned twenty years each, while the fourth of the *partie quarrée* was more than thirty-five. He rejected all accommodation, and, with the hot blood of inexperienced youth, I too forgot the responsibility of my situation, and consented to an instant meeting. We went to the ground—shots were interchanged—one of the party was slightly hit—and yet the ruffian opposed to me would have carried the affair further, had I not peremptorily declined it, and broadly hinted that the principals and seconds should exchange places were the matter pressed. This overture on my part was not accepted—two gallant young men were sincerely reconciled—and within twelve months, the scoundrel who would have hounded three boys on to commit homicide without a cause, was dismissed from the Peninsular army, having, *through personal cowardice*, compromised the safety of an outlying picket, which was only preserved by the cool gallantry of a lamented friend, whose gentleness of temper was proverbial in the regiment.

I have promised to point my precepts by example, and an anecdote related by Colonel Welsh, in his amusing recollections, may here be apposite. After describing the successful assault made upon an Indian fortress (Ahmednuggur), he thus proceeds:—

“Captain Duncan Grant, the first man killed in our army, was a young officer of great promise, and endeared to every one who had the happiness of knowing him. In the same corps (his Majesty’s 78th Highland regiment), there was an old and most respectable officer, Captain Browne, who commanded the grenadiers, who had a piper attached to his company. This gentleman was by many years older than any other in the regiment; he had been unfortunate in promotion, was rather cold and serious in his manners, and being an Englishman, he did not mix much with his new comrades. One evening, about the beginning of August, Grant had given a party to a number of young men at his tent in the lines, and sending for the piper, the company amused themselves by listening to his pibrochs and dancing to his reels. To such a party it would have been an idle compliment to have invited Captain Browne; but, situated as their tents were, it was impossible for him not to be aware of what appeared to him the unlicensed use made of his piper. Next evening, when the officers assembled in front of the parade, he addressed himself to Captain Grant, and expressed his surprise that he should have sent for the man without having made a previous application to him. Grant carelessly replied, ‘that he did not conceive such an application necessary, and that he should send for the piper whenever he pleased.’ Captain Browne, with great

solemnity, observed, 'Sir, you are a boy, and nobody but a boy would tell me so.'

"The parade broke up, and Captain Grant requested a lieutenant to go to Captain Browne, and tell him that he could not rest satisfied, without some apology for the expressions he had made use of; at the same time declaring, that he bore him no enmity, and would be satisfied with the slightest concession.

"The person unfortunately chosen as a friend on this occasion proved unworthy of confidence, and instead of preventing a meeting, he was accused of fermenting the affair, until a challenge was given and received. The parties met and fired together; the ball from Grant's pistol depriving his brother-officer of life, and the service of a gallant soldier.

"The execrated individual, who was more than suspected of producing this lamentable affair, being two days after engaged in a personal quarrel with another officer, and displaying in the conduct of the business a brutal ferocity, was turned out of camp by General Wellesley the night before we marched to Ahmednuggur. To use the general's words—'That such a wretch might not have an opportunity of sharing in the honours of an army which he had thus disgraced.' Poor Grant was placed in arrest, and seemed deeply to lament the mischief he had done. When riding by my side on the march, he suddenly seized my hand with energy, and pressed it, without uttering a word; then rode off, and, unarmed as he was, rushed up, the first man to the top of the ladder, from which he fell, a lifeless corpse!"

In a regimental mess, you see an epitome of the world. You have the gay and the grave—the thoughtless and the prudent—the single-hearted and the selfish—in short, human character will be exhibited under every phase, for the colouring of life is varied as the rainbow.

To those who are superior in rank and years, respect is due and must be given—while towards your equals, a friendly urbanity should be preserved. With a coarse-mannered individual, remain on terms of distant civility—for with such a man intimacy would be dangerous. Enter into no idle arguments—for not one discussion in a hundred is worth a tithe of the breath wasted in bringing it to a close. Let no familiarity induce you to use a word or epithet you would not venture to address to a stranger. Ascertain the temper of him with whom you jest—and never amuse others at the expense of an individual; for whatever may be his peculiarities in manner or appearance, you have no right to turn them into ridicule. If, inadvertently, you give pain, remove the erroneous impression instantly—and should you be hurried by anger or excitement, into the commission of

a more serious offence, with the first return of reason, offer freely a full apology for the offending. If conscience tells you that you are in the wrong, do not wait until the *amende honorable* is required, but let it be a voluntary offering from yourself. Remember that a green wound is easily salved—let it fester for a day or two, and it becomes gangrenous, and then it will set simple remedies at defiance. Never hesitate, if you have given offence, to apologize to him whom you have offended. It is no proof of manly spirit to continue in a wrong position—and if you have wounded the feelings of another, putting honourable considerations aside, common justice demands that you should atone for the pain you have inflicted.

The maintenance of social relations among a body of men who necessarily must come into daily contact calls for a limited forbearance from each other. In life there are a thousand secret causes to create annoyance—and according to men's tempers, they will be occasionally more or less liable to be irritable. If some hasty expression is used, allow an opportunity for its retraction—and receive the explanation as a receipt in full for the offending. A misunderstanding or slight offence should be fully accommodated at once: for half-reconciled quarrels, like smouldering fires, burst always into brighter flames. Receive the least quantum of atonement which honour will admit of—for a gentleman should merely seek such redress as will atone for offence received, and not endeavour to wound the feelings of the offender by exacting unworthy concessions. Believe me, when good taste and a little temper are exercised, that out of fifty misunderstandings, forty-nine will be satisfactorily adjusted. Although society has declared its marked detestation of the man who will outrage the feelings of another, and either through contemptible false pride, or a more diabolical obstinacy, refuse reparation for the offence, and force a high-spirited individual to resort to the last and worst alternative, still in the world such men exist. In early life I met many of this description—and in recalling to memory a score of them, by a just retribution, I find that three-fourths of the number perished as they deserved—"in their vocation." I could enumerate many cases where men blindly or wickedly urged remediable quarrels to fatal terminations—but a couple will be sufficient.

The first I shall allude to, was the duel in which Lord Camelford fell. Mr. Best, his antagonist, offered the amplest explanations, and even went beyond the extent that, in its strict construction, the law of honour would permit. Unfortunately, he held the reputation of being a first-rate pistol-shot, and that unlucky celebrity made Lord Camelford deaf to every offer of accommodation. They met, and his lordship fell. That homicide resulted clearly from false pride.

The second instance occurred in 1811, when the Peninsular army was in cantonments; Luck, a lieutenant of light infantry, was appealed to by a captain of his regiment, on a disputed question regarding a donkey-race. The reply was, that "he was incompetent to give an opinion, as he had not witnessed the transaction." Captain Tyrrell rudely expressed his incredulity, and on being required to retract the offence thus wantonly given, in a burst of passion, employed language which a gentleman never uses, nor a soldier listens to without resenting. An immediate meeting resulted—and in less than half an hour the offender was shot through the heart by him upon whom he had forced the quarrel. The sympathy of his brother-officers was given, not to the deceased, but to the survivor—and in a few days Lieutenant Luck was liberated from arrest. Although never had a duellist less cause to regret a disastrous issue, I know that the death of Tyrrell preyed heavily upon Lieutenant Luck.—Poor Robert! his own career was briefly ended—and he died a soldier's death, forcing, at the head of his company, Soult's last entrenchment on the heights of the Bidasoa.

EVILS OF GAMBLING.

FROM a vice which fashion stamped as gentlemanly, but, fortunately, of rare occurrence now, I must call your attention to another far more prevalent, and not less ruinous than duelling—I mean that of gaming, or what is softened by modern parlance into the milder term of "play." The gambler will exclaim with uplifted hands against him who hurries another to the field, and sacrifices human life as an offering to the shrine of false honour. He will talk of widowed wives, and unprotected orphanage, and every evil consequent upon honourable murder. But let him ask himself, how many desolate hearths his accursed thirst for ill-got wealth has made; how many once-happy unions has he not severed; let him name the victims he has dragged, step after step, from bad to worse, until he undermined every manly and honest principle, and drove the ruined dupe to live a degraded man, or end an existence no longer supportable? Were these revelations faithfully made, rest assured that the die would be found more destructive than the pistol; and it would be proved that more broken gamblers perish by suicide, than men of unruly temper die by affairs of honour in the field.

Virgil says, "*Facilis descensus Averni,*" and it is astonishing how rapidly, plunge after plunge, a man, once the Rubicon of

honour is passed, hurries to the lowest depths of degradation. I speak not from hearsay, but from sad experience. I have known those, who, in early manhood, would shrink from the slightest deviation from the path of rectitude, become familiarized with, and practise every filthy mode which the most degraded swindlers adopt to plunder the unwary. To point out any of the ruined wretches which every day adds to the melancholy list of thousands before destroyed, would be irrelevant—and I shall confine my remarks chiefly to the professional mischief which attends a thirst for play.

It has frequently been a subject of astonishment to me, as to what becomes of the money won occasionally. One hears of hundreds reduced to beggary by race-courses and other places, but a wealthy gambler is rarely mentioned. Where the villainous products of book and table go remains a mystery.

Of all the vices to which erring man is prone, I believe a love of gaming is the only one that is not to be eradicated if once the root has struck. The drunkard may be reclaimed—the duellist, shocked by some calamitous occurrence, will occasionally abjure the pistol—but to every better suggestion of the heart, the gambler is insensible, and for one accursed pursuit every link of common humanity will be snapped asunder. Clime or *caste* may vary, but the gambler is the same. The Malay stakes his favourite wife upon a quail fight—the peer beggars his first-born on the Derby—while for a pot-house sweep, the shopman robs the till, and the child plunders his unsuspecting parent.

That every domestic relation is annihilated by a spirit for play, has been too frequently and too fatally proved to admit a question—and that it is equally destructive to every moral quality in man, has been frequently established. I never knew a gambler who was not a heartless wretch—incapable of friendship—cold to love—a monster all absorbed within himself—and without a single feeling in unison with the best sympathies of our nature.

Guy had taken a high degree in Cambridge, and with the exception of the late Baron Smith, I never met a more elegant scholar, or a more polished gentleman. After he had left the University, Guy travelled—but alas! the hour he first set foot in the French metropolis was fatal to him. On the continent he imbibed a taste for play, which, in latter life, became unconquerable. With abundant talent to have taken a high position in any walk of life, through his accursed rage for gaming, his career was a succession of wild literary speculations, all sufficiently specious, and all equally unfortunate.

A long probation in a debtor's jail might have been expected to work a reformation. There, poor Guy underwent every extreme of misery, and when he was at last discharged, he had

wearied out every friend, and found himself once more upon the world, and having contracted an unfortunate marriage, burthened with a helpless woman, and without a coat. A rare instance of a tradesman's kindness relieved Guy from the latter difficulty. A tailor, whom he had once befriended, heard of his patron's misfortunes, visited him in prison, and begged to present him with a suit of clothes. Poor Guy was too deeply humbled to allow him to reject the offer—and as he was unable to leave his obscure lodging in the daylight, he flitted in the dusk of evening to the friendly tailor's, to receive the welcome supply.

He was returning to his humble home, where she, the faithful companion of his misery, was awaiting him, when unfortunately he passed a low gaming-house, and the spirit for play returning, the impulse was irresistible. He turned into a pawnbroker's, borrowed some money on the new clothes he had obtained, entered the den of infamy, and in half an hour came out—a beggar.

The wretched man was desperate. His companion was awaiting his return, with means to enable him to venture decently abroad, and seek some honest employment. How should he look the wretched girl in the face, and own the fact, that he was an irreclaimable castaway? At the instant a stranger passed, and Guy caught a transient glance of well-remembered features. The face was that of an old schoolfellow, a meek and estimable clergyman, "passing rich," not on forty, but four hundred pounds a-year.

Guy followed his quondam class-fellow to a cheap and unfashionable hotel, and asked for and obtained an interview. At first, the stranger did not recognise in the abject pauper the second wrangler of his year; but the painful remembrance was recalled, and to the tale of Guy's distress a ten-pound note was given, with an ardent squeeze of the hand, and an entreaty to "Go, and sin no more."

Will it be credited? but on its sad reality I pledge my word; the wretched man returned to the den in which an hour before he had been beggared, staked his ten-pound note, and lost it! Madness followed; he rushed wildly from the place, and committed suicide from the battlement of the next bridge, recording, in a hurried scrawl to his wretched companion before he took the fatal leap, the circumstances which had immediately led to self-destruction. *Monomania* is a fashionable doctrine of the day. Was not this wretched man's case decided insanity?

That gamblers have no hearts, the following story will fully establish.

Several years ago I was stopping in a city hotel, and one morning was shocked to learn from the waiter, that a young gentleman I had occasionally noticed in the coffee-room had

destroyed himself during the preceding night by taking an enormous dose of prussic acid. From my informant I ascertained further, that the unhappy suicide had committed the dreadful crime in consequence of having been ruined by play; and from his brief and melancholy history, another proof was given of the blind infatuation with which a confirmed gambler rushes with reckless haste upon destruction.

The unfortunate person had been brought up a tradesman; and scarcely a year before, had unexpectedly succeeded to ten thousand pounds. He immediately threw up a lucrative business, and became, according to his idea of the term, a gentleman. Sharpers at once marked him for a victim; and, as it would appear, never was a dupe more easily ensnared. He was plundered on the turf, and cheated at the hazard-table; and so effectually did these swindlers pluck him, that within twelve months he had not a feather left. On the preceding evening he had entertained his villanous companions for the last time; and although he had made most deliberate preparations for self-destruction, his spirits appeared even more elevated than usual. When the party broke up, he retired to his bed-room, undressed, and swallowed the deadly potion. Of course, death was instantaneous, for he had taken a sufficiency of prussic acid to poison twenty men.

An inquest sate upon the body, and his villanous companions were summoned to give evidence before the jury. Dark suspicions had arisen that they were privy to the intended suicide, and it was whispered that they had even procured the drug. Hence, they were placed in a private room under charge of a policeman until required to give evidence before the inquest.

The coroner directed an officer to bring them forward. He went, unlocked the door, and how does the reader suppose the ruffians were employed? The body of their victim lay in an adjacent room. Were these, the moral murderers of the dead gambler, heart-smitten at the fate of him whom they had driven to self-destruction? No; the wretches were engaged in play, and squabbling about a misdeal! So much for gamblers' hearts.

In military life, play is even more destructive than in any other profession, for I will show, by two examples, that with a gambler's propensities, like the sword of Damocles, the commission of the wretched man is pendent by a hair.

Harry Clavering—I conceal the real name under an assumed one—was as promising a young man as I was ever acquainted with. He was a lieutenant in a light dragoon regiment; the corps was expensive; his allowance from an uncle very limited; but still he kept his place respectably. The regiment was noted for Indian service, and, of course, a considerable outlay was

necessary. Clavering applied to his uncle, and the appeal was attended to. It was remembered afterwards that he had occasionally betrayed a fancy for play; but the restriction of military authority had kept it in abeyance. He went to London, and the visit was a fatal one. He fell there into bad company, went to a hazard table, lost the means provided for his foreign outfit, played on credit—lost, and lost, and lost—and started for Plymouth only half supplied, and indebted 300*l.* to his tailor.

He was actually embarked, blue-peter was flying at the mast-head, and the vessel waited but the turn of tide to proceed on her voyage. A boat came off, a water-bailiff jumped on board, displayed a silver arrow, and arrested Clavering for 300*l.* It was the tailor's debt, but he had agreed to wait patiently until Clavering could discharge the claim. Why did the man of "shreds and patches" break faith? Attend—it is an example of a gambler's honour.

Clavering lost not only the money his uncle had given him, but was cheated out of another 700*l.* He could not pay. Oh! that was no matter; they would wait his convenience—a note of hand would merely mark the occurrence, and keep the debt in recollection, and it should remain in the winner's pocket-book, if necessary, for years to come. It was given at sight; and, almost before the ink was dry, transferred to a sheriff's officer in the discounting line. From him it passed to a Jew; thence, probably, to a Gentle; and in twenty-four hours to the identical tailor, to whom poor Clavering was already indebted 300*l.*

Clavering's doom was sealed. The tailor issued a writ, considering the young man's circumstances as desperate; of course his arrest was fatal, but he obtained permission to sell out. The assets of the sale were swept up by creditors, a long and wretched probation in the Fleet ensued, his uncle cut him off in anger, and when he was turned on the world again he came out a ragged pauper.

He sang beautifully, and his taste was exquisite. Forced by sad necessity, he became a street singer, and in the evenings sang beneath the lighted windows of West-end houses, and from the gay company within, frequently obtained relief. What must have been the bitterness of his feelings, when he remembered that where he was a beggar now, once he had been a guest; and that the servant who handed him a small donation, had stood behind his chair at table!

The worst was yet to come—cold, and wet, and gin, ruined a weakly constitution, and he lost his voice entirely. The means by which he earned a miserable support were thus removed, and he became a common mendicant. He was last seen by an old companion vending lucifer matches in Leicester-square, and

three months afterwards traced to the workhouse, where he died of consumption, and was buried by the parish.

One tale more, and I turn from the history of gamblers in disgust. Poor Clavering, fortunately, has been relieved by death from misery, but I lament to say, that the individual whose fallen career I am about to describe, at the time I am writing drags on a degraded existence, pitied by none, and avoided by all but the lowest of the low.

Gilbert was the son of a general officer, and had reached the rank of brevet-major. He was one of those easy-tempered, harmless, and useless individuals one meets so often in society, who never make themselves enemies or friends, and pass through life unknown and unregretted. He sang, and danced, and was ready to play buffo for any company who would listen to him. In earlier life he had no decided vice, excepting a fondness for wine, and indifference as to money matters. In Paris, during its occupation by the allies, Gilbert more freely yielded to indulgence of the bottle, and contracted an itch for play, which in time became irrepressible. For several years this vicious propensity had kept him in constant embarrassment, and more than once, his commission was all but forfeited. After every escape he made prudential resolutions, but he was scarcely free from one difficulty until he invariably contrived to plunge into another.

The regiment was quartered in a town in the west of Ireland; and in return for their hospitality, the officers gave a ball to the inhabitants. I was a steward on the occasion—and on going down stairs to give directions about supper, I passed a small room, and the door being ajar, observed a party engaged in play. In two or three of the persons round the table, I recognized several notorious gamblers, and, to my horror and surprise, Major Gilbert was busily at work, and at the moment held the dice-box in his hand.

I entered the room, placed myself behind the chair of one of the players, and in front of the unfortunate man. Gilbert was in the highest spirits—a transient gleam of good fortune had excited a gambler's hopes—and a few country notes and pile of silver before him on the table, announced his previous success. One glance assured me that the infatuated wretch was certain to be ruined in the end. A glass of brandy-and-water was at his elbow, to which he frequently applied himself, while his companions, with the exception of an eccentric baronet, were sober and silent, as gamblers generally are. For a moment I caught the eye of the deluded individual. To the deep frown of disapprobation I darted at him, the fool returned a smile, and glanced at the money before him. It was useless to waste another look

upon the devoted dupe, his fate was sealed, and in disgust I quitted the room, and left the gamblers to themselves.

Supper was succeeded by dancing, and day had dawned before the gay party separated. Passing the play-room, I once more looked in; three hours had wrought a striking change, Gilbert and the baronet alone were playing; the money had vanished, each gambling event being marked upon a card, and what the stakes were I knew not. The smile of triumphant success had changed to a sullen expression of settled disappointment, as Gilbert regarded every cast of the dice-box, saw fortune declare against him, and the baronet pencil down his winnings.

"He is ruined," whispered a young ensign who had been a looker-on.

"It is only what he deserves to be," I replied with indifference—and left the hotel for my barrack-room.

Next day I was sitting at breakfast, when a knock on the door announced an early visitor, and the adjutant came in.

"Have you heard what has occurred?" was his first observation.

"No," I replied; "but if I might venture a guess, I should say that Gilbert is ruined."

"Precisely, and the colonel wishes to see you immediately."

I put on my hat, accompanied the adjutant, and found the commanding officer in his apartments, and alone.

"So," said the colonel, "that unhappy man has at last completed his destruction."

"I was quite prepared, sir, for the information," I replied, and mentioned my visits to the play-room. "Pray, colonel, have you heard what the amount of his losses may be?"

"Not exactly, but quite enough to cast him out a beggar on the world."

A knock interrupted further conversation. It was a messenger from the hotel, with a note from the baronet, with whom I was intimately acquainted, desiring to see me immediately.

The colonel advised me to go, and in a few minutes I found myself with Sir Walter Harmel, who was still in bed.

"I was rather fortunate last night," observed the baronet, as he dotted the figures on his card.

"I am sincerely sorry for it," I replied drily.

"Indeed," returned Sir Walter, "and may I inquire wherefore?"

"Because I regard money gained by play, as being neither creditable to the winner nor the loser."

"You are moral, my young friend."

"Or rather candid," I returned.

"No matter: I have sent for you to ask a simple question.

Gilbert owes me £1,500. Can he pay the whole at once, or must I give him time?"

"I shall be candid again, Sir Walter. I believe that at this moment, did as many farthings cancel the debt, Gilbert could not command them; nor do I believe it will ever be in his power to pay that sum."

"And may I ask," continued the baronet angrily, "do you consider it a soldier's act, to sit down to play without the means to meet engagements?"

"Certainly not;—and with such a man no officer would *corps*. Of course, your demand for payment will be the signal for Gilbert to quit the regiment in disgrace."

The baronet looked thoughtful. "Must he lose his commission?" he inquired.

"Indubitably, Sir Walter."

"Has he no family connexions or friends to assist him?"

"None; he has tired them all out."

"You say if I press my claim—" he paused.

"That Gilbert will be utterly ruined."

"The fool," ejaculated the baronet; "could he pay half?"

I shook my head.

"A quarter?"

Another shake.

"Anything?"

"Were any compromise made, short of the full payment of your claim, we could not receive him into our society."

"Were the claim permitted to stand over?" inquired the baronet.

"Even that, if known, Sir Walter, would be fatal to Major Gilbert. We could not associate with a man who had contracted a large debt, with the knowledge that he had no means of paying it."

"I have but one alternative then, it seems, either to relinquish the debt, or ruin the debtor. I cannot do the latter."

He took the card on which the particulars of the play transactions of the preceding evening were inscribed, tore it in pieces, handed me the fragments, and desired me to intimate to Gilbert that "there was a receipt in full."

It was a rare instance of generous forbearance in a gambler; and I expressed my feelings warmly.

"Pshaw!" returned the eccentric baronet, "be off—I want an hour's sleep, and if I ruined that stupid idiot, I question whether I could manage to obtain a snooze."

Had not the colonel been a kindly-hearted man, the baronet's generosity would not have saved Gilbert from the consequences of his folly, and he must have retired; but the business was

hushed up, and when the regiment was ordered to relieve another in a distant colony, Gilbert accompanied, or rather followed it on service.

Would a man, plucked from destruction by a miraculous intervention of good fortune, ever risk a shilling during life? Would not the very appearance of a dice-box recall humiliating recollections, and colour his cheeks with shame? One would suppose so;—but, no:—a taste for play, as that by which human blood affects the tiger, leaves a desire for more behind, and never can be satisfied. Mark the *finale* of the unhappy man's career, whose memoir I have briefly given.

Gilbert had been detained in England by his father's death, and came out in a private ship to join his regiment. Two scoundrels, compelled to quit the country for their misdeeds, were among the passengers, and during the voyage they marked out and found an easy victim in poor Gilbert. The more he lost, the more he flew to brandy to drown unhappy recollections, and when he landed he was a broken man, and an incurable drunkard. Plunged over head and ears in debt, he resorted to means inconsistent with the character of a gentleman, to raise money to meet the expenses of low debauchery. At last, for being drunk upon parade, and borrowing a paltry sum from his pay-sergeant, he was brought to a court-martial and cashiered. He lives unhappily, without a home, squalid and shoeless; he wanders on the quays, consorting with any common soldier or sailor who will offer him a meal, or treat him to a glass of liquor. He will drag out a degraded existence, and die in the streets, or expire, the inmate of an hospital. Such is the gambler's end!

TRUE COURAGE.

COURAGE is properly considered the first essential quality to form the soldier; abstractedly, the principle is correct, but he who would aspire to military success on this dependence will find himself miserably disappointed. Courage is moral and physical. In war, the latter may, on rare occasions, "few and far between," be turned to account—while on service, eternal opportunities open to him who is possessor of the former, a road to honour and distinction.

I know not a physical quality which is exhibited under more different phases. Like human temper, its varieties are innumerable. A man, whose boiling courage leads him to volunteer as leader of a forlorn hope, sinks under the fatigue

and privations of a few forced marches, while the impassive determination of another, who wanted nerve or ambition to head a lethal struggle in the breach, calmly works himself through difficulties, and by the union of head and heart, establishes a marked superiority over the reckless adventurer, who would boldly "stake his life upon the cast"—and, with unshaken determination, to follow out the poet's words, "stand the hazard of the die."

The hair-brained courage of our own countrymen is proverbial. It is, when irregular, merely an idle exhibition of reckless daring; when systematized, the dangerous property that renders the Irish soldier irresistible. I have, in a southern fair, driven hundreds in a faction fight before me, with a handful of dragoons; and yet these very men recruited the ranks of a native regiment a few months afterwards, which, bayonet to bayonet, scattered, like sheep, Napoleon's middle guard at Fuentes d'Onore.

To point out the varieties of personal courage would be endless. By its brilliant display, Murat won a splendid reputation; while, by a different exhibition, Ney attained, even among that matchless group of soldiers, the marshals of Napoleon, the proud *sobriquet* of *brave de braves*—and won a well-earned immortality.

And yet the difference of these splendid soldiers, in their respective claims to military superiority, was remarkable. Murat, with glorious audacity at the head of his noble cavalry, conspicuous by his white-plumed cap, and found ever where the contest was the hottest, won even from his wild opponents (the Cossack guard) their boundless admiration; while Ney, in ruin and defeat, was greatest, as, half-buried in a snow-wreath, he examined his maps, and calmly, when all beside despaired, pricked the route out, that saved to France the *débris* of her magnificent army. To which of these unequalled soldiers should the palm of moral courage be awarded? To the latter, indubitably.

I would not, however, infer that the unexpected display of personal intrepidity is not as serviceable to the soldier occasionally, as the cooler determination which carries out deliberate combinations. Example does much—and whether heading a British company, or leading on "the dark sepy," the effect is equally powerful.

As every human quality exhibits itself according to the circumstances which call it into operation, so does courage individually assume a character fervid or philosophic, according to the temper and disposition of the man. One will evince insensibility to danger, and boldness in display; another, impassive

and undisturbed, preserves a mental calmness, when even the daring will despair.

"Some men are born brave; others acquire intrepidity from example; and even a timid spirit may be stimulated by action, until personal apprehension is overcome. Amid the crash of battle, the dullest soul catches a glorious impulse, and, for the time, casts off its natural timidity. To exert, however, that mental calmness which conveys, in brief and lucid language, the details and plans of action, requiring the agency of many, and whose success, the misconception of an individual might destroy,—this demands a philosophic concentration of thought, which many, found foremost in the press of fight, never can attain. The most important quality of a great general, Napoleon and Wellington possessed extensively; and when the fate of battle hung upon a hair, both were calm and self-collected, and the order upon which victory or defeat depended was issued with a coolness that approached insensibility. The terrible attack at Essling was simply indicated by a gesture, and when tidings were brought upon that bloody evening, which might have palsied the firmest nerves, not a feature of Napoleon was seen to alter. Sitting on the embankment of a field-work, undisturbed by the roar of his own artillery, or a responding thunder from the batteries of the fortress, Lord Wellington penned the plan of the assault; and when that writing went forth, the doom of Ciudad Rodrigo was sealed!"*

That to personal courage the soldier will often be indebted for his safety and his fame, the history of warfare proves abundantly; but, in another point of view, the quality is valuable—for in military life, example produces an effect scarcely to be understood, and exercises the most powerful influence upon equals and subordinates. The coolness of his officer when under fire, is felt and imitated even by the recruit—and when his leader presses boldly forward in the *mêlée*, the man must be a craven spirit who then holds back. The rawest soldier looks to the *sang-froid* of his superior, and from his reckless bearing acquires the cool assurance which renders him indifferent to danger, while the veteran answers, with a glow of martial pleasure, the cheering command of "Follow me!" Even troops of another clime and *caste* feel the exciting effect of brave example. To the reckless gallantry of their officers, the revolutionary and imperial armies of France, composed of a dozen different nations, and speaking as many tongues, were indebted for their most glorious victories—and Peninsular annals will fully establish the unbounded devotion which distinguished the allied leaders, from the beardless boy to the grey-haired veteran, in field and

* Maxwell's Life of Wellington.

breach. To enumerate the thousand displays of British daring during the glorious contest in the Peninsula would require a narrative of every siege and action. That an *esprit de pays* will ever stimulate a soldier to respond to the commands of his countryman may be imagined—but on alien troops I will point the effect—and whether they be Sepoy or Spanish, personal example will not be exhibited in vain.

In Colonel Welsh's "Indian Recollections," the following anecdote is narrated.

"In an affair in Colonel Wellesley's campaigns, Lieutenant Langlands, of the 74th, was attacked by a powerful Arab, who having thrown a spear that cut through the fleshy part of the leg, and stuck in the ground behind, rushed forward, sword in hand, to despatch his intended victim. Langlands plucked the spear from the ground, and launched it with such dexterity in return, that it passed right through the Arab's body, and pinned him to the ground. All eyes had been turned on the combatants—and a grenadier sepoy sprang from the ranks, patted the Lieutenant on the back, and exclaimed "Atchah Sahib! Chote atchah Keeah!" ("Well, sir—very well done!") The Colonel adds, *naively* enough: "Our soldiers all enjoyed a hearty laugh before they concluded the work of death on the remainder of the ill-fated Arabs."

Victory is often wrested from an enemy, in the very hour of his imaginary triumph. But for Graham's daring decision, Barrosa would have ended in defeat; and had not Hardinge, at the crisis of the battle, brought the fusileer brigade forward on his own responsibility, Albuera would have been a fatal field to Britain. Maxwell's splendid charge turned the doubtful issue at Assaye; and Le Marchant's onset at Salamanca,* opened the certain road to victory. Both earned success with life—and both perished in the front of battle, animating their followers by chivalrous example.

There is another, and a different character in military courage, probably more interesting than more brilliant and more fortunate displays; the heroism which, in disaster or defeat, offers itself devotedly, and discharges duty at expense of life. In two

* "Bursting through smoke and dust, the heavy brigade galloped across the interval of ground between the heights where the third division had made its flank attack, and the fifth its more direct one. Sweeping through a mob of soldiers, the brigade rode boldly at the three battalions of the French 66th, which, formed in supporting lines, endeavoured to check the advance of the allies, and afford time for the broken divisions to have their organization restored. Headless of its searching fire, the British dragoons penetrated and broke the columns; and numbers of the French were sabred, while the remainder were driven back upon the third division, and made prisoners. Still pressing on, another regiment, in close order, presented itself; this, too, was charged, broken, and cut down."—*Victories of the British Armies.*

instances I will direct your attention to it. The first occurred at Albuera.

You are probably not aware, that Soult laid claim to victory, and rested his pretensions to a fancied success, in having gained the colours of a battalion, that had been literally cut to pieces.

"The banner gained from a regiment almost exterminated in its defence, confers more honour in the loss, than in the acquisition. Through many a hand the English colours passed, before a single stand was obtained by the assailants. Two were picked up from the ground, for all immediately about them were dead or dying; and several, like those of 'the Buffs,' were recovered after signal heroism had been displayed in their defence. Ensign Thomas, who bore one of the flags, was surrounded, and asked to give it up. 'Not, but with my life,' was his answer, and his life was the instant forfeit; but the standard thus taken was regained, and the manner in which it had been defended will not be forgotten when it shall be borne again to battle. Ensign Walsh, who carried the other colours, had the staff broken in his hand by a cannon-ball, and fell severely wounded; but more anxious about his precious charge than himself, he separated the flag from the shattered staff, and secured it on his bosom, where it was found when his wounds were dressed after the battle."*

With one Waterloo reminiscence I turn to another subject, and if ever a tribute of admiration was due to an heroic enemy, the self-devotion of the gallant cuirassier should liberally obtain it.

"So rapid and impetuous were the assaults of the French cavalry, that the British guns were frequently in their possession, the artillery-men being forced to seek shelter in the squares behind. But the well-directed fire of the infantry, and the charges of the cavalry, who rushed forward at every opportunity, prevented the enemy from ever removing the cannon. On one occasion, the activity of two artillery officers enabled a single gun to do much execution. As often as the enemy's squadrons retired, these officers, issuing from the square, loaded and fired the gun, which was sure to destroy six or eight. This manœuvre was repeated several times, when the French officer who commanded the corps, by a noble act of self-devotion, saved his men from one discharge at least; as the squadron recoiled, he placed himself singly by the piece, and waved his sword, as if to defy any one to approach him. He was killed by a Brunswick rifleman."†

* Southey.

† Mudford.

SOLDIERLY QUALITIES.

MORAL and physical qualities only reach the highest point of their utility by proper cultivation;—the diamond must be polished—and although a man may be born a soldier, a regulated course of discipline is required before he can become master of his art, and develop the military talents with which nature may have liberally gifted him. By some, the principles of war are intuitively acquired;—with others, the very rudiments of the art demand a long and anxious ordeal. But no matter what may be the amount of individual qualification, in every case, patience in the preceptor, and attention in the pupil, are indispensable.

The first principle to instil into the mind of the aspirant for military distinction is strict obedience. Without its absolute necessity being comprehended, it would be idle to offer instruction to the neophyte, and the art of war would be a dead letter. From the general of division to the drummer, who mechanically conveys the orders of his superior, obedience is equally demanded. To ensure the unity of action, without which military combinations can never be carried out, every portion of that living machine, an army, must be at the absolute disposition of its grand director. The slightest failure of a subordinate, would entail ruin on the ablest conception of a commander—and like pieces on a chess-board, his troops must move at the volition of a general. The duty of inferiors is to execute what they are commanded to perform, without attempting to penetrate the ulterior results to which the order tends. The design of the leader is to be carried out by the subordinates—and while the grand duty of the one is to direct, that of the other is to obey.

As I have observed elsewhere, courage forms but one quality in the estimate of what is required to complete the military character—for patient obedience, fidelity, and endurance of privations are equally essential. Were it necessary to prove, what every man who has played a part in the game of war has seen so constantly established, I would direct your attention to the Eastern armies of Great Britain, and hold out the Sepoy to the European soldier as an example.

Commanded entirely by British officers, the Indian army in efficiency was scarcely second to any. In the field, the Sepoy soldier emulated his European associates in gallantry and discipline; and in the camp, he far exceeded them in sobriety and

general good conduct. In danger, the Hindu exhibited a calm resolution, which no reverses could overturn; his fidelity was unbounded—his loyalty not to be shaken—want and suffering could never induce him to desert his officers—and death alone detached him from those colours, which, whether in victory or defeat, he regarded with a devotion that bordered on idolatry. His character united opposites; for with a disposition imbued with the mildness of woman, he combined the indomitable courage of a hero. Many instances could be adduced to show, that in some of the best requisites of a soldier, "the Indian auxiliary might serve as a model to every service in Europe," and that when circumstances required it, he was willing to seal his loyalty with his life, and abandon every thing but his faith.

In the record of an Indian siege, it is stated, that "on one occasion, when the provisions of a garrison were very low, and a surrender in consequence appeared unavoidable, the Hindu soldiers entreated their commander to allow them to boil their rice, the only food left, for the whole garrison. 'Your English soldiers,' said they, 'can eat from our hands, though we cannot eat from theirs; we will allow them, as their share, every grain of the rice, and subsist ourselves by drinking the water in which it has been boiled.'"

A still more striking trait of the deep affection a Hindu soldier feels for his European comrade is recorded. When the remnant of Baily's army were delivered up to that truculent monster Tippoo Sultaun, they were marched across the country to Madras, a distance of four hundred miles. "During the march, the utmost pains were taken by Tippoo's guards to keep the Hindu privates separate from their European officers, in the hope that their fidelity might yet sink under the hardships to which they were exposed, but in vain; and not only did they all remain true to their colours, but swam the tanks and rivers by which they were separated from the officers during the night, bringing them all they could save from their little pittance, 'for we,' they said, 'can live on any thing, but you require beef and mutton.'"

The deep attachment of these faithful troops may be instanced by another test, and it will appear that the fidelity of the Hindu soldier was never to be shaken, and that the strongest human tie, kindred or affinity, could never swerve the Sepoy from his duty. On the occasion of a native revolt, "a battalion of the 27th native infantry, with four hundred Bohilla horse, recently embodied, were all that could be brought against the insurgents, who were above twelve thousand strong. They continued to resist till two thousand were slain; and although many of them were their relations and neighbours, and their priest advanced

* Williams's "Indian Army."

and invoked them to join their natural friends, only one man was found wanting to his duty, and he was immediately put to death by his comrades, who throughout maintained the most unshaken fidelity and courage.*

The history of the Peninsular campaigns exhibits a faithful and instructive picture of the moral and military effects which strict discipline produces on an army. In the earlier period of the war, the soldiery were licentious and unmanageable, and nothing but the inflexible determination of Lord Wellington could have repressed their increasing misconduct. After his occupation of the lines of Torres Vedras, he thus describes the conduct of his army.

"I am concerned," he writes, "to tell you, that notwithstanding the pains taken by the general, and other officers of the army, the conduct of the soldiers is infamous. They behave well, generally, when with their regiments, and under the inspection of their officers, and the general officers of the army; but when detached, and coming up from hospitals, although invariably under the command of an officer, and always well fed, and taken care of, and received as children of the family by the housekeeper in Portugal, they commit every description of outrage. They have never brought up a convoy of money, that they have not robbed the chest; nor of shoes, nor any article that could be of use to them, or could produce money, that they do not steal something. At this moment there are three general courts-martial sitting in Portugal, for the trial of soldiers guilty of wanton murders (no less than four people have been killed by them since we returned to Portugal), robberies, thefts, robbing convoys under their charge, &c., &c. I assure you that the military law is not strong enough to keep them in order."†

Again, on the retreat from Burgos, and at a more advanced period of the war, the commander of the allied army had just cause for serious complaint. Desertion became frequent, and plunder was too commonly accompanied with cruelty to the peasantry. Another mischievous breach of discipline had also become very general. Numerous herds of swine were found among the woods, and the soldiers broke from their columns, and commenced shooting pigs wherever they could be found. The spattering fire kept up in the forest by these marauders occasioned frequently an unnecessary alarm, and thus disturbed the brief space allowed for rest to the exhausted soldiers. Nothing but the greatest severity checked this most dangerous offence; and though two of the delinquents, when taken 'red-handed,' and in the very fact, were hanged in the sight of their guilty comrades, the evil was not abated by example; for hun-

* Martin.

† Wellington Despatches.

ger had made starving soldiers indifferent to the desperate consequences their offending was certain to draw down.

Nor was the unflinching severity which visited crime even with the extreme penalties denounced against it by the articles of war, the extent of the disapprobation which Lord Wellington expressed. From whatever causes to which it might be traced, the discipline of the army had deteriorated—and while the men were disorderly, it was alleged that the officers had become indifferent.

The consequence of this deteriorated discipline produced the general order which was issued at Frenada, and which, at the time, occasioned much inquiry at home, and shook Lord Wellington's popularity with his army to the centre. It was certainly an ungracious means of conveying a commander's displeasure. The failure at Burgos was attributable to want of means, and not to want of gallantry in the divisions which had invested it. The splendid victory over Marmont was clouded by the successful defence made by a nameless officer, and more allowance might have been made by its commander for an army who, flushed with previous victory, had failed before a paltry fortress, for want of means to reduce it, and suffered severely in retreating. The want of discipline in an army is more than equalled by a want of unity in its commanders. This may be instanced in the failure of the French at Fuentes d'Onore.

How dependent the ablest commander must be upon his subordinates can be easily imagined; and even for the results attendant on a victory, he must generally be indebted to those whom he commands. As an example, at Salamanca, the operations of the allied army were decisively successful; and yet, through the disobedience of Carlos d'Espana, the rich harvest of a glorious battle-field was but partially reaped.

Among the many natural qualifications which prove valuable to him whose trade is war, coolness in danger and promptness in action will hold a first consideration in the just estimate of military character. Separately, many men possess these martial requisites; but in their union lies their virtue. He who with iron nerve remains impassive under fire, may want the intuitive quickness which seizes the fitting opportunity to return the blow. With a valuable quality undoubtedly, still he wants the power of self-direction—remains an automaton in the hands of others—and in the road to professional distinction is easily outstripped by more active competitors for fame.

To become eminent in any walk of life, a union of these qualities will be serviceable; but in warfare they are indispensable. Individually and collectively their value is the same; and whether to extricate himself in difficulty or follow up suc-

cess, in unshaken coolness and ready action the soldier will ever find the best resources.

In every page of military history examples will be discovered, which prove how frequently great events, as well as individual fortune, hinge on the exercise of mental calmness, or, in the sudden inspiration which sees and seizes the moment for action, which once allowed to pass, might never present itself a second time.

One of Lord Wellington's favourite officers in the earlier part of the Peninsular war, was a colonel in the Portuguese service. From him the allied general received the most correct and valuable intelligence; for he not only ventured freely within the enemy's posts, but actually passed days in the French camp, and returned to the British cantonments undetected. It need scarcely be remarked that Waters was a man who united great intelligence with singular intrepidity, and that many of his adventures were romantic in the extreme. One will sufficiently mark his character.

When captured, he declined to give his parole; and from a friendly Spaniard at Ciudad Rodrigo, obtained a pair of spurs with sharpened rowels. On the journey to Salamanca, ascertaining that the chief of the *gens d'armes* was the best mounted of the party, when the man had occasion to alight and alter the position of the saddle, Waters dashed the rowels into his own horse, and left his escort with scanty ceremony. Although the plain behind him was for miles crowded with French regiments on the march, of whom many fired at him as he passed, while more cheered the bold adventurer, he distanced his pursuers, gained a thick wood, and on the third day rejoined Lord Wellington at head-quarters, who was so thoroughly convinced he would escape, that he had carried the colonel's baggage with his own, observing "that Waters would not long remain an encumbrance upon Regnier."

Another remarkable instance of self-possession and promptness is narrated of General Foy; and to the same ready resources by which Waters evaded captivity, the gallant Frenchman was indebted for escape from death.

Among the generals whose oppressive conduct and tyrannical exactions had rendered them detestable to the Portuguese during Junot's occupation of Lisbon, Loison was the most feared and hated. From the loss of an arm he had acquired the sobriquet of "the maneta," and by that name the very children were taught to dread and curse him. During a popular outbreak at Oporto, Foy fell into the hands of the infuriated populace, and the mob, mistaking him for Loison, called out to "murder the maneta!" With amazing promptness, Foy threw both arms

above his head; and the rabble, who a moment before had devoted the hated one to destruction, discovering their mistake, permitted the general to escape unharmed, when a moment's want of promptness would have consigned him to instant destruction.

At Ligny, when the fortune of the day was evidently declaring for Napoleon, the Prussian commander vainly endeavoured to arrest the French success, by launching his cavalry at the advancing enemy; and in one of these charges Blücher had nearly closed his illustrious career. Heading a regiment of cavalry, which failed in its attack, his horse was wounded, and galloped furiously forward until it dropped down dead. The marshal fell under it, and could not be immediately extricated, for the enemy were pursuing. The last Prussian horseman had passed him as he lay senseless on the ground; but his aide-de-camp, Lieutenant-Colonel Count Nostitz, gallantly determining to share the fate of his general, cast himself by his side, and covered him with his military cloak, that he might not be recognised. The French cuirassiers rode rapidly by; the flying Prussians suddenly rallied, attacked their pursuers, and they again passed him on their retreat. The opportunity was instantly seized, and the veteran hero, mounting a dragoon horse, escaped from his imminent peril.

If by coolness a life may be saved, by its prompt exercise, and not unfrequently, "fields are won." At Barrosa this was instanced.

In the heat of battle, when the issue hung upon a thread, his horse was shot, and for a few moments the English general lay upon the ground, unable to disengage himself from beneath the dying animal. Even then the coolness of the brave old man evinced itself. He called on the 87th to charge—a thrilling cheer answered the order;—on went that glorious regiment, with levelled bayonets, and the opposing ranks of the French grenadiers melted away before the coming rush, which even their oft-tried intrepidity had not the firmness to await.

The relief of Ciudad Rodrigo by Marmont,* was followed by several exploits which illustrate the success that frequently attends military daring, when almost pushed to rashness. After throwing supplies in, the protecting army evinced neither an intention to cross the river in force, or attempt anything further than the object which was thus attained; "for the advanced cavalry withdrew at dusk, and all bivouacked that night near the town. In the morning, however, as soon as objects became discernible, one corps of cavalry, amounting to at least five-and-twenty squadrons, supported by a whole division of infantry,

* 25th September, 1811.

appeared in motion along the great road which, leading from Ciudad Rodrigo to Guinaldo, leaves El Boden on the left; whilst another, less numerous, perhaps, but, like the former, strongly supported by infantry, marched direct upon Espeja. They both moved with admirable steadiness, and great regularity; and as the sun happened to be out, and the morning clear and beautiful, their appearance was altogether warlike and imposing.*

It was a moment when the boldest spirit might have felt alarm. Advanced upon a naked height, the allies at El Boden were isolated and unsupported; for, from necessity, the British brigades were widely separated from each other. To hold the height was their best hope—as to retire over an extensive plain, in the presence of an overwhelming cavalry force, supported by light artillery, would have been an attempt too perilous for any but desperate men to risk. The danger of their position was apparent to all—yet none blanched from the trial, and with fearless intrepidity, waited for the French assault. “While squadron after squadron were defiling along the road, the English infantry remained in columns of battalions behind the ridge, and the cavalry stood dismounted, each dragoon with a bridle on his arm, and apparently as careless to coming events as if he were on the parade ground of his barracks, waiting for the trumpet call to ‘fall in!’ But when the advanced squadrons were about to mount the ridge, the infantry formed line: the dragoons sprang to their saddles; and the artillery, which had occasionally cannonaded the hostile squadrons as they came within their range, opened with additional spirit, and poured from the height a torrent of grape and case-shot, that occasioned a serious loss to the enemy.

“The French appeared to feel sensibly the effect produced by the fire, and a brigade cheered and charged up the heights. The men stood by their guns to the last, but eventually they were obliged to retire. The French dragoons gained the battery, and the cannon were taken.

“Their possession by the enemy was but for a moment. The fifth regiment came steadily forward in line, and after delivering a shattering volley, lowered their bayonets, and boldly advanced to charge the cavalry. This, the first instance of horsemen being assailed by infantry in line—was brilliantly successful. The French were hurried down the height, and the guns recaptured, limbered up, and brought away.”†

When Picton and Cole had gained the heights of Fuente Guinaldo, Lord Wellington had decided upon falling back upon the Coa, and taking there a stronger position. The order transmitted for that purpose to General Craufurd was delayed—and

* Lord Londonderry's Narrative.

† Maxwell.

when it reached him, considering that he would not be safe in fording the Agueda, and ignorant that the mountain passes of Gata and Perales were occupied by the enemy, Craufurd resolved to rejoin the main body by a circuitous route. When his design was communicated to Lord Wellington, orders to counter-march the light division were immediately despatched—and to enable his scattered brigades to reach the Coa safely, the allied general determined to hold the position of Guinaldo. It was a bold and dangerous resolution—scarcely a third of his army was in hand. His left wing at Nava d'Avar was ten miles distant—the fifth division, still further removed from him at Payo—while Craufurd, at Cespedosa, was fifteen miles from Guinaldo—and with two weak divisions, and 2,500 cavalry, isolated and unsupported, he lay within arm's-length of Marmont's united force, exceeding sixty thousand men.

While thus situated, one of those romantic incidents in warfare occurred. The French marshal approached the allied position—and an action, where numbers were so fearfully disproportioned, appeared inevitable. The extraordinary scene that followed is thus described by Lord Londonderry :—

“Long before dawn, however, all were astir in their places ; and the different regiments looked anxiously for the moment which should behold the commencement of a game, as desperate as any which they had yet been called upon to play. But, instead of indulging our troops as they expected, Marmont contented himself with making an exhibition of his force, and causing it to execute a variety of manœuvres in our presence ; and it must be confessed, that a spectacle more striking has rarely been seen. The large body of cavalry, which followed us to our position, and had bivouacked during the night in the woods adjoining, were first drawn out in compact array, as if waiting for the signal to push on. By-and-by, nine battalions of infantry, attended by a proportionate quantity of artillery, made their appearance, and formed into columns, lines, echellons and squares. Towards noon twelve battalions of the imperial guard came upon the ground in one solid mass, and as each soldier was decked out with feathers and shoulder-knots of a bloody hue, their appearance was certainly imposing, in no ordinary degree. The solid column, however, soon deployed into columns of battalions—a movement which was executed with a degree of quickness and accuracy quite admirable ; and then, after having performed several other evolutions with equal precision, the guards piled their arms, and prepared to bivouac. Next came another division of infantry in rear of the guards, and then a fresh column of cavalry, till it was computed that the enemy had collected on this single point a force of not less than

twenty-five thousand men. Nor did the muster cease to go on, as long as daylight lasted. To the very latest moment, we could observe men, horses, guns, carriages, tumbrils, and ammunition waggons, flocking into the encampment, as if it were the design of the French general to bring his whole disposable force to bear against the position of Fuente Guinaldo."

On this remarkable occasion the Iron Duke exhibited that cool and imperturbable self-possession, which in every emergency marked his distinguished and successful career.

"It was at this moment," says Major Sherer, "that a Spanish general, remarkable for his zeal and gallantry, and a great favourite of Wellington, observed to him:—

"Why, here you are with a couple of weak divisions in front of the whole French army, and you seem quite at your ease: why, it is enough to put any man in a fever."

"I have done, according to the very best of my judgment, all that can be done," said Wellington; "therefore, I care not either for the enemy in front, or for anything which they may say at home."

Marmont, however, allowed the golden opportunity to escape him—and his abler antagonist, retreating during the night, united his divisions, and courted, rather than avoided, battle. When informed that for six-and-thirty hours Wellington, with 15,000 men, had lain within cannon range, Marmont's astonishment was unbounded,—and it is reported that he passionately exclaimed, "that bright as Napoleon's star was, Wellington's was more brilliant!" The exclamation was prophetic.

War has its picturesque;—and nothing could be more beautiful than the military spectacle which preceded the conflict at Salamanca, occasioned by the movement of 90,000 men on parallel heights. The line of march was seldom beyond the range of field artillery—and occasionally the guns opened, and the skirmishers interchanged shots. At night, fires were lighted, and both armies bivouacked in presence of each other, in the full expectation that to-morrow's sun would set upon a battle-field. For three days this ominous march continued—Wellington pressing on to gain a point before his rival—Marmont "moving his army as one man along the crest of the heights, preserving the lead he had taken, and making no mistake."

On the 21st the French marshal crossed the Tormes—and the same evening, the bulk of the allied army passed over to the left bank. Night fell before the river was forded, and suddenly a thunder-storm burst with awful violence on the allied bivouacs. "Nothing could harbinge a bloody day more awfully than the

elemental uproar of the night which preceded that of Salamanca. Crash succeeded crash—and in rapid flashes the lightning played over height and valley, while torrents burst from the riven clouds, and swelled all the streams to torrents. Terrified by the storm, the horses broke away from their picketings, and rushing madly to and fro, added to the confusion. One flash killed several belonging to the 5th dragoon guards, and occasioned serious injury to the men in the attempts they made to recover and secure them.*

The 22nd was, like the preceding days, a morning of manœuvres.—Light troops skirmishing—columns marching and counter-marching—and the French marshal, operating rather with a design of confusing his antagonist, than effecting, by complicated movements, any decisive object. Two commanding heights which domineered the country around, called the Arapiles, were occupied by the rival armies—and at noon, Marmont made a demonstration from behind the one he occupied, as if he intended to attack the allied left. But his wary opponent was not to be deceived; and Wellington, perceiving that it was a feint, returned to his old position on the right, which he had quitted for a time to observe the movements of his antagonist.

Two hours passed—Marmont's *finesse* had not succeeded—and he seriously determined to force an action by turning the allied right. "After a variety of evolutions and movements, the enemy appeared to have decided upon his plan about two in the afternoon; and under cover of a heavy cannonade, which, however, did us but very little damage, he extended his left, and moved forward his troops, apparently with an intention to unbrace, by the position of his troops, and by his fire, our post on that of the two Arapiles which we possessed, and from thence to attack and break our line, or, at all events, to render difficult any movement of ours to our right."†

Such was Marmont's expectation;—it was his first mistake—and his rival "fixed it with the stroke of a thunderbolt."

"At that moment Lord Wellington was seated on the hill-side, eating his hurried meal, while an aide-de-camp in attendance watched the enemy's movements with a glass. The bustle then perceptible in the French line attracted his lordship's notice, and he quickly inquired the cause.

"'They are evidently in motion,' was the reply.

"'Indeed—what are they doing?'

"'Extending rapidly to the left,' was answered.

"Lord Wellington sprang upon his feet and seized the telescope; then muttering that Marmont's good genius had

* Victories of the British Armies.

† Wellington Despatches.

deserted him, he mounted his horse, and issued the orders to attack.*

In the same quality for which the victor of Salamanca was remarkable—rapid decision—his great rival Napoleon was equally distinguishable. When displeased with the conduct of his brother, and determined by a mighty effort to crush the spirit of the Spaniards, he hastened in person to direct the movements of his generals, many anecdotes related of Napoleon will be found strikingly characteristic. Dupont's total defeat at Baylen, and Joseph's abandonment of Madrid, at once determined the emperor's resolution; and before it was known that he had quitted Paris, his arrival at Vittoria was announced. On the evening of the 8th of November, he reached the city gates, and was welcomed, in due form, by the civil and military authorities. "Declining the use of a mansion, which had been provided for his reception, he jumped from his horse, entered the first small inn that he observed, and calling for his maps, and a report of the situation of the armies on both sides,† proceeded to study the plan of his campaign. Remarkable for the rapidity of his arrangements, but a short time was consumed in deciding upon a course of operations, varied, complicated, and extensive—and in two hours, orders were issued to the marshals, and the French corps were instantly put in motion."

The great object of Napoleon was the recovery of the capital; and with amazing celerity he took measures to effect the reduction of Madrid. Ney was despatched in pursuit of the central army of the Junta—the fourth corps advanced from the Carrion to Segovia, to open the roads to that city, which the Spanish camp at Sepulveda had blocked up—while he determined to force, in person, the passes of the Somasierra, out-march Castanos, and prevent Madrid from being succoured.

Accordingly, he moved rapidly on the mountains; but the Somasierra was already occupied by San Juan, with 12,000 infantry, and sixteen pieces of cannon. The guns were disposed to sweep the steep and difficult road by which the pass only could be approached; while the infantry, on the other side of the road, formed in lines one above the other, and, strongly intrenched, were admirably posted to defend a position, which few would even dream of attempting to force. The emperor

* Victories of the British Armies.

† "The French army at this moment was thus disposed:—Victor was pressing Blake, and Le Febre moving upon Villarcayo by Medina. The second corps were united at Breviesca, and the third detached at Tafalla Peraltes, Caparosa, and Estrella. The line between Vittoria and Miranda was occupied by the Imperial Guard, the sixth corps, and the reserve; while Lagrange, with his division, connected the positions of the third and sixth corps. Neither the fifth nor the eighth corps *d'armée* had arrived, but both were on their march for the frontier."

however, had taken his decision: and the attempt was made at daybreak, and was successful.

In many striking points, the careers of Napoleon and Wellington exhibited a remarkable similitude. Born in the same year*—following the same profession—passing that dangerous ordeal unharmed, in which so many of their contemporaries perished—and both surviving to gain the loftiest objects, at which ambition's self could strain. Beset with dangers, their preservation seemed miraculous, as both exposed themselves recklessly; and from their most perilous situations both had singular escapes, and by the most opposite agencies. When at Acre, a shell dropped at Napoleon's foot, a soldier, seizing him in his arms, flung him on the ground, and the shivered metal passed harmlessly over the prostrate general, and but slightly wounded his preserver. In Paris, the furious driving of his coachman cleared the street before the infernal machine could be exploded. These were, probably his greatest perils; and from one he was delivered by the devotion of a grenadier—from the other, by the accidental drunkenness of a servant.

Nor were Wellington's escapes less remarkable; for there was rarely an action, in which some of his personal attendants were not killed or wounded. At Vittoria, he passed unharmed through the French centre, bristling with cannon, for eighty pieces were in battery. At Sauron he wrote a memorandum on the bridge, while the enemy were in actual possession of the village. During the bloody contest that ensued, for a short time he sat upon a height within close musket range of the enemy, watching the progress of the battle; and in the evening his danger was still more imminent. It was said of Napoleon that he bore a charmed life; and certainly a special Providence watched over that of Wellington. "God covered his head in battle, and not a hair of it was scathed."†

He who reads military history will observe that a double duty rests with a commanding officer. The plan of a campaign, the dispositions for a battle, may all be admirably conceived; but however comprehensive the talents of a general may be, to exercise them to advantage will in a great degree depend upon the abilities of the subordinates to whom their execution is entrusted. Hence, in the leader of an army, an insight into military character is one of the happiest qualities he can possess. The trade of war, following a favourite term of Napoleon, can

* This is an error. Buonaparte was born Feb. 5, 1768, and Wellington, May 1, 1769.

† Maxwell's Life of Wellington.

only be carried on through complicated agencies, and often, the greatest soldiers of an age are indebted for the immortality which victory confers upon them, to the good services of the humblest individuals.

No man ever appreciated the value of the subordinates they commanded more fully than Napoleon, Wellington, and Blücher—and none bore a more ample and honourable testimony to the deserts of their companions in arms. To that munificence with which Napoleon heaped wealth and honours on deserving talent, the unbounded devotion and unequalled ability of his gallant followers may be ascribed. Wellington's meed of praise was ever given to those who distinguished themselves with generous liberality—whilst Blücher, a rougher soldier, evinced a generous feeling towards his confederates, which probably renders his character more interesting for its honesty, than the sternness of purpose and the indomitable courage, whether in victory or defeat, that rendered him as dear to his gallant countrymen, as dreaded by the mighty Spirit of an age in whose footsteps conquest had followed so long.*

The extraordinary influence which example in a superior possesses will be found equally apparent when fortune smiles upon a general, or when disaster is impending on an army—and it matters not whether it be exhibited to the gray-haired veteran, or to the young soldier for the first time ranged upon a battlefield, the effect will prove the same. A few anecdotes may illustrate this fact.

At Quatre Bras, when all appeared to forebode a fatal issue to the struggle, and Picton's glorious division with difficulty held its ground, the Brunswick regiments were exposed to a destructive fusilade from a cloud of French skirmishers, while an advanced battery poured on them a torrent of grape, which, as their own guns had not come up, they had no means whatever of keeping under. No situation could have been more trying.—“The Brunswickers were, for the most part, young and inexperienced soldiers—in every sense of the word, raw troops; and the numerous casualties which befel their ranks in this exposed situation might have produced a fatal influence upon

* No one understood the military qualities of his mortal foe better than Napoleon; for in “the drunken hussar,” as he contemptuously termed him, he found an enemy whom repeated disasters never had discouraged, and who, in the gloom of defeat, still pointed to his devoted followers victory lurking in the back-ground. Many instances of an indomitable spirit could be given—one will be sufficient:—His confidence in himself and in his soldiers was strikingly and characteristically manifested in the concluding words of the general order he issued to the army on the morning of the 17th of June, after the dreadful day of Ligny:—“I shall immediately lead you against the enemy;—we shall beat him, *because it is our duty to do so.*”

their discipline, but for the noble example of their prince, whose admirable tact and calm demeanour were most conspicuous on this trying occasion. Quietly smoking his pipe in front of his line, he gave out his orders as if at a mere field day; and was only restrained from taking offence at the representations made to him by some of his staff of the imminent danger to which he was exposing himself, from a consciousness of the kindly motives by which they were dictated." *

That troops, devoted to their prince, and excited by mortal enmity against a nation, who for years had added insult to oppression, should be stimulated by the example of a gallant leader, may be readily imagined—but even on duller spirits, the glorious impulse the presence of a proven soldier gives is most effective; and, worthless as the Spaniards were, at a trying moment Wellington's example was not displayed in vain.

TRIUMPHS AND MISHAPS IN THE PENINSULA.

No campaigns on military record evidence the varied ability or deficiency of those who enacted prominent parts in the drama of the field more extensively, than the long and doubtful contest for the deliverance of the Peninsula. Under every possible circumstance, the finest conceptions of strategic science were formed and carried out—and the grossest errors a commander could perpetrate were committed. Boys, the first time under fire, displayed those intuitive qualities with which nature invests him who is destined to become a soldier; and men, gray in the trade of arms, when the hour of trial came, were found professionally incompetent, proving, unfortunately, how useless old-school commandership would find itself if tested by modern tactics, and establishing Iago's principle, that "bookish theory" is "mere prattle without practice."

The prominent defects which will be found in Peninsular generals, the memory of whose errors have unhappily survived those by whom they were committed, will generally be comprised in want of decision, fear of responsibility, incaution, rashness, and an obstinate attachment to those dogmatic rules of art which men who knew the trade of war had wisely repudiated. The former defects in military character were not uncommon to both French and English commanders; while the latter, to a singular extent and with rare exceptions, rendered the Spanish generals worse than contemptible.

* Siborne.

The *matériel* of the Spanish armies was fine—their organisation infamous. Example was lost, and foreign assistance rendered unavailing, for the leaders were generally besotted old men, in whose gray hairs or bodily infirmities the wisdom of war was supposed to concentrate. To the opposite extreme, however, the selections of the Junta sometimes ranged—and through family influence or political intrigue, armies were confided to inexperienced youths, who should scarcely have been intrusted with an outlying picket. The enormous subsidies of Britain were wasted, or malversated altogether—and with every requisite from which to construct an army, a Spanish division exhibited a few passable battalions, interspersed among a half-armed mob. In camp they were frequently starving—in the field “like a rabble upon a pilgrimage.”

Probably, among their worst generals Blake might be instanced—and from the time he committed himself at Zornosa with Lefebvre, until he all but lost the field of Albuera, he might ascribe his frequent escapes from total ruin to errors so outrageous, as actually to unsettle the operations of the men of science to whom he was generally opposed.

While Romana was cautiously advancing towards Bilbao, and the army of Estremadura upon Burgos, Blake rashly determined to attack the French at Zornosa. Mortier, who commanded the French brigade there, at once abandoned the town, and fell back to Durango, where Lefebvre had concentrated the divisions of Sebastiani, Laval, and Villatte. The Spanish general was totally ignorant of the force he was about to attack, he believed himself opposed to two divisions only, and calculated, not merely on defeating the French troops in his front, but on cutting off Ney's corps, amounting to sixteen thousand men. How far the operations of such a miserable leader were likely to prove successful, may be inferred from the single fact, that though unopposed, in six days he had only marched five leagues, and his troops were so wretchedly disposed, that with 36,000 men, he found himself actually upon the field of battle with 17,000 infantry, unsupported by a single gun.

Lefebvre's intelligence respecting the strength of Blake's force led the French marshal to believe that he had, most probably, 50,000 men to contend with; but he determined to fall upon his adversary at once. The French *corps d'armée* mustered 25,000 men; these the duke of Dantzic formed into three columns, and, favoured by a thick fog, he suddenly advanced, and drove back the Spanish vanguard, with the division of Villatte. The attacks of Sebastiani and Laval were equally prompt and successful—the day cleared suddenly, and discovered Blake's infantry mobbed together in masses, upon

which the French artillery opened with terrible effect—the Spaniards were driven from every position where they attempted to make a stand—and, passing Zornosa in the greatest confusion, they reached Bilbao during the night, and next day crossing the Salcedon, took post at Nava.

Acevedo, who had manœuvred to join Blake, by marching to Valmaceda, was in imminent danger of being cut off by Villatte's division; and Blake, to save his comrade, passed the bridge at Nava, during the night of the fourth, and at daybreak occupied the heights of Orantia. The Spaniards, by superior numbers, forced Villatte to return slowly across the Salcedon; and on the appearance of Acevedo, the French general continued his retreat, and although two Spanish regiments had got completely in his rear, he gallantly broke through them, and reached Guenis with the loss of a gun, some baggage, and a considerable number of men.

This wretched *exposé* of Blake's incompetency preceded the appearance of Napoleon in person; and the result did not satisfy the emperor for Lefebvre's departure from instructions previously issued to the French marshals. To some extent, it had interfered with the emperor's plans; for "he wished that the Spanish commanders should be left in dreamy security, until all should be ripe for 'one fell swoop,' that should exterminate them."

Another of this wretched leader's unfortunate displays, was his action with Victor, at Espinosa. There, he had taken a strong position, which, late in the afternoon, was attacked by the duke of Belluno. The Spaniards fought obstinately, and night ended the conflict. It was resumed next morning. Maison's division, moving by its right along the French centre, assailed and broke Blake's first division, and interposed between the Spaniards and the line of retreat, by the roads leading to Espinosa and Santander. At the same time Blake's right and centre were successfully attacked. The assault was irresistible, and a total rout ensued.

Some rushed into the Trueba, which flowed in the rear of the position—others, in wild confusion, went off in every direction. All Blake's baggage, artillery, and stores, were captured—the army literally disbanded—for about 7,000 unarmed fugitives, were the *débris* of the whole, which their miserable commander was able to rally at Reynosa.

Hence, Blake expected to force his way to Astorga, where Sir David Baird's advanced guard had arrived. But Soult's cavalry had cut off that line of retreat; and Lefebvre's second corps attacked and dispersed the relics of those Spanish levies, on which the Junta had built so much, and as indiscreetly committed to one totally incompetent to command them.

With one other of the Spanish general's exploits, we shall dismiss his most inglorious history. After a successful affair at Alcanitz, Blake had recruited his army to nearly 22,000 men, and, in the hope of cutting off a detachment under Faber, imprudently pushed on towards Zaragoza, and thus forced Suchet to a battle. On the 14th of June, both armies were skirmishing at Bottorita; and on the 15th came to action near the village of Maria, on the Huerba.

The Spaniards were badly disposed, attacked, and beaten, with a loss of a general, twenty-five pieces of artillery, and several colours. On the 18th, at Belchita, both armies were again in presence of each other; the French, numerically stronger, and the Spaniards, as might be expected, heavily depressed by their previous disaster. Although the position Blake had taken on the 18th was infinitely stronger than that which he held at Maria, the resistance of the Spaniards was most wretched.

I have already stated, that the immediate causes which induced Napoleon to cross the Pyrenees, and personally direct the measures he had already taken for the suppression of the Spanish insurrection, had arisen from mistakes committed by his lieutenants, and the abandonment of the capital by his brother. With the latter occurrence, two striking military events were immediately connected—and as they forcibly illustrate how entirely success or disaster may be dependant upon the ability or misconduct of the individual to whom an army is entrusted, I will mention both. The one was the surrender of Dupont at Baylen—the other, Cuesta's defeat at Rio Seco.

Dupont had advanced and obtained possession of Cordova, and dispersed the insurgent force collected at Jaen; but, threatened by a combined movement of the Spanish corps, and fearing to lose his communications with Madrid, he recalled his advanced cavalry from Carlota, and fell back on Andujar. Fearing to divide his force by occupying the passes of the Sierra Moreno, with an indecision hard to reconcile with the military reputation he had formerly acquired, he remained unaccountably inactive—and instead of advancing boldly, or prudently retiring, he merely destroyed the bridges across the Guadalquivir, and occupied Baylen in his rear.

In this interval, which unfortunately was wasted in indecision, Castanos, with an activity unusual in a Spaniard, had collected 30,000 men—driven Compigny's brigade from Jaen—and advanced to attack Dupont's corps, after seizing and securing the passes of the Sierra Moreno, which the French general had unfortunately neglected.

Attacked in detail, Dupont in vain endeavoured to force his way through the column, which had actually gained his

rear—but the effort failed. His situation had become hopeless—and he was obliged to enter into a capitulation—and 14,000 veteran soldiers laid down their arms, and surrendered prisoners of war to troops a month before the objects of their derision.

The other picture I have to exhibit will point what daring and skill effect under numerical disadvantage. To secure the capital, and as a preliminary measure for carrying out ulterior operations, Bessieres conceived an able plan to take the Spanish armies in detail, and overpower Cuesta before he could unite himself with Blake. In that, however, he was disappointed; a junction was effected—and a movement on Burgos made. The united armies mustered 30,000 men; but with a bold resolution, admirably carried out, the French marshal determined to attack him with 15,000 troops of all arms. Never was brave decision crowned with more splendid success.

As I have shown what Spanish generals were when holding chief commands, I must exhibit them in the character of subordinates. Two instances will be sufficient—Blake at Albuera, and Cuesta at Talavera.

Badajoz had been invested by a corps commanded by Marshal Beresford, and Soult had advanced to relieve the place. The movements of the French marshal were executed with his proverbial rapidity—and it was decided that the allies should accept battle on the heights of Albuera.

Blake, who commanded the Spaniards, undertook that his corps should be in position at noon of the 15th of May; but his movements were so slow, that the point was not occupied until daybreak on the 16th. At eight o'clock the French commenced manœuvring, and Beresford perceiving that the right, occupied by the Spaniards, was seriously threatened, apprised Blake of his danger, and directed him to change his front. The obstinate Spaniard, however, doggedly insisted that the village of Albuera was the true object of attack, and refused to correct his alignment. At last, when the French columns were actually in rapid march, "Blake proceeded to make the evolution; yet, with such pedantic slowness, that Beresford, impatient of his folly, took the direction himself."

But the delay was fatal; and before the change could be effected, the battle was virtually lost. The brutal stupidity of Blake had rendered Beresford's condition all but desperate; for when endeavouring to effect a change of front with clumsy troops, two-thirds of the French were in a compact order of battle, on a line perpendicular to his right. The consequences may be guessed. The Spanish line could not be advanced sufficiently to allow its being supported by the second division. It

was cut up by artillery—outflanked—charged by cavalry, and disordered—while Soult brought forward his reserves, and the issue of the day seemed decided.

To follow up the story of the battle would be irrelevant, or to tell by what boundless gallantry and Spartan-like devotion, the British battalions, "feeble and few," held desperately their ground, is unnecessary. I wish to show Blake's value as an ally. When Colborne's brigade rashly but gallantly rushed on and took the front of battle, "the Spaniards, regardless that their fire was falling on the English ranks, kept up an unabating fusillade; but when ordered to advance and succour men who were perishing through the brave but rash celerity with which they had rushed to their assistance, no power could move them forward.

"Nothing is impossible," was a favourite maxim of Napoleon—and if ever the correctness of that axiom wanted proof, the issue of Albuera would suffice. The restoration of a battle by a weak brigade, absolutely lost, in military history is, probably, without a parallel. This was accomplished at Albuera.

It is a military maxim, and one the correctness of which the soldier who has seen service will confirm, that "never was a battle fought, in which mistakes were not committed." In reviewing, therefore, the character of a great captain, to expect it to prove faultless, would be to hope for an impossibility—and its value must be tested by the least number of errors which are fairly imputable to him.

Never was commander, Napoleon not excepted, more ably and devotedly supported, than Wellington by his subordinates; and yet, too frequently, the full amount of what might have been expected from victory was sadly diminished by the imprudence or the incapacity of a lieutenant.

The affair of the Douero, for instance, was robbed of its results, by the indecision of the officer whose favourable position enabled him to inflict a ruinous blow upon the routed enemy.

With the same name, other and more extraordinary instances of imbecility are connected. Merely observing, that the campaign under Lord Wellington had closed with triumphant success—that, in six weeks, and with an army not exceeding 100,000 men, he had marched six hundred miles, passed six great rivers, gained one decisive battle, invested two fortresses, and after driving 120,000 veteran troops from Spain, stood on the summit of the Pyrenees, "a recognized conqueror,"—I would direct attention to the disgraceful pendent which Sir John Murray's operations in Valentia affixed to the brilliant successes of the Iron Duke.

Sir John's first object was Tarragona. There he landed on the 3rd of June, and invested the fortress the same evening.

After reducing Fort Belaguer, Sir John opened his fire on Fort Royal on the 6th, and on the 8th the breach was sufficiently practicable to warrant an assault. But Murray declined the attempt—and two days were allowed to pass, while the body of the place was unnecessarily battered.

On the evening of the 10th, a report reached Murray, that Suchet was on march from Barcelona with 10,000 men, and fourteen pieces of cannon; and the English general expressed his resolution to offer battle, rather than allow the siege to be interrupted. Having despatched his cavalry to Altafalla for this purpose, he repaired in person to the eastward, to select a position for the intended combat, leaving orders that the outworks of Tarragona should be stormed at nightfall. A report that Maurice Mathieu had already reached Villa Franca, however, induced him to return early in the evening; but he repeated the order for the assault. At ten, when the storming party was formed, and ready to advance, Murray countermanded his last order—and notwithstanding the earnest remonstrance of his officers, directed that the batteries should be dismantled, and the siege raised. Nothing could be more irregular or disgraceful than the scene which followed.

It is, I believe, a case without a parallel, at least in modern history, that a place invested with every means to secure its quick reduction, was so disgracefully abandoned as this weak fortress. One military occurrence, however, is in perfect keeping—and with Murray's siege of Tarragona, the defence of Badajoz by Imaz may be safely appended.

Jose de Imaz had served under Romana in the north of Europe, and had been subsequently employed with the Spanish armies; and he assumed the command of Badajoz under every encouragement. Of provisions and ammunition he had an ample supply; and his garrison comprised 8,500 effective men. The besiegers were sadly reduced by sickness and fatigue—the breach was impracticable—and the telegraph at Elvas informed him that Massena was in full retreat, and Wellington advancing to raise the siege—an assurance confirmed by a private letter, which a confidential messenger succeeded in delivering. "Imaz read the letter, and instantly surrendered, handing over, at the same moment, the intelligence thus obtained to the enemy."

I have mentioned the admirable co-operation that enabled Lord Wellington to effect his plans, and to which his greatest successes may be attributed;—but masterly decision on his own part was necessary to correct errors in individual character, which otherwise would have neutralized the fine qualities of

many of the most distinguished officers under his command. Two of the most celebrated of his generals of division might be named, who left a glorious and well-won reputation behind them, and yet they were far from being faultless—and these were Picton and Craufurd. With every property to form the soldier, the morose and unbending temper of the one led him almost to become insubordinate; while the fiery disposition of the other overcame his cooler judgment, and prompted him to court action idly, when every prudential reason should have told him that a conflict must prove ruinous.

I recollect reading a treatise upon tactics, written a century ago, when officers carried spontoons, and dragoons wore a cocked-hat over a brigadier wig. From this antiquated expounder of strategy, as it then existed, nothing to illustrate modern warfare could have been reasonably expected; and the stupid pedantry with which the art of war, as well as the art of physic, was then invested, appeared in every page. Still, the assertion of the philosopher was truthfully established, who declared, that "the worst book he had ever opened, was never closed without his having extracted from it something worth remembrance."

"To become an accomplished soldier," quoth the old gentleman, "three things must be kept in mind. Learn first the fitting time to strike your blow. When you do so, let it be firm, not grudgingly, but with hearty will;—and despond not in perplexity; for nothing in war is impossible to him who attempts it with a ready wit and stout heart." These, indeed, are the golden rules of the science, and in these pithy precepts the art of war depends.

In Wellington's Peninsular career, all these golden maxims may be instanced.

On the 26th of July, Picton joined Cole, and took command of the third and fourth divisions. He retired slowly as Soult advanced, and next day took a position to cover Pamplona, and offered battle. Lord Wellington, on the 27th, left Hill's headquarters in the Bastan; and, anxious to ascertain how matters went, crossed the mountain-ridge into the valley of the Lantz; and proceeding to Ostez, learned that Picton had fallen back from Lanzoam to Huarte. Riding at full speed, he reached the village of Sauroren, and his eagle glance detected Clausel's column in march along the ridge of Zabaldica. Convinced that the troops in the valley of the Lantz must be intercepted by this movement, he sprang from his saddle, and pencilled a note on the parapet of the Oricain, and gained the rear of Cole's position. The scene that followed was highly interesting. Lord Fitzroy Somerset, the only staff officer who had kept up with him, galloped with

these orders out of Sauroren by one road, the French light cavalry dashed in by another; and the English general rode alone up the mountain to reach his troops. One of Campbell's Portuguese battalions first descried him, and raised a cry of joy; and the shrill clamour, caught up by the next regiment, swelled as it ran along the line into that stern and appalling shout which the British soldier is wont to give upon the edge of battle, and which no enemy ever heard unmoved. Lord Wellington suddenly stopped in a conspicuous place. He desired that both armies should know he was there; and a double spy, who was present, pointed out Soult, then so near that his features could be plainly distinguished. The English general, it is said, fixed his eyes attentively upon this formidable man, and, speaking as if to himself, said:—"Yonder is a great commander, but he is a cautious one! and will delay his attack to ascertain the cause of these cheers; that will give time to the sixth division to arrive, and I shall beat him." And certain it is, that the French General made no serious attack that day.*

A more unimportant, but not less characteristic evidence that Wellington possessed a quick intuition of the moment when the aggressive should be assumed, occurred during Massena's retreat.

At Fuentes d'Onoro, one of the proudest compliments a regiment could receive was offered to the Connaught Rangers. The middle guard was advancing in the full assurance of success, led on most gallantly by its officers, and with a fixed determination to sweep through aught that dare oppose a body with whose name victory had been so long associated. The rolling of the *pas de charge* was heard—that fearful sound at which the best troops in Europe had blanched so frequently. But to Irish hearts it brought no terrors; and the flashing eyes and fearless attitudes of the sons of the Green Isle told that they were ready to abide trial. Pakenham, himself an Irishman, read the spirit of that dauntless regiment in a glance. No encouragement was necessary, no stimulant required to rouse courage to a higher pitch, which was burning for the contest. The moment came—and turning with a smile to their gallant colonel, he merely exclaimed—"Curse these impatient fellows!—Wallace, let them loose!"

The third and crowning maxim of the old martialist should be the great axiom of a soldier's creed, and as religiously made the director of his every act, as the prophet's decree is implicitly

* It was a curious coincidence, that on the same day four years after that Cuesta made his dispositions for the battle of Talavera, Wellington concentrated his divisions for his grand effort at Sauroren. Their modes, however, differed. The Spaniard lumbered over his battle-ground in great dignity, and an unwieldy coach drawn by eight pampered mules. Wellington, on an English hunter, dashed from post to post, and at a pace that distanced the best mounted of his staff.

followed by the true believer. He must "despond not in perplexity ;—for nothing is impossible to him who attempts it with a ready wit and stout heart." To look over military history, and not find in every page some "confirmation strong" of the old man's dogma, would be impossible.

That the rules of art are necessary to direct the conduct of a general, is as true as the fact, paradoxical as it may appear, that there never was an able soldier who did not frequently set them at defiance ; and the great consideration is, therefore, to ascertain under what circumstances they are to be followed or departed from. This is the grand secret of the science of war—and one which tests the ability of a leader. In one case, a steady adherence to regulated system saves a regiment ; in another, to a bold departure from the usual course of discipline it owes its security.

Although opportunities for the higher display of talent and abilities in a commanding officer may not very frequently present themselves, in active service the youngest soldier may often have occasion to exhibit the happy union of "stout heart and ready wit," if he fortunately possesses these invaluable qualities for the profession of arms. Captain Siborne relates an anecdote so very apposite, that I shall transcribe it.

On the 17th of June, when Lord Wellington was retiring on the position at Waterloo, the great difficulty he had to dread, was defiling his army through Genappe, as the French cavalry was hanging on his rear, and no doubt would seize the opportunity of attacking him at disadvantage. Under the directions of Sir William Dörnberg, the seventh hussars covered the retreat of the centre column. The right troop, under Captain Elphinstone, skirmished, while the left, under Lieutenant Standish O'Grady, "held the high road, from which he had occasionally to send assistance to the former, and frequently to advance, to enable the skirmishers to hold their ground, as their movements were difficult, through ploughed fields, so soft, that the horses always sank up to their knees, and sometimes to their girths. In this manner, every inch of ground was disputed, until within a short distance of Genappe. Here Dörnberg informed Lieutenant O'Grady, that he must leave him ; that it was of the utmost importance to face the enemy boldly at this spot, as the bridge in the town of Genappe was so narrow, that the squadron would have to pass it in file ; that he was to endeavour, as much as possible, to obtain time for drawing off the skirmishers, but not to compromise his troop too much. Lieutenant O'Grady then called in his skirmishers, and advanced with his troop boldly up the road, at a trot. The cavalry immediately opposed to him, went about, followed by him for some distance ; and he thus

continued alternately advancing and retiring, until he saw all the right troop safe on the road in his rear. He then began to retire at a walk, occasionally halting and fronting, until he turned the corner of the town of Genappe; when he filed the men from the left, and passed through the place at a gallop."

When O'Grady rejoined Dörnberg on the other side of the town, after having so ably executed the duty allotted to him, and reported that he had not lost a man or horse, the general exclaimed, "Then Buonaparte is not with them; if he were, not a man of you could have escaped!"

Captain Siborne remarks,—“I could not withhold from the youthful military aspirant so instructive an example of the important service which may be rendered, and of the great credit which may be gained by an officer holding even a subordinate rank, when possessing in an equal degree the tact, discretion, and gallantry, which distinguished Lieutenant O'Grady's conduct on the occasion.” None understood better than Lord Wellington the difference between regulated bravery and wild displays of military *hardiesse*.

The continued misfortunes which attended every effort of the Spanish armies, when they tried conclusions in the field with the invaders of the Peninsula, seems almost incredible. In the school of adversity, the lessons men receive are as strong as they are unpalatable, and wisdom is tardily acquired. Upon the Spaniards, however, the stern precepts of disaster were neither understood nor regarded—one leader followed blindly in the footsteps of the other;—and with apathetic insolence, and strong in his own ignorance, the Blake or Cuesta of the day, when partially recovered from defeat and able to show himself once more upon the field, repeated the same mistakes, and sacrificed an army anew.

I have sketched a Spanish general in Blake; and if the Junta committed the leading of an army to one so little qualified for command, still at least he was physically competent to undergo the fatigues of war. With Cuesta it was otherwise. Age and infirmities had clouded intellects never remarkable for acuteness; and the plainest military truths were explained again and again, before he could even comprehend their import. He had also, unluckily, imbibed a prejudice to Englishmen; and everything emanating from any born in a country he disliked, was resisted without consideration, and with an obstinacy not to be overcome.

When to concert a plan for mutual operations against Victor, Wellington visited the Spanish camp, the imbecility of the old man was painfully forced upon his ally. Through the intelligence of the chief of the Spanish staff, a con-

certed movement of the armies was arranged; and as Victor's position was exposed, there can be no doubt that, had it been ably and promptly carried out, it must have been decidedly successful.

The Spanish general favoured his ally with a view of the army with which he was to co-operate, by torch-light. It was a singular exhibition; and probably the commander's himself more strange. "The old man," says Lord Londonderry, "preceded us—not so much sitting upon his horse as held upon it by two pages, at the imminent danger of being overthrown whenever a cannon was discharged, or a torch flared out with peculiar brightness. Indeed, his physical debility was so remarkable, as clearly to mark his total unfitness for the situation he then held. As to his mental powers, he gave us little opportunity of judging, inasmuch as he scarcely uttered five words during the continuance of our visit."*

The dispositions for taking a position and receiving battle, at last were made. Consequently, and as arranged, at three o'clock the British divisions were under arms, and at seven the Spanish staff were sound asleep! At last, an aide-de-camp, under strong remonstrances, ventured to awake Cuesta, and told him the English general was at his quarters to regulate some unsettled matters previous to the coming battle. The old man declined getting out of bed, and refused fighting because the day was Sunday!

Victor retired unmolested. Soult was concentrating behind the Bejar mountains; and Joseph Buonaparte, with a daily increasing force, had interposed between the allied position and Toledo. Cuesta insisted that Victor was retreating, and not retiring, and proposed an immediate advance. Wellesley, with better judgment, refused to quit his position. Hill's corps was directed to fall back,—and the obstinate old fool, single-handed, moved after the enemy.

The allied general foresaw the consequences, and prepared for them. The moment the French marshal ascertained the contemptible enemy by whom his rear was pressed, he turned like a tiger on his imbecile pursuer, and the total disorder of his army at last convinced the old Spaniard that the duke of Belluno was not flying before the terrors of his name. The fugitive regiments, pushed into the Alberche, were covered by Sherborne's English division. Still, when Wellesley urged

* When Cuesta agreed to visit Victor's position in company with Sir Arthur Wellesley, to the surprise of the English commander, the Spaniard arrived in a coach drawn by half a dozen mules; and when the ground became so unequal as to render the further passage of the vehicle dangerous, Cuesta, on getting out of the coach, lay down quietly at the foot of a tree, and went to sleep in a few minutes.

the stupid old man to fall back on Talavera, while the guards could hold the enemy in check, "in brutal imbecility," he remained obstinate to the last; and thankless for a recent deliverance, boasted to his staff, that before he consented to allow his useless mob to be saved from ruin, "he had first made the Englishman," meaning Sir Arthur, "go down upon his knees."

The opening of the action at Talavera was favourable to the French. Victor's efforts were directed against that portion of the allied army which he only considered formidable; and Cuesta, from the strength of the position he was placed in, might almost have been looked on as invulnerable. The Spaniards, accordingly, remained unassailed, Victor contenting himself by merely obliging them to unmask their line of battle. Well was it for old Cuesta, that he was not more vigorously assailed. To alarm the Spaniards, the cavalry of the fourth corps advanced; and then was exhibited to Cuesta's confederate the quantum of reliance to be placed in his doughty ally.

The French horsemen rode boldly up the front, and commenced skirmishing with their pistols, and the Spaniards answered them with a general discharge of small arms; but those ten thousand infantry and all the artillery breaking their ranks, fled to the rear; the artillerymen carried off their horses, —the infantry threw away their arms,—and the adjutant-general was amongst the foremost of the fugitives; nay, Cuesta himself was in movement towards the rear. The panic spread, and the French would fain have charged; but Sir Arthur Wellesley, who was at hand, immediately flanked the main road with some English squadrons; the ditches on the other side rendered the country impracticable, and the fire of musketry being renewed by those Spaniards who remained, the enemy lost some men, and finally retreated in disorder. The confusion occasioned in the rear by this panic is indescribable; cattle, baggage, and stores, were in all directions hurried off, while the runaways spread over the whole country, reporting that the English were cut to pieces, and the French cavalry already at their heels. During the night, a large proportion of the fugitives were overtaken by their own horsemen, and driven back at the sword's point to the position they had abandoned: but fully six thousand of Cuesta's troops could not be recovered, and were returned missing in the morning.

I fancy that I have given sufficient evidence of Cuesta's character in a military point of view. As a soldier, we will set him down as a person beneath contempt; and now we will test him as a man. A hurried sketch of his conduct after Talavera will not redeem his offences before the battle.

On the 29th of July the French army retired to the heights of Salinas; and Wellesley's first care was to establish hospitals in Talavera for his wounded, and obtain supplies for his exhausted soldiers. Although there was abundance in the town, as after-experience proved, the savage Spaniard allowed his gallant allies almost to starve, and the wounded to sink for want of common nourishment. The brutality of Cuesta's character evidenced itself in his conduct towards the ally who had preserved him. He not only refused assistance to the wounded, but declined even to aid in the burial of the dead, intent upon an occupation more german to his ferocious disposition. Instead of endeavouring to improve the advantages of a victory that had been won for him, Cuesta occupied himself in decimating the regiments who had been panic-stricken on the 27th; but, influenced by the strong remonstrances of the British general, he relaxed his severity so far, as to redecimate the unfortunate wretches upon whom the lot of death had fallen, and only *six officers and forty men were slaughtered!*

Had not his cruelty been mitigated by the earnest intercession of Sir Arthur Wellesley, more men would have been destroyed in cold blood by this savage old man than had fallen in the battle.

On the 30th, it was known that Soult was moving on the pass of Banos,—and Wellesley urged Cuesta to occupy it with a division. The old man refused, wavered, procrastinated, and, when the French, on the 1st of August, were within one day's march of this most important point, Cuesta detached a corps to assist the feeble garrison, that corps being four long marches distant from the place; consequently, Soult obtained the key to Placencia and Madrid without losing a man, or even expending a cartridge.

This was painful intelligence. One course alone was left; and Wellesley proposed to march against the duke of Dalmatia, while Cuesta should merely remain at Talavera, to secure his rear and guard the hospitals. This was undertaken willingly by the Spaniard; and the British general moved on the 3rd to Oropesa. Scarcely had he reached that place, when a despatch reached him to say, that Venegas, like a true Spaniard, instead of marching on Puerta Duena, as he promised, had diverged towards Toledo, and placed his corps in check. Cuesta concluded his precious communication, by coolly apprising the ally who had unfortunately confided in him, that he would that very evening retire from Talavera, and abandon the wounded he had solemnly undertaken to protect.

In his resolution to retreat, Cuesta redeemed his word; and through the night, his wretched rabble came pouring into

Oropesa, "like flocks of sheep," adding fresh embarrassment to Wellesley's position, sufficiently painful before. One alternative remained for the English general—to fight his way through Soult's corps, or retire on Arzobispo, and resume the line of the Tagus. This latter course every prudential reason induced him to adopt.

Cuesta, however, was still opposed to a retreat, and anxious for a general action; and no arguments could convince the silly old man that to abide a battle, and meet, with such wretched troops as he called soldiers, a combined attack of probably 50,000 men, would be an act of downright insanity. Sir Arthur determined to leave him to himself; orders to march were given, and Oropesa was abandoned by the British.

The remainder of Cuesta's career is briefly told. On the 5th, he followed Sir Arthur's line of march, leaving an infantry corps and Albuquerque's cavalry to defend the bridge of Arzobispo. At noon, the Spaniards, without outposts or videts, retired to their siesta in a wood; but Mortier, not inclined to sleep, crossed the river, by a ford, with six thousand cavalry, and in the affair which ensued, two infantry brigades were dispersed, and several hundred prisoners, with four guns, were captured. Had Soult been permitted to fall on as he wished, Cuesta's rabble-army would have been annihilated. The Spaniard abandoned his stores and artillery, and fifteen pieces of cannon were left on the road-side, when he retreated from Arzobispo. A trumpeter of his own, whom he had sent into the French camp, good-naturedly mentioned the circumstance; and a regiment of dragoons were detached, picked them up, and brought them away, without snapping a flint. His larger park and spare artillery stores, namely forty pieces, and their supplies, were with equal indifference abandoned on the right bank of the Tagus, and left absolutely within cannon-shot of the enemy.

The measure of this old scoundrel's infamy shall be summed up. Deep privations were endured by the British troops, and scarcely a murmur was heard. To understand the wretched state to which the army was reduced, it will be only necessary to remark, that the usage of a camp gives to the butchers, or those who slay the animal, "the offal." The usual price of a goat in the Peninsula was then *two* dollars; at this time "the offal" brought *four*; officers and men bidding for the wretched food, a competition that proved sufficiently that starvation was in the British tents.

The English might have borne their privations patiently; but to be starved and slandered was certainly too bad. They were accused by Cuesta of robbing the peasantry, intercepting his convoys, and absolutely trafficking in provisions,—and that too

when their daily rations were half a pound of wheat in the grain, a few ounces of flour twice in the week, and a quarter of a pound of goat's flesh. The Spanish authorities had the audacity also to assert, that the British were not only well, but over supplied. Now to such misery was the army at this time reduced, that for want of forage one thousand of their cavalry were totally dismounted, the horses of seven thousand more unfit for duty; the guns were nearly unhorsed, and a large proportion of the reserve ammunition had been given to Cuesta, merely for the purpose of obtaining for the conveyance of the sick the country carts upon which it had been loaded. A stronger proof remains:—on the evening of Talavera, when Sir Arthur Wellesley applied to the old Spaniard, who had more horses than he required, for ninety to replace those of his artillery which had been killed, that worthless ally, on the very field of battle, and with the steam of English blood still reeking in his nostrils, refused the request.

At last even Spanish apathy was roused, and Cuesta's military enormities—a lighter word would not describe the extent of his offendings—were visited by a deposition from command.

Even this act of tardy retribution was forced unwillingly from the Junta, by an official notification from the Marquis Wellesley, who had arrived at Lisbon on a special mission. The message to the Junta plainly declared, that unless Cuesta was instantly removed, all connection and co-operation between the English and Spanish armies should terminate. Equia was nominated to the chief command, and Cuesta ended his disgraceful career at the baths of Alhama.

To mark the extent of Cuesta's infamy, and point the ingratitude of this execrable individual to those gallant allies who saved him from destruction, and were in return inhumanly deserted and left to perish piecemeal by every torment which thirst and hunger adds to mortal agonies, permit me to mention the treatment they received from that enemy from whom the faithless Spaniard had undertaken to protect them.

Talavera had not been half an hour evacuated by Cuesta's rear-guard, before the French pickets crowned the heights, and the duke of Belluno rode into the town. A sorry sight presented itself to the gallant Frenchman,—for the Plaza was heaped with the dying and the dead. The wounded lay intermingled—all had been equally abandoned by the inhuman Spaniard—and, without food or water, the French and English had been indiscriminately left to perish. Well was it for these poor sufferers that the old and faithless ruffian had made his disgraceful retreat, for from a generous enemy these wretched Englishmen experienced that sympathy and succour which their heartless allies had refused them.

Were I required to establish by example, what has ever been an admitted fact—namely, that an army is efficient or valueless in a correct ratio to its organization, and the ability with which its movements are directed—I should turn to the Peninsular war, and prove the fact by following the disastrous fortunes of the Spaniards, and tracing the causes of their failures. The inquiry would be interesting. A people who had once held a military character second to none in Europe, and still possessing every quality, physical and moral, which is considered necessary to form the soldier, with exasperated feelings, and combating for fatherland—that spell from which even the coldest catch an inspiration—that they, upon a native battle-field, and fighting for homes and altars, should have sunk in martial estimation almost below contempt, is certainly, at first sight, a paradox hard to be understood. On examination, however, the causes will be easily explained; and all will be resolvable to two causes—a bad executive, and incompetent commanders.

And yet, when the national character was fairly tested, neither daring nor endurance was found wanting. For the exhibition of the first, look to the romantic exploits of the Guerillas; and for the display of the latter, the page of history will be searched in vain to equal the desperate devotion with which Saragossa and Gerona were defended.

The first siege of the former city followed the early and unsuccessful outbreak of the Spaniards. The insurrection, desultory and uncombined, was generally suppressed; and the Biscayan provinces, with Navarre and Old Castile, had again submitted to the yoke of the invaders. Aragon, however, was more determined: and the Captain-General of the province (Don José Palafox) boldly proclaimed war against the oppressors of his country, and that, too, under circumstances which appear rather the act of madness than of patriotism. His military resources were two hundred and fifty men, sixteen indifferent guns, and, worse still, he was totally without money,—for of that most indispensable requisite for war, his chest scarcely contained one hundred dollars! With such means, however, "trusting to his country and his cause," Palafox determined to hold Saragossa.*

* Saragossa stands on the right bank of the Ebro, but there is an extensive suburb on the other side, with which it is connected by a bridge, remarkable for its beautiful masonry. A brick wall, ten or twelve feet in height, surrounds the city; but it possessed no regular defences whatever, and the guns were generally found unserviceable. The surface of the country about Saragossa is flat and swampy, with the exception of a rising ground called Monte Torrero; and as this commanded the plain on every side, it had been hastily entrenched, and garrisoned with twelve hundred men. The Ebro, which washes the walls, receives the tributary streams called the Galejo and Guerva, which, flowing east and west, unite themselves a little below the town. The houses are generally low, built

The suppression of the insurrection in the south had been entrusted by the emperor to Lefebre Desmouttes, and he lost no time in commencing active operations to effect the task confided to him. The first operation of the French general was to cut off the communication with Calatayud, and oblige Baron Versage to fall back to Belchite; the next, to force Palafox from the olive grounds between the convent of San Joseph and the Torrero, and closely invest the city.

On the junction of Verdier's division with the battering train, the convents of the Capuchins and San Joseph were carried by assault—the latter armed as a breaching battery—and the Ebro bridged above the town.

Lefebre having been directed by Napoleon to unite himself to Bessières with a brigade, the command devolved on Verdier, who pressed the siege with vigour. A tremendous fire was kept up from the French batteries, and shells and shot were showered from the heights of the Torrero upon the devoted city, but nothing could subdue the endurance of the besieged, and their resistance kept pace with the increased means of annoyance which their enemies had acquired. The determination of the inhabitants was extraordinary; and every means that ingenuity could devise were exhausted by the Saragossans to render their defence successful. Beams of timber were placed in a sloping direction against the houses. To afford a shelter from the shells, sand-bags, formed of awnings torn from the windows, were ranged behind the breaches, and with these batteries were constructed, secured by retrenchments. Every garden and olive-ground that impeded the fire of the guns was uprooted, regardless of its value or its beauty. The younger monks took arms—the older consoled the wounded, administered the offices of religion to the dying, and assisted in burying the dead. Woman forgot her fears; and many a young and once timid female was seen where shot fell thickest, and shells were bursting, hurrying with refreshments to those who were working the artillery, or fighting in the streets hand to hand with the besiegers. Furious efforts from without, assisted by treachery within, had been made and failed. The gates of El Carmen and Portello had been repeatedly assaulted, and the French obliged to discontinue the attack after sustaining a tremendous loss. It was on one of these occasions that the celebrated Maid of Saragossa first distinguished herself. She had gone to a battery with provisions, but the fire of the French had cut down

chiefly of brick, and, being vaulted, are nearly fire-proof. The streets are narrow and crooked, with the exception of the Cozo, which is wide, straight, and regular; and the numerous convents are remarkable as well for the extent of their buildings, as the loftiness and solidity of their walls.

every man, and left the work without a defender. Seizing a port-fire from the hand of a dead gunner, Augustina discharged a four-and-twenty-pounder at the advancing enemy. Inspired by this singular display of female intrepidity, the Spaniards rallied, rushed forward, manned the battery once more, and repelled the enemy after a long and bloody resistance.

The progress of the siege was marked by determination of attack, and as desperate resistance. Though half the city was actually in possession of the French, a summons to surrender was haughtily rejected. The fighting in the streets and houses was marked by ferocity of feeling on both sides; and nothing which could increase the terrible character of a deadly contest was wanting.

It is unnecessary to particularize the remainder of this extraordinary contest. A continued and murderous succession of combats ensued,—the Spaniards, inch by inch, winning from the French the streets and houses they had carried. In a war to the knife,* military science was of no avail, and a frantic monk, or daring artisan, was probably a more efficient leader than the soldier of a hundred battles. Reverses in other quarters terminated a contest that might have been indefinitely prolonged; and on the night of the 18th of August, after blowing up the church of St. Engracia, the city was abandoned, and the sun rose upon the columns of the enemy in full retreat by the road of Pamplona.

Such was the termination of the first siege, and the history of the second is still more remarkable, although it was attended by a different result. After the defeat of the Spanish army at Tudela, the *débris* of the corps of Castanos and O'Neil rallied in Saragossa, and the French marshals, Mortier and Moncey, invested the place with a united force of thirty-five thousand men.

The opening of the attack was favourable to the investing army, for the height, called the Torrero, which domineers the city, was carried by assault. The details of its further progress, were such as marked the former siege. It was furiously assailed, and desperately defended.

The desperate obstinacy with which Saragossa was defended may be imagined, but not described.

At last the physical power of resistance was exhausted—the city was a charnel-house—its inhabitants were incapable of exertion—and had they had the power, there were none left to direct them. Terms were proposed and acceded to—and Saragossa was surrendered.

* When Verdier summoned Palafox to surrender, the terms used by both were brief and conclusive. The French general's, of "Head Quarters, St. Engracia. Capitulation!" was replied to by "Head Quarters, Saragossa. War to the knife!"

On the night of the 20th, the walls next to the castle were given up to the French, and on the following morning some thirteen thousand men, the remains of the garrison, marched out, and laid down their arms, after a resistance of fifty-two days with open trenches, twenty-three of which were a war of houses.

If there be in war one picture more overcharged with horror than another, it is the sufferings inflicted, without regard to sex, and ranging from "the cradle to the crutch," upon the inhabitants of a beleaguered city—and, as a right of war, entailed, after a successful assault, upon all, combatant and non-combatant, who may unhappily be found within the walls of a captured fortress.

While Saragossa was being reduced, Soult had been directed to operate against Oporto—and the orders of the emperor were carried out with all the skill and activity for which this admirable soldier was so remarkable.

The marshal reached Orense on the 19th. Having secured the bridge, and left a garrison in Tuy, he deposited there his heavy guns, and everything that could retard his movements, and, with sixteen light field-pieces and six howitzers, marched rapidly upon Oporto.

To detail the numerous affairs, in which a blood-thirsty rabble, headed by ignorant priests, were scattered, and the better organized Portuguese army was destroyed, would be irrelevant. It will be sufficient to say, that nothing stopped the onward career of the French marshal. Though fiercely opposed upon the banks of the *Ava*, after some hard fighting he forced the passage of that river, and on the 27th the whole of his army was in position in front of the works before Oporto.

The entrenched camp, on which the safety of the city was to depend, was filled with a tumultuous and ferocious mob, more occupied with murdering unfortunate individuals on whom their unfounded suspicions fell, than in making preparations for a vigorous resistance. Their confidence was absurd and unwarrantable; for past reverses were entirely attributed to treachery in their generals; and the delusion continued, until another fatal lesson proved how unavailing mob power is, when opposed to organized force.

The insolence and excesses of the French had produced a fearful retaliation, and although the Spaniards could not rival their opponents in the field, they outmarched them far in barbarity. The revengeful character of the oppressed had been fearfully exhibited towards the invaders—and the recent disaster, which had befallen the French arms at Baylen, brought proofs of the savage advantage which would be taken of accidental success.

The popular opposition to the French which was exhibited in Aragon, was fully equalled in Catalonia. Mongat had been taken and retaken; Gerona, though twice besieged, had held out. The determined spirit of the Catalans alarmed the emperor—and, determined to suppress it, Gouvion St. Cyr was despatched with twenty thousand men to coerce the insurgent population.

This decision of Napoleon led to one of the most extraordinary occurrences which will be found in military annals—I allude to the third siege of Gerona—an event which “in a few centuries hence will be considered more akin to romance than as belonging to actual reality.”

The besieged, to a national detestation of the French, united a religious enthusiasm, in itself below contempt, but in its consequences exceeding comprehension. The investing army broke ground on the 8th of May, under the command of Rielle and Verdier,—and the news of its surrender only reached Lord Wellington on the 29th of the following December.

The marvellous constancy with which the defenders of these fortresses held out, whose sieges I have briefly noticed, evidences an endurance of human misery which oppression and national animosity enable men to support, and to an extent, too, which will almost appear incredible. A curious parallel between modern and ancient events may be found by referring to the account given by Josephus, of the investment and capture of Jerusalem, by Titus. In their main features, Saragossa and Gerona are wonderfully like those occurrences which marked the reduction of the Jewish capital—and similar leaders, similar fanaticism, the same horrors, the same final results, give them an historic *resemblance*—the only point of difference being, that the ploughshare passed over Jerusalem, while Gerona and Saragossa stand.

But it was not a stoic indifference to the calamitous consequences which siege and storm entail on a beleaguered city, which partially redeemed the Spanish people from the utter degradation their general imbecility would obtain. Sparks of that chivalrous spirit, that once pervaded the national character, occasionally scintillated. True, in the high and noble it was sought in vain. But priest and peasant—he who had dreamed life away in a convent, or “urged the dull steer,” a lowly husbandman, abandoned the cloister for the field, and exchanged the sickle for the sword, and of such elements a formidable body was composed, whose daring and cruelty made them dreaded and detested by the armies of the invader.

It originated in a few smugglers and men of desperate fortunes, banding together for the sake of plunder. Gradually, as their numbers increased, their system of operations became extended, until the Guerillas took a prominent part in the passing

events of the Peninsular war, and, in utility, as allies, far surpassed the regular forces of the country.

As the wars of the Revolution opened a field for the display of military talent, and produced those inimitable soldiers whose victories obtained a martial reputation for France, which stands in the records of nations without a parallel—so, as the regular armies of Spain disappeared, another and more formidable force sprang rapidly into existence; and names, which otherwise would have lived and died unknown, acquired a celebrity for courage or cruelty, or for both.

There was in the whole system of guerilla warfare a wild and romantic character, which, could its ferocity have been overlooked, would have rendered it both chivalrous and exciting; and men, unfitted by previous habits and education, suddenly appeared upon the stage, and developed talent and determination that made them the scourge and terror of the invaders.

The strange exploits of many of these daring partisans, though true to the letter, are perfectly romantic; and the patient endurance and deep artifice with which their objects were effected appear to be almost incredible. Persons, whose ages and professions were best calculated to evade suspicion, were invariably the chosen agents. The village priest was commonly a confederate of the neighbouring guerilla; the postmaster betrayed the intelligence that reached him in his office: the fairest peasant of Estremadura would tempt the thoughtless soldier with her beauty, and decoy him within range of the bullet; and even childhood was frequently and successfully employed in leading the unsuspecting victim into some pass or ambuscade, where the knife or musket closed his earthly career.

Undisciplined and desultory warfare is generally marked by wild incident, which is of rare occurrence with regular armies operating in the field. The guerilla system was one that afforded ample opportunity for displays of personal intrepidity and address. A wide stage was open for adventure. Leaders, without responsibility, acted under momentary impulse—failure incurred no inquiry—while success was blazoned abroad with all the exaggerated colouring of romance.

It required, occasionally, some ingenuity to decide whether the guerilla was a *partida* or a *brigand*, for much depended upon the chief. These desperate adventurers were commanded by men of the most dissimilar professions. All were distinguished by some *sobriquet*, and these were of the most opposite descriptions. Among the leaders were friars and physicians, cooks and artisans; while some were characterized by a deformity, and others named after the form of their waistcoat or hat. Worse epithets described many of the minor chiefs; truculence and

spoliation obtained them titles ; and, strange as it may appear, the most ferocious band that infested Biscay was commanded by a woman, named Martina. So indiscriminating and unrelenting was this female monster in her murders of friends or foes, that Mina was obliged to direct a force against her. She was surprised, with the greater part of her banditti, and the whole were shot upon the spot.

That the insolence and exactions of the French, both in Spain and Portugal, were the original cause of the savage character which afterwards marked the contest, so far as the invaders and partidas were concerned, cannot be doubted. When Junot took military possession of Lisbon, although hospitably received, the French army, in every grade of rank, appeared determined to drive the Portuguese to desperation.

The most impolitic part of the proceedings of the invaders seems to have been the wanton insults, offered without an end to gain, to the religious feelings or folly—call it which you please—of a people imbued with superstition, too stupidly, and hence too permanently, engrafted on their character, ever to be eradicated. Junot absolutely dismounted St. George, and appropriated the best charger procurable in the country to his own use ; while the episcopal palace at Castello Branco was plundered of valuable property by his personal staff.

Again, at Abrantes a requisition was made for 12,000 pairs of shoes, but every effort of the authorities could not procure 3,000, although the neighbouring towns and villages were exhausted in the attempt.

All soldiers are prone to licentiousness. The French were less repressed by their superiors, and hence their spoliations were more extensive. Even the British troops were with difficulty restrained ;—and the destruction of the castle of Benevente, on the Coruna retreat, offers a sad picture of wanton devastation.

Napoleon's principle, that " war should support war," had been faithfully carried out ; and in Spain and Portugal the French armies might have inscribed upon their colours, "*vivitur rapina*." They plundered, and their plunder was methodical.

To a people like those of the Peninsula, a system such as I have described that which was followed out by an invading army, could not be tamely endured ; and home and altar violated alike would rouse the coldest to seek revenge. French atrocity was returned by Spanish vengeance ; and it would be sickening to describe the horrid scenes which mutual retaliation produced. Several of the Empecinado's* followers, who were surprised in

* Juan Martin Diez, surnamed "*the Empecinado*," was so called from the darkness of his complexion.

the mountains of Guadarama, were nailed to the trees, and left there to expire slowly by hunger and thirst. To the same trees, before a week elapsed, a similar number of French soldiers were affixed by the guerrillas. Two of the inhabitants of Madrid, who were suspected of communicating with the brigands—as the French termed the armed Spaniards—were tried by court-martial, and executed at their own doors. The next morning, six of the garrison were seen hanging from walls beside the high road. Some females related to Palarea, surnamed “the Medico,” had been abused most scandalously by the escort of a convoy, who had seized them in a wood; and, in return, the guerilla chief drove into a chapel eighty Frenchmen and their officers, set fire to the thatch, and burned them to death, or shot them in their endeavours to leave the blazing house. Such were the dreadful enormities a system of retaliation caused.

Between the French and Spaniards every amenity of war was ended. The former adopted a system of terrorism, which so far from succeeding recoiled upon themselves; while the latter carried out in its fullest extent the principle, that those who did not show active animosity to the invaders were covertly their friends,—and fearful was the punishment which their own recreants were exposed to.

The usurper himself, on two occasions, narrowly escaped. Dining at Almeida, some two leagues’ distance from the capital, with one of the generals of division, their hilarity was suddenly interrupted by the unwelcome intelligence that the Empecinado was at hand, and nothing but a hasty retreat preserved the king from capture. On another occasion, he was surprised upon the Guadalaxara road; and so unexpected was the guerilla movement, so determined the pursuit, that before the French could be succoured by the garrison of Madrid, forty of the royal escort were sabred between Torrejon and El Molar.

Nature had formed Mina for the service to which he had devoted himself. His constitution was equal to every privation and fatigue; and his courage was of that prompt and daring character which no circumstance, however sudden and disheartening, could overcome. Careless as to dress or food, he depended for a change of linen on the capture of French baggage, or any accidental supply; and for days he could subsist on a few biscuits, or anything chance threw in his way. He guarded carefully against surprise—slept with a dagger and pistols in his girdle—and such were his active habits, that he rarely took more than two hours of repose. Remote caverns were the depositories of his ammunition and plunder; and in a mountain-fastness he established an hospital for his wounded,

to which they were carried on litters across the heights, and placed in perfect safety until their cure could be completed. Gaming and plunder were prohibited, and even love forbidden, lest the guerilla might be too communicative to the object of his affection, and any of his chieftain's secrets should thus transpire.

Another guerilla leader deserves a particular notice. His achievements were daring as those of the Mina's, and he operated generally in conjunction with Lord Wellington. His earlier history is briefly told.

Julian Sanchez was a man of humble birth, and previous to the invasion of the French, cultivated a farm on the banks of the Gevora. One of those atrocities too common at the time, however, changed the husbandman into the soldier. His parents and sister had been murdered by some French foragers; and Julian swore eternal vengeance, and headed a guerilla band.

After many very brilliant exploits, the guerilla chief was shut up in Ciudad Rodrigo, with its gallant defender, old Herrasti. To the last extremity the place held out; and when all hope that Rodrigo would be relieved was over, the governor urged Julian Sanchez to attempt an escape, as he might render service in the field, but none within the fortress. The guerilla chief daringly effected it.

The guerilla chief was not contented with his fortunate evasion from a reduced fortress. He subsequently proved what Herrasti had predicted, that in the field his services to his country would be invaluable. Julian Sanchez watched Rodrigo closely; and having observed that the cattle belonging to the garrison were driven out every morning to pasture beyond the works of the fortress, he determined to carry them off. The guard, though weak, were ever on the alert, and for several days Don Julian's band watched from their ambuscade in vain. Fortune at last crowned the patience of the guerilla chief. Regnaud, the governor of Rodrigo, attended by part of his staff and a few dragoons, rode out on the 15th of October, and most incautiously forded the Agueda at the very place where the guerilla cavalry was concealed. In a moment, the French general was surrounded, the escort was taken, and by singular good fortune the grand object of the enterprise appeared at a sufficient distance from the fortress to admit of their being captured. From under the guns of Rodrigo the cattle were accordingly driven off; and the governor, and what proved to be valuable booty, were brought to the head-quarters of Lord Wellington.

Nothing can be more dissimilar than the operations of organized troops and irregulars like those above described. The one, generally maintains the stately attitude of a line-of-battle ship,

forming a sectional portion of a fleet, and giving individual support to some grand and complicated movement, while like the cruises of a privateer, partisan exploits, confined to sudden enterprise, daring and desultory, are in most cases testing the courage more than the conduct of the leader.

The success of irregular operations will usually depend upon surprise and rapidity of action. In regular warfare, the former is rarely to be effected—for the vigilance of an organized body is too well systematized to be found wanting. Pickets may be carried off, foragers intercepted, but to surprise a corps, or a post alarmed by the immediate presence of an enemy, is a military exploit which seldom proves successful.

One remarkable instance of boldness and ingenuity, occurred at the period when Lord Wellington advanced against Oporto. From the previous success of the Portuguese commander, Silveira, Soult found it expedient to open his communications through the *Tra os Montes* with Galicia—and Loison and Laborde were detached to attack Amarante, and secure the passage of the Tamaga. In this operation their success would have been complete, but for the gallantry of an Irish officer. Silveira was driven across the river, and abandoned the bridge it was so necessary to defend—when, fortunately for the Portuguese general, Colonel Patrick rallied his regiment, and held the passage of the Tamaga until the routed troops were brought in the evening to his assistance.

On the next day, reinforced by La Houssaye's brigade, the attack was fiercely renewed by the French generals, and the bridge as obstinately defended by Colonel Patrick. Unfortunately, that gallant officer received a mortal wound, and with him the spirit of the defenders appeared to have expired. The Portuguese resistance gradually became feeble, and in the evening they yielded ground, and crossed the Tamaga. But still the passage of the river was sealed against the French generals. The Tamaga was flooded; all means of pontage, save the bridge of Amarante, were destroyed—and that was defended by a triple row of palisades, commanded by a ten-gun battery—mined, loaded, and prepared for an explosion, at any moment the Portuguese might deem it advisable.

To carry this important bridge was as necessary to secure the French communications with Spain, as it was difficult to be effected. Laborde evinced his characteristic ability in the means he adopted to open the passage of the river, and the Portuguese were as obstinate in defending it.

The first barricade was reached on the 29th, by means of the flying sap; but the heavy fire maintained by the troops of Silveira obliged the attack to be abandoned. An attempt to throw

a bridge across the river, below the town, failed ; and the efforts of Laborde were completely arrested by obstacles which seemed too great to be surmounted.

At this period Bronchard, an engineer officer, devised a plan as remarkable for its ingenuity as it was perfect in success. His project was to blow down the centre barricade, destroy the cord which communicated with the Portuguese mine, and in the confusion, which the explosion would be certain to produce, carry the bridge by assault. To place the powder close beneath the palisades, without its being discovered, was both a doubtful and a dangerous attempt, but to the brave nothing is impossible, and this was accomplished.

That raw troops and an inexperienced commander might be taken by surprise, and the bold and original conception of an engineer overcome a difficulty so formidable as that presented by the bridge of Amarante, can be easily imagined. The triumph of successful enterprise when directed against veteran soldiers, and leaders of approved ability, was however reserved for a British general—and the surprise of Girard at Arroyo Molinos, and the destruction of the bridge and works for its protection at Almaraz were alike worthy of the chief who planned, and the lieutenant who carried, the operation so ably into execution.

Another exploit was, in boldness of conception and brilliant execution, a worthy pendent to the dashing affair at Arroyo Molinos—and it happily presented an auspicious opening to the series of successes which marked the campaign of 1812.

Previous to taking the field, and after having selected the north for the scene of his intended operations, Lord Wellington's great object was to interrupt the communications between Soult and Marmont, and prevent a unity of effort between the respective corps commanded by the French Marshals. The bridges of the Tagus below Arzobispo had been destroyed—and that at Almaraz being broken down, a pontoon bridge had been substituted, and strong works on either bank of the river thrown up for its protection.

On the left bank a well constructed *tête-du-pont* was overlooked by Fort Napoleon, a redoubt having an interior entrenchment and loop-holed tower, armed with nine heavy guns and a garrison of 400 men.—These defences were formidable—and the right bank was secured by a redoubt called Fort Ragusa, flanking the bridge, with which it was connected by a *flèche*. The opening in the mountain passable for artillery is by the *de Mirabete*, which, at a league's distance from the fort, is commanded by a castle, then in ruins. The destruction of the bridge and works could only be effected

by surprise, for several French corps were cantoned in the immediate vicinity. Foy was in the valley of the Tagus; D'Armanac at Talavera; and Drouet at Hinojosa de Cordova, nearer to Merida than Hill was to Almaraz, and consequently in a position to cut off his retreat. The preparatory movements were however admirably masked; Andalusia was believed to be the object of Lord Wellington—the bridge at Merida was repaired—and on the 12th of May, Sir Rowland crossed the Guadiana with a corps of six thousand men, and twelve pieces of cannon. On his march, the heavy howitzers of the siege train, the pontoons, and scaling-ladders, joined him—and having determined to attack the castle, the venta, and the bridge simultaneously, he endeavoured to reach the pass of Mirabete by a night march.

It was a daring and hazardous attempt; and one, under existing circumstances, that none but a military genius of high order would have adopted. The result was doubtful—but circumstances had left no alternative but the essay. The march of the English general through Truxillo had been communicated to the French commanders; and, at a distance of four marches from Merida, Hill had good reason to apprehend that Drouet, with overwhelming numbers, would move rapidly to Medellin, and endeavour to intercept his retreat. The danger was great, but it did not deter him; and, on the evening of the 18th, he marched on his daring enterprise.

The right column consisted of the 50th, 71st, and 92nd regiments; but it was reinforced from that of the centre, with the 6th Portuguese, a company of riflemen, and a detachment of gunners. At dusk, the division descended from the Sierra; but, though the distance was not above two leagues, the whole night was consumed in traversing the valley; and when the head of the column halted under cover of some hillocks which hid it from the enemy, the rear was still winding slowly through a path, which no foot save the shepherd's had ever trod before.

While waiting for the straggling sections to come up, the opening roar of cannon announced that Chowne's false attack on Mirabete had commenced.

Although astonished at the suddenness of the assault, the French were ready to repel it. A villager had already brought them intelligence of Hill's approach, and a cavalry picket, in the British uniform, had been discovered on the mountain. In consequence, the garrison of Fort Napoleon had been reinforced; and they instantly opened a heavy discharge from small arms and artillery, which the guns on Fort Ragusa supported by a flanking fire, until the ground immediately in front of the rampart sheltered the assailants from its effects.

The assault was splendidly successful, for nothing could check the ardour with which it was given. In a few minutes the parapet was escaladed; and the inner defences, after a brief resistance, were abandoned, the garrison flying for shelter to the *tête-du-pont*. But, with dashing gallantry, the leading files of the assailants bore rapidly onwards, and entered the work intermingled with the fugitives from the fort; and in a rush across the bridge, which had been previously injured by the sinking of several of its pontoons, many of the French perished in the river. The panic of the garrison of Fort Ragusa was increased by the fire of Fort Napoleon; and although the redoubt was secure, the commandant abandoned it most disgracefully,* and added its defenders to the fugitive troops who were hurrying towards Naval Moral.

RETREATS, THE TEST OF MILITARY SKILL.

IN estimating military character, and endeavouring to come to a correct conclusion regarding individual merit, the inquiry should not be what successes are effected, but what difficulties are overcome. In the flood-tide of prosperity, men sail fairly on, for to the fullest development of talent prosperity is favourable—success invigorates genius—the intellect is healthy—the nerve is strong. The onward step of conquest leaves no consideration, but how its advantages shall be most abundantly reaped; and following out Napoleon's correct definition—a general knows little of his trade who does not turn victory to full account.

To estimate the talents of a commander, the picture must be reversed—cripple his means—embarrass him unexpectedly—place him in perilous insecurity—oblige him to retreat, and press him with an active and superior enemy,—these are the true tests by which his qualities may be correctly valued.

From the remotest periods of history, a retreat has been considered the most certain touchstone to prove a commander's abilities. Numerous as the military lessons are which the peninsular sieges and battle-fields present to the inexperienced soldier, the history of the retreats would probably be more instructive still. In these memorable operations the talents and defects of military character were made apparent,—and the sophist must be dull indeed, who cannot draw practical inferences from the tardiness of Dupont, the nervousness of

* He was brought to trial for cowardice, and condemned and shot at Talavera.

Moore, the daring and scientific displays of Soult, and Massena, and Souham, and the matchless soldiery of the Iron Duke, in the conduct of their respective retreats.

As a military lesson, the unfortunate operations which followed the first invasion of Spain, are fraught with incident equally instructive to the statesman and the soldier—and to the initial error in the former, the failure of the latter may in a great degree be ascribed. Spanish armies had mustered in the field; the alternations of good and evil fortune had attended them; they had been victorious, and they had been beaten; while Europe watched the progress of the struggle, with the wish, rather than the hope, that the contest should terminate in favour of the oppressed. England had partially put forward her strength; she had her troops in close proximity to the scene where a nation's rights were about to be decided; and yet, judging from appearances, that force was to remain inactive. Time rolled on—the season when a British army might have been usefully employed had passed. Then, and not till then, Sir John Moore received his orders to advance—and when the tide of fortune was already far upon the ebb, he was instructed to attempt what circumstances had rendered impracticable, and co-operate with the armies for whose ruin the edict had gone forth, and whose destruction had only been deferred until Napoleon in person could visit with his wrath a people who had renounced his authority, asserted their independence, and left the issue “to God and their good swords.” A holier cause never roused a nation to resistance. None struck for freedom with bolder protestations; and none, in their efforts to achieve it, proved themselves more worthless, if imbecility towards their enemies, and faithlessness to their friends, be proofs.

Passing events of minor importance, it will be sufficient to observe, that on the 11th of November Sir John Moore crossed the frontier, and on the 13th entered Salamanca—his junction with Baird's corps, which had landed at Coruña, giving him an effective force of 32,000 men—and probably, for its strength, the finest army which England ever sent on service.

As I have elsewhere intimated, Napoleon, bent on the subjugation of the Peninsula, had personally repaired to Spain. Of his energetic determination an instance was afforded in his passage of the Guadarama.

The French armies in the Peninsula amounted to between two and three hundred thousand men, with two hundred pieces of artillery. Of these, nearly two hundred thousand were available for any enterprise.

Such were the mighty resources of Napoleon, and Moore had nothing to depend upon save the bayonets and sabres of the

army he commanded. A few days' experience showed that in these his sole reliance must be placed. In every expectation he was disappointed—every representation of the authorities proved false—he had no plan of operations laid down for his guidance—he had no partisans with whom he might co-operate—and the flattering statements respecting the resources and the spirit of the country were grossly exaggerated, or utterly fallacious. He advanced to unite himself to armies; and when he reached the supposed point of junction, he received intelligence that they were destroyed.

Thus circumstanced, but two courses could be adopted with the remotest prospect of success. To seize the first opportunity of delivering battle on a fair field, or to retreat instantly upon Rodrigo. The latter, although an unpopular proceeding, would have been the wiser one—but urged by the Spanish and English authorities to move upon Madrid, Moore's indecision gave way—and soon after the initial movement had been taken in retreat, contrary to his better judgment, he yielded an unwilling consent; and, while he should have been on the road to Portugal, in an evil hour he countermanded the order issued to Sir David Baird, and desired him to countermarch upon Astorga.

The commencement of his advance was marked with a gleam of sunshine. At Rueda a cavalry picket was surprised and dispersed—and by an intercepted despatch, Moore learned that Soult with sixteen thousand infantry and twelve hundred horsemen, was lying within his reach upon the Carrion, in a full and false belief that the English army were retreating into Portugal.

The force under Moore's command was sufficiently strong to insure a successful issue to the intended operation. It was also in hand; and to plan and to execute were, consequently, within the power of the English general. His infantry were concentrated at Mayorga, the cavalry at Melgar Abaxo—the entire amounting to twenty-three thousand six hundred men, with sixty pieces of cannon. The whole was organized in three divisions—a reserve, and two light brigades of infantry—and one division of cavalry. The guns were divided into seven brigades, of which four batteries were attached to the infantry, two to the cavalry, and one was held in reserve.

On the 21st the brilliant affair at Sahagun took place, in which the British cavalry defeated a very superior force—and on the 23rd, Sir John Moore determined to attack Soult upon the Carrion. A night march was arranged, the troops got under arms, when at the instant a courier arrived whose intelligence annihilated all hope of victory. The French armies were marching in all directions,—one object influencing their movements—

and that object was the annihilation of the English. The third corps had been halted at Vittoria, the fourth at Talavera, the eighth was marching to reinforce the second, and Napoleon, in person, was in the field to direct the combinations, by which the British army was to be crushed, and their hateful presence removed for ever from the Peninsula.

Instantly the baggage and stores were moved in the rear ; the cavalry and light troops masked the retreat. Hope fell back on Mayorga, and Baird to Valencia de San Juan. The last picket retired on Christmas evening, and so rapid were the movements of the Emperor, that Moore had only twelve hours' start of Napoleon.

A gallant affair between the British rear-guard and Ney's advanced cavalry occurred at Mayorga ; a two days' halt was made at Benevente, to allow the stores collected in the place to be removed ; and here, the first evil consequences of Moore's indecision, in not having carried out his former determination of falling back upon Rodrigo, became evident.

From the want of means of transport no alternative was left but to destroy the greater portion of the magazines. The misconduct of the troops, both here and at Valderas, had been so great, that a service order was issued by the English general, denouncing the licentiousness of the soldiery, and requiring that the strongest exertions of the officers should be used to repress drunkenness and plunder. Indeed the discontent, in every department of the army, was not concealed : an aversion to a retreat, and the additional annoyance occasioned by the severity of the weather, encouraged inebriety in the men, and, in many instances, a culpable indifference among the officers.

The Esia was the scene of another gallant display of British gallantry ; the Hussar brigade repelling the charges of the cavalry of the Imperial guard, and that too in the presence of the Emperor.

At Astorga Sir John Moore came to what appears a singular resolution, namely, that of detaching the light brigade to Vigo by Orense ; and thus considerably reducing the effective strength of his army. Two reasons have been given for the adoption of this step—and neither in my opinion could warrant it :—first, that it would lessen the difficulties of the commissariat ; and, secondly, secure the left flank of the army. The first may be defended—but there appears to have been no necessity for the second. If the left flank was insecure, it could only become so from lateral roads, by which the troops from Astorga might have turned the line of march of the retreating battalions ; but to separate from these, and proceed direct for the valley of the Minho, through a distant country, where no enemy had existence,

was an extraordinary mode of securing the uninterrupted march of the army.

The belief prevalent in the British army, was that Astorga would terminate the retreat, and Moore would turn to bay. There, as they believed, a stand would have been made, a battle hazarded, and the chances of a fair field afforded to a force whose discipline might have become deteriorated, but whose spirit and efficiency remained unbroken. But the destruction of field-equipage and entrenching tools, and the blowing up of spare ammunition-waggon, were fearful signals, and not to be misunderstood. From that time a sad change, both in discipline and moral conduct, was observable. Strictly speaking, the former was at an end—the soldiery became generally irregular—insubordination everywhere appeared—and, except when in the immediate presence of the enemy (and to the immortal credit of that army be it recorded, that on these occasions every noble principle seemed re-animated), the retreating corps seemed rather a tumultuary rabble hurrying from a disastrous field, than a British army whose organization and appearance, a short month before, would have challenged a world to surpass it.

At this moment, accident interposed, and probably, the salvation of the retreating army may be ascribed to the arrival of a courier from Paris, bearing a despatch for the Emperor. The news was indeed momentous—Austria and Russia were about to declare against Napoleon, and his instant return to France was imperiously required. The command of the army was given to the duke of Dalmatia. The Imperial guard were ordered to recross the Pyrenees, and Napoleon started for Paris, and bade a last farewell to Spain.

This providential deliverance from one whose very name brought terror with it, was expected to have caused an alteration in Sir John's plans, and it was hoped that he would receive the battle he should have accepted on the Esla. The character of the retreat was offensive to the soldiery, whose discipline might be relaxed but whose spirit remained unbroken.

As if to increase the sufferings of the receding army still more, the weather became inclement, and the roads were rendered almost impassable. "The rain came down in torrents; men and horses were foundering at every step—the former fairly worn out through fatigue and want of nutriment, the latter sinking under their loads, and dying upon the spot. Nor was it only among the baggage animals that an absolute inability to proceed further began to show itself; the shoes of the cavalry horses dropped off, and the horses themselves soon became useless. It was a sad spectacle to behold these fine creatures urged and goaded on till their strength utterly failed them, and then shot

to death by their riders, in order to prevent them from falling into the hands of the enemy. Then, again, the few ammunition-waggons which had hitherto kept up, fell one by one to the rear; the ammunition was immediately destroyed and the waggons abandoned. Thus were misfortunes accumulating upon us as we proceeded; and it appeared extremely improbable, should our present system of forced marches be persisted in, that one half of the army would ever reach the coast.*

Every league the army marched in this ruinous retreat showed that the *morale* of the troops was utterly destroyed, and while the officers became reckless, the men became more insubordinate. For some days, and on the slightest pretexts, the soldiers quitted their ranks; and when a wine-store, or village provided with drinking-houses, fell within their line of march, whole companies deserted their colours; and, in sheer despair, men, hitherto distinguished for sobriety, joined their more dissolute companions, and, in many cases, surpassed them in drunkenness and brutality. The army, marching by divisions, of course occasioned the main body to be always one march ahead of the reserve and rear-guard. When the latter arrived at Bembibre, the wine-vaults, houses, and streets were filled with stragglers from the division who had but recently quitted the town, intermingled with muleteers, and women, and all the nondescript followers who attend the movements of an army—the whole presenting a most revolting picture of intoxication in all its disgusting varieties. Some were stretched upon the ground in a state of brutal insensibility; others staggered through the streets exhibiting the foolery which inebriety occasionally brings on; more, on whom wine had a maddening effect, with the wish, but not the power, of being mischievous, threatened death to all who endeavoured by persuasion or assistance to induce them to quit the place.

Every moment now was precious; the French dragoons hung closely on the heels of the reserve; and during the last two days the leading sections of the hostile cavalry rode for miles in the presence of those who covered the retreat, and not unfrequently pressed the rear-most files so hard, that pistol-shots were interchanged. Thus circumstanced, delay was ruin; and the rear-guard reluctantly evacuated the town, leaving a small cavalry detachment to assist such of the unfortunates as might still attempt to get away. But the sudden appearance of a strong body of dragoons obliged it to retire in haste, and leave the drunkards to their fate.

In a few minutes the French cavalry galloped in—the alarm roused those helpless wretches to a sense of danger, and they

* Lord Londonderry.

endeavoured to overtake their comrades when it was too late. They crowded tumultuously along the road, shrieking or swearing, as fear or ferocity prevailed; some threw their muskets away, others retained arms which they could not use. The cavalry were now in the very throng of the wretched rabble, and heedless as to sex or age, they cut down all whom they could reach, or trod beneath their horses' feet those who from terror or inebriety were stretched upon the road. Never did crime produce its own punishment more rapidly, numbers were killed outright; and of those who managed to escape, the gashed faces and maimed limbs they presented to their comrades, told that the French horsemen had used the sword with reckless and unsparing severity.

At Villa Franca, the same outrages and drunkenness occurred. A military execution in the market place was disregarded—men plundered as they did before—and every soldierly feeling seemed extinguished. An affair took place in front of Cacabellos, between the advanced cavalry, under General Colbert, and the British rear-guard (95th Rifles.) The French were repulsed, and their chivalrous leader fell.

From Villa Franca to Lugo, the retreat was more pressed by the enemy, and many of the sick and wounded in consequence were abandoned. Some disabled guns were left upon the road; and Sir John Moore came to the unaccountable resolution of wasting the money intended for the immediate demands of the army, and directed that two bullock-carts, loaded with one hundred thousand Spanish dollars, should be destroyed by rolling the casks which contained the specie into a deep ravine. The order was carried into execution.

Still onward was the retreat hurried—and the ordinary means of delaying an enemy were but partially or imperfectly resorted to.

Between Monte Cabrero and Lugo, there are several bridges upon the way over glens and gills, which might have impeded the pursuit, had they been destroyed. One in particular, between Nogales and Morillas, is the most remarkable work of art between Coruña and Madrid. This bridge, which is called Puente del Corzul, crosses a deep ravine; from its exceeding height, the narrowness of its lofty arches, and its form, which, unusual with the Spanish bridges, is straight, it might at little chance be mistaken for an aqueduct. Several of those officers who knew the road relied much upon the strength of the ravine, and the impossibility that the French could bring their guns over, if the bridge were destroyed. Grievous as it was to think of destroying so grand a work, its destruction was attempted; but, as in most other instances, to no purpose, whether the

pioneers performed their office too hastily, or because their implements had been abandoned upon the way.

Had Sir John Moore survived Coruña, a field, by the way, that would have added little to his reputation, he would have outlived that popularity with the soldiers, which once he had so extensively possessed. Flying rather than retreating—worn down by hunger, fatigue, and cold—hounded from one wretched bivouac to another—until animal endurance ended—the foot-sore or wounded wretch lay down at last to die. Where they fell, there these unfortunates expired, some in the sullenness of despair, or in that insensibility which death from cold produces; while others vented their rage in imprecations upon all connected with this calamitous expedition, and “died with curses on their lips.”

The state, the feelings, the sufferings of the army, who were thus unwisely hurried through mountain roads, in cold, and rain, and tempest, until the sea at last interposed a barrier to further regression, will be best estimated by accounts given by actors in the scene of the incidents on march *en route* to Lugo.

The march was slowly and painfully effected—the distance being forty miles, nearly two days and a night were consumed in its accomplishment. It was more than a worn-down army could support; and a sadder scene never met the eye, than that which the road to Lugo presented. Still one lingering hope sustained the sinking soldier. It was the last dispiriting trial—the pursuers were to be boldly confronted—and at Lugo, the long-desired conflict would take place. Cheered by the expectation that death or victory would terminate sufferings no longer to be endured, many a feeble wretch staggered forward with his hardier comrades—and on the evening of the 5th, the exhausted battalions terminated a march, which, for severity and suffering, stands almost in the annals of warfare without a parallel.

That Sir John Moore had incurred the dissatisfaction of his officers, by an excess of caution which approached closely to timidity, has always been acknowledged; and while his conduct was freely canvassed, military respect forbade any open declaration of their private opinions; but with others less delicacy was observed.

At last, the feelings of the army could not be mistaken, and Moore determined to withstand the enemy in front of Lugo. Mark the effect of that resolution, when the English divisions formed in order of battle. “As by magic, the organization of his disorderly battalions was again complete. Neither severity of rebuke, nor even the example of a summary execution, had hitherto availed to check the wide and fearful insubordination; but when it was known that the colours of their regiments were

planted in bivouac on a line of battle, to the joy and the pride of their officers, the men came hurrying to the ranks ; and, as they examined their looks, fixed their flints, and loosened in the scabbards those bayonets which the pouring rain had rusted fast in the sheaths, they again looked to their officers with the regard of a ready obedience and a brave devotion."*

Moore contented himself with offering battle, which Soult declined accepting ; and when night came, the English general fell back upon Betanzos.

There the army had almost disbanded, and the 10th was prudently made a day of rest. The halt had its desired effect. The stragglers were enabled to gain their battalions ; and as the enemy only appeared at evening, and showed a cavalry force unsupported by infantry, the wandering soldiers united when hard pressed, rallied under some non-commissioned officers, and repulsing the French dragoons, rejoined their corps in safety. The retreat was now continued, with little interruption from the enemy.

I forgot to mention, that Sir John Moore had remained undecided as to the point of embarkation of his army ; and, that when Coruña was selected, adverse winds delayed the arrival of the transports. The removal of his corps was not practicable. Where then, was there any object to be gained by the marching down an army—an abandonment of sick and wounded—the destruction of the military chest—guns left upon the roads—and stragglers in the wine-houses ? A battle was now inevitable, and that too, on an indifferent position.

With the action at Coruña nothing of military interest is connected. It was a forced battle, one army driven into a corner, the other half afraid to fall on. Destruction was the order of the day. On the morning of the 13th, the buildings intended to supply the Spanish armies with powder were ordered to be destroyed. They were fortunately situated fully three miles from Coruña, and as the greater magazine contained 4,000 barrels, when fired, the explosion was perfectly astounding.

On the evening of the 14th, the fleet appeared ; the embarkation of the sick and wounded, the artillery, and a few valuable horses, proceeded ; and those of the cavalry and artillery which remained, were destroyed.

We have seen the miserable consequences of an imprudent advance, and a ruinous retreat. Did circumstances warrant the latter ? Were the movements of the army to be urged forward with a ruinous rapidity ? or, was it to be an operation executed with the quickness which circumstances required, but never

* Sherrin.

assuming the semblance of a rout? If Sir John Moore's sole motive was to reach the sea, and that he disregarded the fatal consequences which invariably attend upon a hurried retreat—no doubt, favoured by the difficulty of the country, long nights, bad roads, and broken bridges, his object could be achieved. But did the necessity exist that required this precipitate retirement? That Soult would not press him to the uttermost, it was idle to expect; and that a vigorous pursuit would occasion an enormous loss to a retreating army was equally certain. To gain the coast with the least possible loss, was the precise point to which Sir John Moore's line of conduct was narrowed. This Soult would strain every effort to prevent. Hence, no alternative was left to the English general but to risk an action without delay, and by crippling his opponent, obtain that breathing time for his army, which was indispensable for the conduct of a safe and honourable retreat.

Behind him the country was strong. Moore had many positions where he could have offered battle; and on more than one occasion he might have even attacked the duke of Dalmatia with advantage. In effecting what Napoleon termed the "glorious mission of destroying the English army, pursuing them to their point of embarkation, and driving them into the sea," the marshal had merely to press them sufficiently, without bringing them to action, and cold, fatigue, and suffering would do the work of ruin as surely as the sword. What it was Soult's interest to avoid, it was Moore's duty to force on. His army were burning for a conflict; and had one occurred, the issue of Coruña removed all doubt of what the result would have been.

History is a stern task—and to execute it well, every feeling must be sacrificed to fidelity. Never was the ordeal to which an unfortunate commander is subjected, so gently criticised—no man obtained a larger share of sympathy from his countrymen—and none deserved it better.

That ample justice was done to a meritorious servant, by the people of England, none can deny. His deserts were appreciated and acknowledged—and his well-earned reputation had nothing to fear, but from the comparisons in which his admirers have injudiciously indulged. To claim equality as a commander for Moore, with Wellington, Napoleon, Soult, Hill, or indeed many of the commanders of division, no circumstances will warrant. Sir John was a first-rate officer—but he never could have been a great commander. He was an able tactician—understood thoroughly the economy of an army—handled troops well—had a sound discretion, and a clear head—but a constitu-

tional defect in some degree neutralized these admirable qualities. Moore wanted confidence in himself—he was oppressed by a fear of responsibility and a constant dread of doing that which was wrong, of running his troops into difficulties from which they might not be able to extricate themselves. Sir John Moore had earned the highest reputation as a general of division; he was aware of this, and perhaps felt no inclination to risk it; at all events he was clearly incapable of despising partial obstacles in the pursuit of some great ultimate advantage—and, rich in his own resources, of surmounting difficulties, and not desponding when allies were faithless and friends proved false.

Sir John Moore's misfortunes have been attributed to various causes, and, among many, to the inability and bad conduct of his officers. That most of them were inexperienced, and many indifferent to their duties, may have been true. But let it be remembered, that vacillation in a leader is certain to produce want of confidence in subordinates; and that the estimate of Sir John's abilities had not risen among his officers during the progress of the retreat. The open manner in which they expressed their dissatisfaction at being hurried from the presence of an enemy whom they had every reason to believe they had power, had they permission, to chastise, was censurable in a military point of view; and, in example and effect, this manifestation of feeling was dangerous and inexcusable. But let justice be extended to the living and the dead; let wounded pride and personal suffering be taken into account; let the daring gallantry, which was invariably displayed in every collision with the enemy, be recollected; and it will not be difficult to find apology for expressions of discontent at flying from the presence of an army to whom, in every trial, they had proved themselves immeasurably superior.

It would be as ridiculous to defend the policy which at the eleventh hour despatched Sir John Moore into Spain, as it would be unwise to assert that the conduct of the campaign was not, in several cases, obnoxious to censure. In sufficient time to have permitted him to have fallen back on Portugal unscathed, Moore ascertained that Spanish co-operation was Utopian, and that Frere—on whom the maledictions of a nation fell—under visionary pretexts, was urging him forward to his ruin. Would Wellington, under such convictions, have advanced a step? But the inflexibility of purpose, for which "the Iron Duke" has been happily distinguished, was unfortunately wanting in Sir John Moore. Upright in intention himself, he was slow to believe that others were false and perfidious. He allowed specious assurances to influence him, although he had just reason to suspect that the individuals were unworthy of his

confidence; and he temporized when he should have been obdurate. Time was unnecessarily lost in Salamanca, and time more uselessly expended afterwards in a vain effort to remove stores, which want of transport should have at once decided the English general in destroying. This delay induced the hurried movements which succeeded—and probably an action might have been fought and won in less time than was wasted in Astorga. One object, from the moment he left Sahagun, seemed to influence Sir John: his anxiety was to reach the sea; and, with an army superior in many points to that with which Waterloo was won, he exhausted that strength and spirit in wearying and inglorious marches, which, if put forth upon a battle-field, would have crushed the enemy that pressed it, and, after a gallant victory, secured a leisurely, and most probably an unmolested retreat.

Those who defend the course adopted by Sir John Moore, maintain that the offer of battle at Lugo, which Soult declined, was all that the English general was warranted in doing. Nothing is more inconclusive than this assertion. With the supporting force which the French marshal had within two marches of his rear, he would, to use Napoleon's words, have "known little of his trade," if he had not taxed his skill to amuse his opponent, and gain time for his reserves to come up. The same result was what both generals aimed at; both were desirous of a battle; and the difference existed only in its being instant with the one, and delayed with the other. An opportunity of attacking his enemy before his own troops had suffered from bad weather and fatigue, should have been sought for—and a retreating army has generally the power of forcing on an action when they please.

The French pursuit was ardent. The English retreat, to judge by its tremendous marches, the destruction of stores, and abandonment of sick and stragglers, had assumed all the character of an army driven to the last extremity, and seeking its salvation by the precipitancy of its movements. All that daily occurred, showed that the general was alarmed for the safety of soldiers, whose discipline and confidence were deteriorated by the privations and fatigue of the retreat. With these impressions, a feint, at any moment, would have produced a battle. Pickets, directed to retire in disorder—a battalion, by a preconcerted arrangement, giving way; any of these, had Moore really wished to bring on an action, would have readily succeeded. But to gain the sea appeared to be the grand object at which he strained; for even when advancing a month before, by a sad prescience of misfortune, "his heart and soul seemed turned to the Portuguese frontier."

It would be an idle task to speculate what Moore might have done,—and had he stood the trial with Napoleon, his name might have descended to posterity, gloriously associated with the conqueror of Europe. Everything favours that belief. With the emperor, British soldiers were underrated; and his great anxiety was to overtake rather than overmatch an enemy, whom he never fancied would venture to oppose, and was only anxious to evade him. Moore, upon the Esca, might have received battle with equal numbers. The composition of his army was magnificent, and all that the troops wanted was a fair field. The feeling, the temper, the national animosity which Napoleon entertained to the invading army of England, an over-weening confidence in himself, and a false estimate of the military qualities of those whom he hated, and was only anxious to destroy,—might, in a desire for vengeance, have hurried him to have seized the first opportunity presented to fall on. What the result would have been is now mere matter of conjecture, and can only be reached by inference. Would an army whose discipline was perfect, with the recollection of Boliça and Vimiero, fresh and burning for a contest, been wanting in the presence of Napoleon, whose wretched *débris* at Coruña, so completely defeated his ablest lieutenant? Oh, no! Fortune flung the wreath of immortality at the foot of Moore, but his hand wanted resolution to lift it.

WELLINGTON AND MASSENA'S RETREATS.

In the brief account of the leading incidents of Moore's retreat, I have been obliged to present a sketch of warfare, tinted in the gloomiest colouring.—Every evil influence united to give this unhappy operation a fatal character. The very season of the year added its winter horrors to sufferings more easily imagined than described—and no circumstance was wanted which could morally and physically break the spirit of the soldier, render him dead to the call of duty—and to praise or censure make him insensible alike.

To other regressive movements, offering however a happy contrast to the sad retreat upon Coruña, our attention will now be directed. The game of war is chequered. He who retires to-day, may advance to-morrow. Wellington sought shelter in the impregnable lines of Torres Vedras, from Massena's pursuit. In a brief space, "the spoiled child of victory" was hurried over the frontier by the allied commander—and the pursuer, in turn, became the pursued.

From Massena's appointment to the chief command, the most fortunate results had been anticipated. The mutual jealousies of his lieutenants had tired the patience of Napoleon—and in naming the prince of Essling to direct the future operations of the French armies in the Peninsula, he expected that superior rank, and a name associated with victory, would have insured co-operation from subordinates, who before had held themselves too closely equalized, to follow out each other's plans. Immediately on his reaching the scene of war, Massena put the corps under his command into active operation. He moved forward to Viseu, and Wellington retired behind the Alva.

The designs of this able general were however speedily penetrated by Lord Wellington. The marshal's movements were evidently directed on Coimbra, by the north of the Mondego. Abandoning the line of the Zezere and the routes upon Abrantes, his march trended either to the Busaco or Murcella heights, over both of which the mountain roads north and south of the Mondego are carried.

A retreat was instantly resolved upon by Lord Wellington, and it was carried into immediate execution—and what a contrast does the orderly and easy regression on "the lines" present to the calamitous haste with which Moore hurried his army to Coruña? By a correct understanding with the irregular troops of the country, Wellington turned their services to excellent account—while with Moore, Romana's corps, at Astorga, was worse than an encumbrance. In retiring to Busaco, the partisan leaders hung upon the flanks of the French army, and occasionally showed themselves in the rear; while, taking advantage of the badness of the road having delayed Massena's military chest and reserve artillery, Trant made a bold attempt to seize both; and had the Portuguese militia been more manageable, there is little doubt that his success would have been equal to his daring. As it was, he created much confusion, carried off a hundred prisoners, delayed the enemy two marches, and thus gave Wellington ample time, had that been necessary, to establish his detached brigades securely in their positions at Busaco.

The regressive movement of the allied army was a military spectacle which had never been previously exhibited; and nothing could be more imposing, nor more strange.

Everything considered, a retreat was never conducted in better order. The weather, until the infantry reached the lines, was good. At Coimbra, Condeixa, Redinha, and Leyria, the troops became troublesome, until at the latter place the mischief was so much increased, that Lord Wellington arrested this growing disorder with a strong hand.

The lines were gained—and a position was disclosed to its

occupants, which Roman industry might have emulated, but not surpassed. The description of this enormous military undertaking is amply given in the histories of the war.

A pass which leads into the Coimbra road through an opening in the Sierra de Caramula, enabled Massena to drive in the pickets at Borjaloa, and force Trant to cross the Vouga—thus avoiding the heights of Busaco, and turning the left of that position by the Oporto road. But while the French were in strong march across the passes of Condeixa. Man naturally clings to his home, and the humblest dwelling is abandoned with regret. Although many of the inhabitants of Coimbra had retired, more remained; and when it was suddenly announced that the enemy were at hand, all hurried off, some carrying valuable effects, and others burthened with the young, the aged, and the infirm. A disorderly mass of men and animals crowded the bridge, and choked the road, the fugitives mobbing themselves among the soldiers, and that too at a moment when the French cavalry crossed the river by a ford, and threatened the flank of the rear-guard.

Here one of those scenes of confusion always incident to a retreat occurred, and had nearly involved a British division in a dangerous conflict with the enemy's advance. On the appearance of the French cavalry in force, the light division, which formed the rear-guard, pressed through the city, to gain and occupy the passes of Condeixa. Man naturally clings to his home, and the humblest dwelling is abandoned with regret. Although many of the inhabitants of Coimbra had retired, more remained; and when it was suddenly announced that the enemy were at hand, all hurried off, some carrying valuable effects, and others burthened with the young, the aged, and the infirm. A disorderly mass of men and animals crowded the bridge, and choked the road, the fugitives mobbing themselves among the soldiers, and that too at a moment when the French cavalry crossed the river by a ford, and threatened the flank of the rear-guard.

A single regiment of foot would have been sufficient to destroy the division, wedged in as it was, in a hollow way, and totally incapable of advancing, retreating, or breaking out on either side. At last some of the infantry opened a passage on the right flank, and, by great exertions, the road was cleared for the guns; but it was not until after dusk that the division reached Condeixa, although the distance was less than eight miles. Head-quarters were that night at Redinha, and the next day at Leyria.

This solitary incident excepted, never had a retreat been more admirably executed; and an ordinary forced march would have produced more casualties than a regressive movement over nearly two hundred miles. Nothing could have been conducted with greater ease to the troops; not a straggler had been taken—not a gun abandoned, not an article of baggage lost; the infantry had never been seen by the enemy, except at Busaco, where they met them in battle, and signally defeated them; and the cavalry had taken on the way more prisoners from the enemy than the infantry lost, a circumstance which probably never occurred in any

former retreat. The troops, therefore, became confident that their commander had no thoughts of abandoning the contest; and that an embarkation was not his object, but that he was acting upon some settled plan, which he was well able to carry to the end. But when they entered the lines which they were to occupy, their surprise was hardly less than that of Massena and his army, at the foresight which they there saw displayed, and the skill with which a strong position had been rendered impregnable.

All had been already arranged for the occupation of the lines, and different fortified points were assigned to the respective divisions. The cavalry brigades were placed in a second line, and among the villages on the left; and in the full confidence of perfect security, the allies rested in the front of a pursuing enemy, with every assurance that before long their mutual relations would be changed, and, in turn, that they would be the pursuers.

The experience of a few days showed Massena how very desperate his chances were of deforcing an enemy, who had been already tried on more assailable ground, and tried in vain. Before him rose the lines of Lisbon; behind, his communications with the Spanish frontier were cut off; Bacellar's army was spread over the country, and every post the prince of Essling quitted was immediately occupied by Portuguese irregulars. In three days after he had established his hospitals in Coimbra, that city was surprised by Trant, and five thousand sick and wounded men, with the marine company that guarded them, were captured, and carried to Oporto. British gun-boats filled the Tagus; supplies came freely to the allied camp; for the sea to them was open, and their intercourse with the capital was uninterrupted and direct. People flocked from Lisbon to visit the lines, in all that security which told the ruin of Napoleon's hopes,—and with winter coming fast—an exhausted country to depend on—increasing sickness—disunited officers, and a disheartened soldiery, Massena felt his situation to be one than which nothing could be more discouraging; for to attack were madness—to retreat, disgraceful—and to remain, impossible. Contrary, however, to every principle of war, the marshal desperately persevered, and for six weeks maintained sixty thousand men and twenty thousand horses in a country which could not have supplied a British brigade for a week.

Before a month elapsed after Wellington had entered the lines of Lisbon, the character of the war underwent a change, and on both sides the intention of fighting was abandoned. Massena had discovered that Torres Vedras was neither to be turned by flank movements, nor carried by assault; and on hi

part the resumption of the offensive was given up. The allied general knew that starvation would operate more slowly, but more effectually than the sword, and he remained quiet in a position where he found himself unassailable. Every consideration, personal and political, induced Massena to remain in front of his enemy while he could; but hunger was already in his camp, although no means to obtain supplies were left untried.

At this period the most infamous falsehoods were promulgated in England; and the press was not abused more "damnably" by Jack Falstaff than by the radicals and opposition party of that day. The allied army was represented as starving, while the "Prince of Eseling, as they averred, had an immense track of country as yet untouched," from which to obtain supplies; and the allies, with famine in their rear, and an overwhelming enemy in the front, possessed the ground alone, which was crowned by their artillery or occupied by their battalions. It was hoped—so said the newspapers—that Wellington would not dream of remaining throughout the winter on those barren heights; he might probably still embark with but little loss; and the sooner it was effected the better.

Now in opposition to factious assertions, utterly regardless of truth, take the statement of an actor in the scene:—"While everything in the lines was regulated to insure the security and health of the soldiers, Lord Wellington was not inattentive to the comforts and even luxuries of his followers. Provisions were abundant: there was no want of wine; and sports and amusements went on as if we had been not at the seat of war, but in England; officers of all ranks, and in every department, from the commander-in-chief down to the regimental subaltern, occasionally enjoyed the field sports of hunting, shooting, and fishing. The men, too, had their pastimes when not employed on duty; in a word seldom has an army, occupying ground in the face of its enemy, enjoyed so many hours of relaxation, or contrived to unite so completely the pleasures of country life with the serious business of war."*

The villainous falsehoods propagated by political opponents at home were accompanied by annoyances abroad; and while Lord Wellington was pursuing a slow but certain policy, everything seemed as if united to embarrass it. In the country, Souza, assisted by the patriarch, warped the regency to what purposes he pleased, and the fruits which the intrigues of the president and priest occasioned soon produced unequivocal results. From the Portuguese line, the desertions within nine months amounted to as many thousands; the ordenanza disbanded themselves by

* Lord Londonderry.

whole companies; famine threatened Lisbon, crowded as it was with fugitives from the country, and prisoners who had been suffered to accumulate; the fortification of the heights of Almeida, which the British engineers had recommended to be immediately completed, was seized on as a pretext for the patriarch to make a popular remonstrance; and the influence which he possessed over an ignorant and bigoted community, was dangerously exercised to mar the efforts of their deliverer, and cause the British cabinet to be suspected and maligned.

I have been thus particular in stating the actual circumstances of the times, for the double purpose of showing you, first, how little frequently is known at home of the true position and prospects of an army; and secondly, to prove with what accuracy Wellington penetrated the views, and calculated on the subsequent operations of his rival. The letter, which I give you at length, has been selected as a happy specimen of his plain and lucid method of conveying views and opinions, when, "beset on every side, the English general rose like a giant." This admirable despatch was addressed to Lord Liverpool, and dated "Pero Negro, 3rd November, 1810:"—

"I wish it was in my power to give your lordship an opinion of the probable course of the enemy's operations, founded upon the existing state of affairs here, considered in a military point of view; but from what I am about to state to your lordship, you will observe that it is impossible to form such an opinion.

"The expedition into Portugal was, in my opinion, founded originally upon political and financial, rather than military considerations. It is true that, with a view to the conquest of Spain, there were advantages purely military to be derived from the removal of the British army from Portugal; but I think I could show that it was not essentially necessary to effect that object, particularly after the door into Castille had been closed upon us, by the capture of Ciudad Rodrigo and Almeida.

"The political object, therefore, in removing us from Portugal, which was the effect that our evacuation of the Peninsula would have had upon the inhabitants of Spain in general, and upon those of Cadiz in particular, and the financial object, which was the possession and plunder of Lisbon and Oporto, were the principal motives for the perseverance in the expedition into Portugal. I believe the latter to have been more pressing even than the former.

"It is impossible to describe to your lordship the pecuniary and other distresses of the French armies in the Peninsula. All the troops are months in arrears of pay; they are in general very badly clothed; their armies want horses, carriages, and equipments of every description; their troops subsist solely

upon plunder, whether acquired individually, or more regularly by the way of requisition and contribution; they receive no money, or scarcely any, from France; and they realize but little from their pecuniary contributions in Spain. Indeed, I have lately discovered that the expense of the pay and the hospitals alone of the French army in the Peninsula, amounts to more than the sum stated in the financial *exposé* as the whole expense of the entire French army.

"This state of things has very much weakened, and in some instances destroyed, the discipline of the army; and all the intercepted letters advert to acts of malversation and corruption, and misapplication of stores, &c. by all the persons attached to the army.

"I have no doubt, therefore, that the desire to relieve this state of distress, and to remove the consequent evils occasioned by it, by the plunder of Lisbon and Oporto, was the first motive for the expedition into Portugal.

"The expedition, not having been founded upon any military necessity, has been carried on and persevered in against every military principle. We know that Massena could expect no immediate reinforcements, and, without adverting to the various errors, which I believe he would acknowledge he had committed in the course of the service, he has persevered in it after he found that he was unable to force the troops opposed to him, when posted in a strong position, and when he knew that they had one still stronger in their rear, to which they were about to retire; and that they were likely to be reinforced, while his army would be still further weakened by sickness, and by the privations to which he knew they must be liable on their march. He knew that the whole country was against him; that a considerable corps was formed upon the Douro, which would immediately operate upon his rear; that at the time of the battle of Busaco he had no longer any communication with Spain; and that every step he took further in advance, was a step towards additional difficulty and inconvenience, from which the retreat would be almost impossible.

"If the expedition into Portugal had been founded upon military principle only, it would have ended at Busaco; and I do not hesitate to acknowledge that I expected that Massena would retire from thence, or at all events would not advance beyond the Mondego. But he has continued to advance, contrary to every military principle; and I, therefore, conclude that the pressure of financial distresses, which was the original motive for the expedition, was that for persevering in it, and may operate upon the measures of the present moment.

"In this view of the case, it is probable that Massena may

endeavour to maintain his position, as long as he can keep alive any proportion of his troops, being certain that the same difficulties which induced the Emperor to undertake the expedition without any military necessity, would induce him to make every effort to reinforce him at the earliest possible period of time, and therefore that he will remain some time longer where he is.

"Your lordship is already acquainted with the means of reinforcing him. There is no doubt that by raising the siege of Cadiz, and abandoning other unattainable objects, Massena may be reinforced to a very considerable extent.

"Under these circumstances, I have frequently turned over in my mind the expediency of attacking the French army now in my front, before it should be joined by its reinforcements; and, upon the whole, I am inclined to be of opinion that I ought not to do so.

"I enclose your lordship an account of the number of battalions, squadrons, &c. which entered Portugal with Massena, and I cannot believe that they composed an army of less than 70,000 men at the battle of Busaco. I calculate their loss, including sick, since that time, at 15,000 men, which would leave them with 55,000 men, of which 6,000 or 7,000 are cavalry, at the present moment.

"The effective strength of the British army, according to the last returns, was 29,000 infantry, cavalry and artillery, and one regiment at Lisbon, and one at Torres Vedras, which, in the view of the contest, ought not to be taken into the account; and I enclose a statement of the Portuguese force, according to the last returns.

"Besides this force, the Marquis de la Romana's corps consists of about 5,000 men; making a total of 58,615, of which I could command the services in case I should act offensively against the enemy, of which about — * would be cavalry.

"Besides these troops, there are different bodies of militia, infantry, and artillery, in our positions; but I should deceive myself if I could expect, and your lordship if I should state, that any advantage would be derived from their assistance in an offensive operation against the enemy.

"Although the enemy's position is not so strong as that which we occupy, there is no doubt but that it has its advantages; one of which is, that, in attacking it, we could hardly use our artillery. I would also observe that in every operation of this description by the British army in Portugal, no attempt can be made to manœuvre upon the enemy's flank or rear; first, because the enemy show they are indifferent about their flank or rear, or their communications; and, secondly, because the

* Blank in the original. The allied cavalry might be rated at 5,000.

inevitable consequence of attempting such a manœuvre would be to open some one or other road to Lisbon, and to our shipping, of which the enemy would take immediate advantage to attain his object.

"We must carry their positions, therefore, by main force, and consequently with loss; and, in the course of the operations, I must draw the army out of their cantonments: I must expose the troops and horses to the inclemencies of the weather at this season of the year, and must look to all the consequences of that measure, in increased sickness of the men, and in loss of efficiency and condition in horses.

"I observe that, notwithstanding the length of time which has elapsed since the greatest and most efficient part of the French army has been employed against us, there is yet no other military body in the Peninsula which is capable of taking, much less of keeping, the field; and the relief of Cadiz, which appears to me to be a probable consequence of the state of affairs here, would not give us the assistance of an army from that quarter, either in the way of co-operation or of diversion; nor would the removal of Sebastiani from Granada, which would be the consequence of the relief of Cadiz, enable Blake to make any progress beyond the Sierra Morena towards Madrid. We should still stand alone in the Peninsula as an army; and, if I should succeed in forcing Massena's positions, it would become a question whether I should be able to maintain my own, in case the enemy should march another army into this country. But, when I observe how small the superiority of numbers is in my favour, and know that the position will be in favour of the enemy, I cannot but be of opinion that I act in conformity with the instructions and intentions of his Majesty's government, in waiting for the result of what is going on, and in incurring no extraordinary risk.

"Every day's delay, at this season of the year, narrows our line of defence, and consequently strengthens it; and when the winter shall have set in, no number, however formidable, can venture to attack it; and the increase of the enemy's number at that period will only add to their distress, and increase the difficulties of their retreat.

"I have thought it proper to make your lordship acquainted with the course of my reflections upon this subject, and my present determination, which I hope will be consistent with the wishes of his Majesty's government. Circumstances may change: the enemy's distresses for provisions, and the operations of our detachments in his rear, may induce him to detach to such a degree, as to render a general attack upon him a mea-

sure of positive advantage, in which case I shall alter my determination. But adverting to the necessity of placing the troops in the field in this season if I should make an attack, the advantage must be very obvious before I adopt a measure which must be attended by the consequences of losing the services of my men by sickness."

Warriors sleep, as well as poets—and Massena's invasion of Portugal was altogether a tissue of mistakes. On the 25th of September, when Wellington offered battle, the time to deliver it was let slip.

If Busaco could have been assailed with success, then was the moment to attempt it. Reynier's division had arrived by the left-hand route, and taken its position at Antonio de Cantara, in front of Picton's division. The allies were moving dispersedly over the sierra, to reach their respective posts—half the hill was unoccupied—and, on two points, Ney and Reynier were in order of battle, with forty thousand combatants in hand. Both generals saw that this was the time for action—both were ardent to fall on—but Massena, who was ten miles in the rear, directed that the attack should be postponed until he could personally direct it. That delay sealed the battle's fate; it enabled the first division to take its ground, the second to come up from Alva, the fifth to cross the Mondego, and the whole to place themselves upon that battle-field, from which every future effort to dislodge them was bravely and bloodily repelled.

Nor was an attempt on Torres Vedras impracticable—but to succeed, off-hand execution was indispensable. A *coup de main* might have opened the road to Lisbon—but again Massena's good genius deserted him.

Massena's disregard of Ney's remonstrance against sitting down before the lines, became evidenced more fatally every day, and every hour his situation became more unpromising,—for as the supplies grew scarcer, the difficulty to obtain them proportionably increased, and there was not a point on which Massena could move his foragers without encountering an enemy. Carlos d'España had interrupted all communications between Castelle Branco and Abrantes. Some Spanish light troops and British cavalry were at Ramalhal. In Óbidos, a daring partisan (Fenwick) had a force. Waters, with indefatigable activity, was cutting off marauding parties—while near the lines, Wilson infested the country from Espinhal to the Zezere.

Wellington's retreat upon the lines was a well-conceived, well-organized, and well-executed operation. All was certainly in favour of perfect success—good weather, unbroken roads, a healthy army, and a friendly population, rendering this regressive

movement comparatively easy ; while uncertainty of supplies, and partida annoyances on his flank and rear, as seriously impeded Massena's advance.

It will appear singular, that the mischievous consequences of Moore's unfortunate retreat were felt even in the lines of Lisbon. At no one period of the campaign was desertion so extensive and unaccountable—and in the absence of all inducement to commit the offence, we must look for its cause in deteriorated discipline.

"It is difficult," observed Lord Wellington, "to account for the prevalence of this crime—particularly in this army lately. The British soldiers see the deserters from the enemy coming into their lines daily, all with a story of the unparalleled distresses which their army are suffering, and of the loss of all hope of success in the result of their enterprise, at the same time that they know and feel that they are suffering no hardship or distress ; that there is not an article of food or clothing which can contribute to their health and comfort that is not provided for them ; that they are well lodged and taken care of in every respect, and not fatigued by work or duty, and having every prospect of success."

The time had now arrived, when the opinions expressed by the allied commander, were about to be confirmed. Massena felt that it was ruinous, and indeed impossible, to struggle longer against starvation ; and no alternative was left him but to retire from before the allied cantonments. Unwillingly that resolution was taken, ably it was carried out ; and if his advance was contrary to every rule, and consequently highly censurable, his retreat was throughout a beautiful military display, and worthy of his high and well-earned reputation.

The foundation for a difficult operation was so skilfully and secretly laid, that the belief was general in the French army, and even in the lines, that the marshal was about to take the offensive against a position he had so unwisely and uselessly observed so long.

His initial movements were those of a master in the art of war. Nothing could be more uncertain than the intentions of the French marshal, and Lord Wellington felt, that, by an incautious movement, his army must be seriously committed. Massena's retreat might only be a feint to draw the allies from their position—while by turning Monte Junta, he might make a sudden rush on Torres Vedras—therefore the army, excepting the second and light divisions, was accordingly kept in hand by the British general.

Having satisfied himself, however, that Massena's movement was not a feint, and supposing that he intended to cross the Zézere and abandon Portugal, Hill was directed to cross the Tagus and

move on Abrantes, while Wellington should deforce the French rear-guard, which he calculated on finding in Santarem.

The subsequent operations of the allied commander offers a fine military lesson of acute intelligence and sound discretion—and you will perceive that if it be a first principle in the art of war to know when to strike, the quality is not less valuable in a soldier, who knows also when it is prudent to withhold his hand.

The causeway to Santarem had been secured in front of the French position by a strong abatis, while a height which dominated it was crowned with a battery, whose fire would have swept it from end to end. This difficult passage, when forced, would have only brought the assailants before a range of heights overlooked by a bolder eminence; each was a strong position in itself, and all were to be carried before the town of Santarem could be assaulted.

A movement of Reynier's corps had led General Fane to forward a report to Lord Wellington, that the French were retreating on the Zézere. The former, finding himself separated completely from the eighth corps, and fearing that his division might in consequence be cut off, moved his sick and wounded men rapidly on Golegao, after sending his cavalry to observe the bridges of the Rio Mayor, by which route he feared that Lord Wellington would advance. This induced the allied general to conclude that Santarem was not held in force, and on the 19th he made all necessary arrangements to attack it.

Fortunately, a part of the artillery had not arrived; and although the dispositions were in everything besides complete, he waited for the arrival of the guns. That pause was fortunate; and the eagle glance of Wellington detected appearances that bespoke preparations for a determined stand. It was evident that the position would be obstinately maintained.

Although either general would receive a battle, neither felt inclined to deliver one. Each had objects in view which would make fighting, excepting at advantage, most impolitic. Massena in his new position had his front protected during the wet season, by the inundation of the country. Punhete fortified in his rear, and his bridge over the Zézere well secured. His troops were in hand,—and a double line open to him to communicate with Spain, afforded him the advantage of covering supplies and reinforcements, and of retreating when he pleased. Political as well as military considerations held out sufficient inducements to keep Massena in Portugal so long as he could subsist himself. While he held a position in the country, none could say that Lisbon was secure, or that Oporto was not open to aggression. The occupation of a portion of the kingdom increased the sufferings of a starving population, fostered discon-

tent, encouraged disaffection, and gave reason to question the ultimate chances of British success.

Wellington's reasons for declining to force a battle, are best given in his own words:—"I do not propose," he says, "to make any movement by which I shall incur the risk of involving the army in a general action, in ground less advantageous than that which I had fixed upon to bring the contest to that issue. The enemy can be relieved from the difficulties of their situation only by the occurrence of some misfortune to the allied army; and I shall forward their views by placing the fate of the campaign on the result of a general action on ground chosen by them, instead of on that selected by me. I therefore propose to continue the operations of the light detachments on the flanks and rear of the enemy's army, and to confine them as much as possible; but to engage in no serious affair in this part of the country, on ground on which the result can be at all doubtful."

Never was there a stronger instance of the necessity in a general, of disengaging personal from prudential considerations, than in this Fabian course of action adopted by Lord Wellington. In England the anti-war cry was tremendous. Prudence told the allied leader to "bide his time"—while wounded pride prompted him to strike at every hazard. By following the cautious system which prudence pointed out, he was tolerably certain that success would crown his efforts: and he was equally convinced, that, in the mean while, his motives would be mistaken, and his military reputation traduced. If he could but win another battle—and there was a fair presumption that a trial would prove fortunate—"a victory would have silenced his opponents both in England and Portugal, and placed him in a situation to dictate the measures of war to the ministers, instead of having to struggle incessantly against their fears."

Time developed the wisdom of Lord Wellington's forbearance.—Sickness wasted the French army, food became daily scarcer, the organization of the troops was seriously compromised, the leading generals were at variance, and the conspiracy to put St. Cyr at the head of the army in Spain, was by no means relinquished, and Massena at last felt himself called upon to retire.

With four lines open for retreat, the prince of Essling chose that which ran through the valley of the Mondego.

By crossing that river he might march upon Oporto, through a country as yet unexhausted, and therefore capable of affording supplies for his army while engaged in the operation; or by moving up by the left bank of the river, he had Guarda and Almeida in his rear. One objection existed to the adoption of a route by the Mondego. From the present position his corps

occupied, he must execute a flank movement to his right, to gain the actual line of his retreat; and burthened with 10,000 sick men, and the whole *matériel* of an army, this was a serious difficulty indeed.

With admirable skill, while removing his hospitals and baggage to the rear in the direction of Thomar, he still maintained a bold front, and seemed as if his intention was not to retire, but actually to cross the Zézere; while an able disposition of Ney's corps, which concentrated near Leyria, indicated that a movement on Torres Vedras was contemplated, and, of course, added to the uncertainty of Lord Wellington.

Any stores he could not carry off, or guns he could not horse efficiently, were destroyed—and every encumbrance removed four marches to the rear. To his reserve cavalry the protection of the sick and wounded was entrusted. They led the march, followed by the eighth corps; and the sixth, the light cavalry, and the best of his artillery formed an imposing rear guard.

After retiring from Pombal, on the 12th, the sixth corps, with General Montburn's cavalry, took up a strong position at the end of a defile, with their right in a wood upon the Soure river, and their left extending towards the high ground above the river of Redinha. The town was in their rear.

Lord Wellington's dispositions of attack were masterly—but in Ney, he had opposed to him a bold and skilful soldier—one whose energy and determination nothing could alarm, and which always seemed to rise in proportion as his difficulties increased. With his right outflanked by Erskine—with Picton on the wooded heights upon his left, the duke of Echlingen boldly held his position, drove in the skirmishers of the third division, and masked his real strength so well, that Wellington hesitated to attack until additional troops were brought forward.

At Condeixa, Massena was found in position on the 13th, and it was supposed that here he was ready to abide battle. Intelligence greatly exaggerating Trant's strength at Coimbra, however, caused an alteration in his plans—and in place of crossing the Mondego, he retreated by Puente de Murcella.

This movement finely developed the generalship of Wellington and Ney—and the former with admirable quickness penetrated his opponent's design, and detached the third division over the Sierra de Ancrao, to turn Massena's left. Believing that their position was perfectly secure, the astonishment of the French army was unbounded, when the red columns of the English were seen far in the rear of their left, winding round the base of a mountain ridge which had previously concealed their march.

But Ney, though surprised, acted with his customary de-

cision.—His camp was instantly broken up; while, covered by the smoke of Condeixa, which he fired to conceal his movements, and favoured by the obstacles which abatis and stockades presented to the advance of the pursuers, the marshal reached Casal Nova, closely followed by the British skirmishers. Massena, who was at Fonte Coberta, had nearly been made a prisoner; and it was reported that he escaped capture by taking the feathers out of his hat, and riding through some of the light troops.

To follow out Massena's final abandonment of Portugal would be to trench upon a history of the war, and not point, as I wish to do, military qualities and failings by apposite example. That the prince of Essling's retreat was marked by consummate ability, none dare gainsay—while the military skill displayed by the allied general during his advance, proved him a master in the art of war. Never had a retreating army a more favourable country for its operations—and never was any permitted to avail itself so little of these advantages. Although every league he crossed offered to the prince of Essling some position of matchless strength, it was seldom more than occupied, when some beautiful movement of Lord Wellington turned a flank, and caused its immediate abandonment—science thus effecting, without the expenditure of a cartridge, what, with a less intelligent commander, would have required an enormous sacrifice of life.

The effect of this short and brilliant campaign, neutralized as it was by the villanous misconduct of the Portuguese government,* was incalculable in ulterior advantages. While the splendid operations of Lord Wellington established his military superiority over him surnamed by Napoleon "l'enfant gâté de la victoire"—the results of his successes were of paramount value in a moral point of view. Coimbra and the Upper Beira were saved; and a great city and valuable district escaped the fearful visitation of a relentless enemy, whose ravages had "sent fear before, and left ruin behind their track."

The beautiful operations, on both sides, which marked the retreats of Wellington and Massena, might sufficiently instance that adverse circumstances are the best test of military ability. He who carries an army safely off, when an enemy presses him to battle, which prudence obliges him to decline, is a general. As a curious pendant to the movements to and from the lines will be found occurring in a subsequent campaign,

* No language can describe the shameful misconduct of the regency. The most flimsy pretexts were made apologies for the most iniquitous neglect. To the wants of their own soldiers, as well as to those of their allies, they were equally indifferent,—a scarcity of fuel in a country abounding in wood, was a plea for the starvation of the orie,—and when reinforcements landed in the Tagus, they were left in the streets of Lisbon, without a meal, or even a bed to rest upon.

I cannot pass it over. On the French part it was a fine display of scientific strategy—on the allied, an enduring proof of how much the fortunes of an army hang on the energy and the skill of its commander.

To be brief—after the splendid field of Salamanca had opened Madrid to Lord Wellington, the allied commander, finding that Clausel had come down the valley of the Pisuerga in force, determined, with the co-operation of the Spanish army under Castanos, to push the advantages of previous success, and press forward towards the Pyrenees. Accordingly, the first, fifth, and seventh British divisions, two Portuguese brigades (Pack's and Bradford's), the German heavy cavalry, and Anson's light brigade, were directed by rapid marches on Arevalo; and, on the 1st of September, Wellington left the capital, and assumed the command. On the 6th, the allied army forded the Duero, and reached Valladolid on the 7th, Clausel having abandoned that city on the preceding evening. Hoping that Castanos would join him as he had promised, Lord Wellington halted during the 8th, while the French fell leisurely back through the valleys of Pisuerga and Arlanzon.

The line of march by which Clausel retreated, and Lord Wellington advanced, was equally picturesque and fruitful. In patriarchal wealth, no valleys on the Peninsula were richer; for everywhere an abundance of corn, wine, and oil was found. To an advancing army these supplies were most valuable; and to a retreating one, this route gave great facilities of defence. The enclosures, so frequent in a highly cultivated district, presented continued obstacles to the march of the allies; while numerous ridges crossed the valleys, and with their flanks *appuyed* upon the mountains, which rose boldly on either side, afforded at every mile a position that could be vigorously defended.

At last, however, Castanos came up, and on the 17th, a Spanish corps of twelve thousand men joined Lord Wellington. To force on a battle was now the great object of the English general; but Clausel, observing that his opponent had been largely reinforced, with excellent discretion declined an action, and retreated to Frandovanez. On the following night he retired through Burgos, having been joined by Caffarelli, both generals falling back on their reserves at Briviesca.

The siege of Burgos followed—and of that it is enough to say, that the game of war was reversed, and that the tide of success which followed the victory of Salamanca was rolled back roughly—Souham resumed the offensive; and the position in which Wellington found himself, when the French army advanced from Briviesca, was certainly the most dangerous of any in which he had been previously, or, indeed, was “subsequently placed.”

His whole force consisted of twenty-one thousand Anglo-Portuguese, eleven thousand Spanish regulars, and the guerilla cavalry of Julian Sanchez and Marquínez. The British and German horsemen were under two thousand five hundred sabres; and the artillery, including twelve ill-appointed Spanish guns, numbered but forty-two pieces, and these of an inferior calibre. The French army were all good soldiers, and exceeded the allies by twelve thousand men; while in those important arms, cavalry and artillery, they were immeasurably superior, as Souham had more than sixty guns, and five thousand admirable horsemen.

In offering battle, Lord Wellington had not only stronger numbers to contend against, but his local position was most dangerous; while the spirit of his army, from recent reverses, had become depressed, and even its discipline had declined. Intelligence, however, reached the allied general on the 20th, that decided him not only on refusing to abide an action, but also upon raising the siege. Joseph was advancing towards the Tagus; that river had become in many places fordable, and was consequently insecure; the fall of Chinchilla had opened the road from Valencia, while by the treachery of Ballasteros, La Mancha was undefended, and the surrounding country and its resources consequently left for Soult to deal with as he pleased. To secure a junction with Hill was now become a measure of imperious necessity—a retreat was unavoidable—and to be successful, it must be promptly and rapidly effected.

On the evening of the 18th (October), through the misconduct of an officer, the opening of Souham's operations was successful, and on the 20th, Lord Wellington determined to raise a siege which circumstances would not permit him to continue longer.

Having apprized the engineers that he intended to withdraw the covering force next morning, such stores and ordnance as could not be removed were wasted or disabled, the French guns buried, and their carriages destroyed; and at eleven that night the artillery commenced their retreat by the Villaton road, carrying off the heavy guns and howitzers.

"Finding, however, from the badness of the roads and weak state of the bullocks, that they could not get on with the three 18-pounders, they knocked all their trunnions off, demolished their carriages, and left them on the road; after which, they continued their march to head-quarters at Frandovauz, with the five howitzers and a French 4-pounder, which they reached early the next morning."

On the 23rd, the Pisuerga was crossed—the left wing, by Cordovilla—the right, at Torquemada. At Venta de Pozo, a sharp affair took place between the light troops: the allied rear-guard having been overtaken. On the 24th, Wellington reached

the Carrion; on the 25th, Villa Muriel, and blew up the bridge. On the 27th, the whole French army appeared at Cabazon—and for the first time, Lord Wellington was able to ascertain the real strength of the army that pressed him so determinedly.

That knowledge determined him to retreat immediately behind the Duero, and eventually, should circumstances require it, across the Tormes. Accordingly, Sir Rowland Hill was directed to abandon the Tagus altogether, and retreat by the passes of the Guadarama; and thus, by uniting the allies on the Adaja, enable Lord Wellington to attack the armies of the south and centre, and prevent the intended junction between them and that of Portugal.

On the 28th, the French, extending by the right, endeavoured to force the bridges at Simancas and Valladolid, which the brigades of the 7th division successfully defended. The enemy then detached troops to Tordesillas; but that bridge was effectually destroyed, and the regiment of Brunswick Oels posted in the ruins to prevent its being repaired and rendered passable.

By the very gallant exploit of Captain Guingret, Lord Wellington's precaution was rendered abortive—and with his characteristic rapidity of action, he changed his regressive system, turned on his pursuer, and offered battle at Rueda. The boldness of his opponent completely paralysed the French commander's previous daring operations.—He hesitated—and of that momentary indecision Wellington availed himself—and his excellent lieutenant, whom he had left in a dangerous position at Madrid, was enabled to retire from the capital, and join his commanding officer, his retreat marked with circumstances similar to that of Wellington's—producing the same difficulties, the same decision, and as a consequence, the same results.

Well might Lord Wellington describe that period of the campaign, from the night upon which he abandoned the height of St. Michael, until he halted before the Arapiles, as "the worst military situation" in which a British general had been placed. With a weak and dissipated army he commenced a retreat of two hundred miles, followed by a force physically and numerically superior. The country traversed afforded many fine positions for defence, but they were the most dangerous a general can occupy. The route was everywhere intersected by swollen rivers, whose safe passage depended on the accuracy with which the regressive movements were effected—while severe rains, deep roads, and the sudden rising of tributary streams, rendered it almost impossible to time the marching of a column with that precision on which the nice combinations of an army are dependent.

To fall back over a flat surface is much more hazardous than to retire by a hill country. In the latter, cavalry can seldom act, and artillery is useless. Every mountain-pass presents an obstacle to pursuit—these are positions the most embarrassing to a general—they cannot be forced in front; and the time which they require in being turned, allows a retreating army to move leisurely away, and, consequently, impose forced marches on an advancing one to overtake it. Hence, with the exception of the weather—which at times was desperate enough—of the two celebrated retreats, Wellington's was more difficult than Moore's. The former's was open at every moment to attack—lateral roads branched off in every direction; cavalry could act in all parts of the country; there were no mountain positions to defend; nor were the flanks of the retiring columns secure for an hour.

A summary of this retreat presents a striking picture of military excellence.

"The initial movement, when the Arlanzon was safely crossed, under the batteries of Burgos—the prompt decision with which Wellington took up a position at Rueda, and paralyzed the efforts of his opponent, at the very moment when the daring exploit at Tordesillas had opened, as Souham supposed, a certain path to victory—the well-placed confidence with which he offered battle on that glorious field where 'Marmont's rashness had been fixed with a thunderbolt,' and, by beautiful movements, Soult's cautious skill had been rendered unavailing,—all these fine strokes of generalship were overlooked—and in the British capital, the destruction of the allied army on the Tormes was announced as inevitable, at the very moment when it was reposing on the banks of the Agueda, after the fatigues of one of the ablest retreats that history records."

MEMORABLE SIEGES.

As retreat develops the military ability of a commander to the fullest, by embarrassing him with incidental difficulties, remediable by prompt and daring action, but fatal to the dull and indecisive—so a siege calls into full employment all the best qualities of a soldier—and whether he be the assailant or the assailed, ample opportunity will be given to exhaust the means prescribed by science, and meet contingencies of frequent recurrence, by the boldest departures from every rule of art, and the employment of personal resources, involving on the daring individual a startling responsibility.

Before I enter upon their respective sieges, I shall describe the Peninsular fortresses as they then were—and will attach a brief explanation of a few technical terms of frequent recurrence in the sieges.*

The first, and also the most perfect place of arms, is Elvas. This frontier fortress derives its importance entirely from the fort that domineers it.—“La Lippe stands upon the very summit of a steep and commanding eminence, and overhangs the left of the town, the military occupation of which is thus rendered totally impracticable unless the fort shall have been previously reduced. It appeared to me to be a *chef-d'œuvre* in the science

* The *glacis* is the part beyond the covert-way to which it forms the parapet.

The *flank* is any part of a work which defends another.

The *epaule* is the shoulder of a bastion.

The *gorge* is next the body of the place where there is no rampart.

Fougasse is a small mine, six or seven feet under ground, generally formed in the glacis or dry ditch.

Curtain, the wall that connects bastions.

Counterguards are small ramparts with parapets and ditches, erected in form of a bastion or ravelin, to secure the opposite flanks from being open to the covert-way.

Lunettes are works on either side of a ravelin, with one perpendicular face. They are sometimes thrown up beyond the second ditch opposite the places of arms.

Revetment of a battery is the exterior front formed of masonry of fascines, which keeps the banks of the work from falling.

Cunettes are small ditches.

Enceinte comprehends the whole defences of a place, except detached outworks.

Gabions are large circular baskets, filled with earth or sand, and used for forming parapets covering working parties, &c. &c.

Fascines are small branches of trees bound together. They are used for filling ditches, raising batteries, &c.

Retrench, in fortification, means the isolating of a breach by forming inner defences, as cutting a trench, palisading, erecting barricades, &c.

Chevaux de frise are wooden spars, spiked at one end, and set into a piece of timber. They were originally used as a defence against cavalry, but are now commonly employed in strengthening outworks, stopping breaches, &c.

of fortification, and consists of five principal angles, or rather bastions, in tiers, one above the other, which gradually recede towards the centre of the fort. From the highest of these you command a view of the whole country for many miles round, and they all communicate with one another—all, at least, which possess the same degree of elevation—by strongly casemated passages. The fort is abundantly supplied with reservoirs for water; and furnaces for heating shot are erected in all the most convenient places. In a word, nothing appears to have been omitted which the knowledge of its founder could suggest as calculated to place it beyond the reach of insult.*

The second in order is Almeida. This fortress, although regularly constructed with six bastions, ravelins, an excellent ditch, and covered way, in other points is extremely defective. The ramparts are too high for the glacis; and from some near ground, on the side of the attack, the bottom of the ditch may be seen. An old square castle, built on a mound in the centre of the town, contained three bomb-proofs, the doors of which were not secure; but with the exception of some damp casements in one bastion, there was no other magazine for the powder.

Badajoz, on which a wretched celebrity was conferred, by its having thrice,† within the short space of thirteen months, been subjected to the horrors attendant upon siege and storm, stands on the left banks of the Guadiana, which river is from three to five hundred yards broad, and washes one-fourth of the enceinte, rendering it nearly inattackable. The defences along the river are confined to a simple and badly flanked rampart, with an exposed revêtement, but on the other sides consists of eight spacious and well-built regular fronts, having a good counter-scarp, covered way, and glacis, but the ravelins incomplete. The scarp of the bastions exceeds thirty feet in height, and that of the curtains varies from twenty-three to twenty-six feet. In advance of these fronts are two detached works: one called the Pardaleras, at two hundred yards' distance, is a crown-work; its escarpes are low, its ditches narrow, and its rear badly closed: the other, called the Picurina, is a strong redoubt, four hundred yards in advance of the town. On the north-east of the town, at the angle formed by the junction of the river Rivillas with the Guadiana, rises a hill to the height of more than one hundred feet, the summit of which is crowned by an old castle; and

* Lord Londonderry.

† The first siege was undertaken by Marshal Beresford, in the end of April, 1811, and the place was relieved by Soult, 16th of May. Second investment by Lord Wellington—ground broken, 30th of May—siege abandoned, 10th of June. Third siege commenced on the 17th of March, 1812—city carried by assault on the evening of the 6th of April.

its walls, naked, weak, and but partially flanked, here form part of the enceinte of the place.

The last Spanish fortress which witnessed the display of British heroism, and, alas! a too consequent expenditure of British blood, is San Sebastian.

"This city, containing nearly ten thousand inhabitants, is built on a low peninsula, running north and south; the defences of the western side being washed by the sea, and those, on the eastern side by the river Urumea, which, at high water, covers four feet of the masonry of the scarp.

"The works of the land front across the isthmus consist of a single front of fortification, exceeding three hundred and fifty yards in length, with a flat bastion in the centre, covered by a hornwork, having the usual counterscarp, covered way, and glacis; but the defences running length-ways of the peninsula, consist merely of a simple rampart wall, indifferently flanked, without either ditch, counterscarp, glacis, or other obstacle in its front; and further, this naked scarp wall, on the eastern side, is seen from its summit to its base, from the Chofre range of sand-hills, on the right of the Urumea, at distances from five hundred to a thousand yards.

"At the extremity of the peninsula, a rocky height, called Monte Orgullo, of the considerable base of 400 yards by 600 yards, rises steeply to a point, which is occupied by the small work or citadel called Fort La Mota. The whole of this promontory is cut off from the town by a defensive line near its foot: and its southern face is covered with batteries which plunge into the lower defences of the place, and add materially to their powers of resistance.

"It appears to have been an unaccountable oversight (even looking to moderate security against surprise), to have left the eastern defences of the town without cover or a second obstacle, as the Urumea, for two hours before and after high water, is so shallow as to be fordable; and, for the same period, a considerable space becomes dry on the left bank of the river, by which troops can march from the isthmus, along the foot of the sea scarp wall of the town, to its very extremity next the castle."

The first military operation I shall describe, shall be the one employed for the reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo, as that siege and storm presents many an instructive lesson to a young soldier, and exhibits the sad realities inflicted on a beleaguered city when a close investment is followed by a successful assault.

The preparatory measures for commencing the siege were carried out by Lord Wellington with matchless ability, and it seemed unaccountable that the extensive movements of artillery and stores from Lisbon to Almeida should not have aroused the

jealousy of the French marshals. It is true they were ostensibly intended to re-arm the latter place; and while Marmont was deceived by the careless attitude assumed by the allies in their cantonments, Soult's attention was distracted from the point where the storm was about to burst, by the operations then in progress against Tarifa, and the sudden irruption of Hill's corps into Estremadura, in pursuit of the Count d'Erlon. Unheeded, the allied general was thus enabled to close up his divisions to the more immediate vicinity of the fortress he was about to attack; while, straitened for provisions, the marshals were necessitated to spread their troops over an expanse of country which rendered it impossible, on their parts, to effect a rapid concentration, should that be required by any hostile demonstration of the allies.

With some advantages, Wellington had much to annoy and discourage him. The grand depôt for siege stores was Almeida. It was sufficiently convenient to the intended scene of action, had means of transport been procurable; but so wretched were the resources of the country, that the Portuguese muleteers with empty carts took two days to travel ten English miles. The weather was bad—the season unfavourable. The horses had scarcely any forage, and the men were literally destitute of bread or shelter. The new year came in inclemently—rain fell in torrents—and though the investment was delayed two days, one brigade that marched from Aldea da Ponte, left nearly four hundred men behind, in a route of only four-and-twenty miles, numbers of whom perished on the line of march, or died subsequently of fatigue.

To secure himself against any sudden rising of the Agueda,—an occurrence at that season of the year much to be dreaded,—a trustle bridge was laid, six miles below the town, at Marialva. On the 8th of January, the light division forded at La Caridad, and formed the investment—the engineers' stores were brought over the river, and parked within eighteen hundred yards of the place; and, at eight o'clock the same evening the upper Teson was carried by assault. Until the 11th, the approaches were pushed forward, and the batteries constructed.

In the conduct of a siege, British soldiers then were little practised; and, on the 14th, the irregular manner pursued by the allies in introducing their reliefs to the trenches, had nearly produced a serious disaster. On the appearance of the division for duty, the guards and workmen generally drew off, leaving the trenches for the time without protection. This unmilitary proceeding had been observed from the steeple of the cathedral, and in consequence the garrison made a sally with five hundred men.

The sortie succeeded in upsetting most of the gabions placed during the preceding night in advance of the first parallel. Some of the troops even penetrated into the right of the parallel, and others would have pushed into the batteries, and probably spiked the guns, had it not been for the steady conduct of a few workmen, collected into a body by an officer of engineers, who manned the parapets, and kept up such a steady fire, as to induce the assailants to halt when within a few yards. On the approach of Lieut.-General Graham with the advance of the relieving division, the sortie retired into the town with little loss.

Accidents, incidental to a siege, had retarded the opening of the breaching batteries. It was evening when at last the signal was given, that they were ready—and, with a tremendous crash, the concentrated fire of twenty-seven heavy guns was poured on the walls of the devoted city. It was answered by every piece of artillery which the garrison could bring to bear; and the united fire produced an effect more strikingly magnificent than it has been the ordinary good fortune of a British soldier to witness.

Under this crushing fire breaches were rapidly made—a summons, sent in to the governor, was rejected in gallant terms—the engineers reported the breaches practicable—Lord Wellington coincided in opinion that the assault might be given with success; and directing the fire of the breaching batteries to be turned against the guns upon the ramparts, he seated himself upon the reverse of an advanced approach, and wrote out the order of assault.

On the morning of the 19th of January, it was generally known to the besieging army, that in the evening Ciudad Rodrigo would be stormed, and that to the third and light divisions, whose turn of duty in the trenches fell upon this memorable day, the assault would be confided. He who, on the eve of a glorious but perilous essay, can remain insensible to coming events, must be indeed a military stoic. To those destined for the dangerous service of carrying the devoted fortress, the day seemed interminably long. Some passed the intervening hours in real or affected merriment, while others employed that brief space in the performance of a sacred duty,—that of conveying to wives or relations, in many cases, alas! a last declaration of undying love.

The divisions to which the assault was entrusted marched to the more immediate vicinity of the trenches in the evening, a few minutes after six o'clock; the third moving to the rear of the first parallel, two gun-shots from the main breach,—while the light division formed behind a convent, three hundred yards in front of the smaller one. Darkness stole on, and with it

came the order to "Stand to arms." With calm determination, the soldiers of the third division heard their commanding-officer announce the main breach as the object of attack, and every man prepared himself promptly for the desperate struggle. Off went the packs,—the stocks were unbuckled,—the cartouch-box arranged to meet the hand more readily,—flints were screwed home,—every one, after his individual fancy, fitting himself for action. The companies were carefully told off,—the sergeants called the rolls, and not a man was missing!

Though the interval from the time when the storming parties entered the trenches until they moved forward to the assault was brief, it was a period of most intense anxiety and excitement; and accidental circumstances tended to deepen those impressions which "coming events" could not have failed to produce.

The bell from the tower of the cathedral tolled seven; and, in obedience to previous orders, the troops marched rapidly, but silently, to the assault.

The points of attack I shall now describe:—The larger breach, exposing a shattered front of more than one hundred feet, had been carefully mined; the base of the wall strewn with shells and grenades, and the top, where troops might escalate, similarly defended. Behind, a deep retrenchment was cut to insulate the broken rampart, in the event of its being carried by storm. The lesser breach was narrow at the top, exceedingly steep, with a four-and-twenty pounder turned sideways, that blocked the passage up, except an opening between the muzzle and the wall, by which two files might enter.

Before the clock ceased striking, the columns were in march upon the breaches, and the heavy tramp of dense masses put into sudden motion, alone broke the stillness of the night. A shout was suddenly heard on the right of the line, a spattering fire of musketry succeeded—the storming parties rushed forward to the breaches, and with one tremendous crash, every gun upon the ramparts of Rodrigo which would bear upon the assailants, opened, and told that the garrison was ready to receive the assault.

At the greater breach the men mounted in a most gallant manner against an equally gallant resistance; and it was not till after a sharp struggle of some minutes that the bayonets of the assailants prevailed, and gained them a footing on the summit of the rampart. The defenders then concentrated behind the retrenchment, which they obstinately maintained, and a second severe struggle commenced. The lesser breach was, at the same time, assaulted with equal intrepidity, but more decided success. The darkness of the ditch caused a momentary confusion, which

the fall of the leading officers increased ; while the ardour of the light troops brought so many to the breach, that they choked its narrow aperture with their numbers. For a moment the assailants recoiled, but it was only to return more resolutely to the onset. A cheer was heard above the thunder of artillery,—up rushed the stormers,—the breach was gained,—the supporting regiments mounted in sections, formed on the rampart, the 52nd wheeling to the left, the 43rd to the right,—and that success alone would have decided the fate of Rodrigo.

Although the greater breach had been carried by the first rush, isolated by a rampart twelve feet deep in front, retrenched on either flank, and swept by the fire of a field-piece and musketry from the houses which overlooked and enfiladed it, the progress of the storming party was arrested, and men and officers fell fast. The leader of the forlorn hope, however, effected an entrance into the town, the men poured in after him, and the French abandoned the retrenchment and hurried from the breach.

The attack of the Portuguese, under General Pack, had been equally effective. They carried by escalade a small redan in front of the St. Jago Gate, and, of course, materially assisted in distracting the attention of the garrison by the alarm their movement had caused.

Thus terminated the struggle for Rodrigo. Some of the garrison still offered a useless opposition, and were put to the sword, but any who demanded quarter received it. From the great breach, Mackie,* with a mixed party, reached the citadel ; and his gallantry was rewarded by receiving there the submission of General Barrie, and such of the garrison as it contained.

After all resistance had ceased, the usual scene of riot, plunder, and confusion, which, by prescriptive right, the stormers of a town enjoy, occurred. Every house was entered and despoiled ; the spirit-stores were forced open ; the soldiery got desperately excited, and in the madness of their intoxication committed many acts of silly and wanton violence. All plundered what they could, and in turn they were robbed by their own companions. Brawls and bloodshed ensued, and the same men who, shoulder to shoulder, had won their way over the "imminent deadly breach," fought with demoniac ferocity for some disputed article of plunder. At last, worn out by fatigue, and stupefied with brandy, they sank into brutal insensibility. On the second day, with few exceptions, the whole rejoined their regiments,—the assault and sacking of Rodrigo appearing in their confused imaginations rather like some troubled dream than a sad reality of blood and violence.

* Leader of the forlorn hope of the 3rd division.

The rapid reduction of Ciudad Rodrigo was unparalleled in modern war, and its fall was so unexpected, that Marmont's efforts to relieve it were scarcely conceived and commenced, before the tidings reached him that the fortress he prized so highly was lost. By the lowest estimate of time, it was calculated that four-and-twenty days would be required to bring the siege to a successful issue. On the 8th, ground was broken, and on the 19th, the British colours were flying from the flag-staff of the citadel. Massena, after a tedious bombardment, took a full month to reduce it; Wellington carried it by assault in eleven days. No wonder, therefore, that Marmont, in his despatch to Berthier, was puzzled to account for the rapid reduction of a place, respecting whose present safety and ultimate relief he had previously forwarded the most encouraging assurances.

I have described the successful issue of a siege, when the assault was given in bold defiance of the rules of art—now let me reverse the picture, and show that if time and adequate materials are sure to effect the reduction of a place, a want of both, or either, generally renders the attempt unfortunate—and deficiency of means, apparently unimportant, influences fatally a result which, under different circumstances, would have been certain.

In besieging Badajoz the second time, the plan adopted by Lord Wellington was similar to that pursued by Marshal Beresford—but the means of aggression were increased, and counter-batteries, armed with guns and mortars, were erected to keep down the fire of the place. Both San Christoval and the castle were to be attacked at the same time; and the siege artillery was thus distributed:—

Attack of San Christoval.

24-pounders	12
16-pounders	4
10-inch howitzers	2
8-inch ditto	4
24-pounders in reserve, brass	4

Attack of the Castle.

24-pounders	14
8-inch howitzers	4
10-inch ditto	2

The 24-pounders were supplied with 600 rounds a gun; the 16-pounders with 300; the 8-inch howitzers with 350 shells; and the 10-inch with 200. The wheels of the howitzers were taken off, and the carriages placed on the ground, so as to be at an elevation of thirty degrees in place of mortars.

The breaching batteries opened on the 3rd of June—and on the 6th Lord Wellington directed San Christoval to be assaulted, but without success.

On the 9th, a second attempt was made upon the fort, and still more unsuccessfully than the former, while authentic intelligence having reached Lord Wellington, that Soult and Marmont were advancing to relieve the place, the siege was raised.

Now let us examine the causes of Lord Wellington's failure—where, according to his own report, all “from the general to the soldier did his duty.” In the first place, his gunners were Portuguese, men full of zeal and gallantry, but sadly wanting in experience. In the second, “the ordnance employed at this siege, besides being of an excessively bad quality, was also totally inadequate in quantity to the reduction of such a fortress as Badajoz, although every thing Elvas could supply was drawn from that garrison. The guns, it has been stated, were of brass, false in their bore, and already worn by previous service, and the shot were of all shapes and diameters, giving a windage from one-tenth to half an inch. The howitzers used as mortars were defective equally with the guns: their chambers were all of unequal size, the shells did not fit the bore, and their beds were unsteady; so that the practice was necessarily vague and uncertain, and they proved of little value.

Few as the engineers were, they needed the commonest means to have rendered their services efficient. Their implements were of the worst quality; and as Phillipon had scaped the rock bare before San Christoval, the stony surface required a supply of earth and woolpacks, to form an artificial covering for the engineers and fatigue parties; while the workmen were exposed to the fire of several sixteen and eighteen inch mortars, which threw their enormous shells with a precision that threatened ruin to everything within their range.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, had Wellington been master of a good battering-train, accident would have enabled him to reduce the place. On their route to relieve the fortress, when Marmont and Regnier united at Almaraz, an unexpected occurrence arrested their march. The pontoons had not reached the Tagus from Madrid, and the passage of the entire *corps d'armée* was accomplished by a solitary ferry-boat. Four days were thus consumed, a period sufficiently long to have enabled Lord Wellington to reduce Badajoz, had his siege artillery remained serviceable; and the accidental circumstance of his gun-metal being composed of Portuguese brass instead of British iron, robbed his daring efforts of success, and preserved a fortress for Napoleon.

The curtain shall be raised again—for the third time this

unfortunate city is beleaguered—the opening details shall be past over—and we will proceed direct to the operations and the fortunes of siege.

I have often had occasion to point the difficulties which, even in success, were heaped upon Lord Wellington, by the disgusting imbecility and apathy of Spanish authorities. Rodrigo had been handed over formally to Castanos—placed under the command of General Vivas—largely provisioned from the British magazines, with a full assurance from the Spanish governor, that it should be placed in a situation to secure it against insult. Even from his exhausted chest, Wellington left 12,000 dollars to repair the works, and render the place respectable. Fancy what his feelings must have been, when about to sit down before Badajoz, to receive a letter from Carlos d'España, to say that Ciudad Rodrigo was only provisioned for twenty-three days, and if Marmont could establish a division between the Coa and Agueda, a city which had cost so much British blood and treasure to reduce, must pass without any trouble into the hands of the enemy again!

The reply which this letter elicited is, in my opinion, as happy a specimen of the duke's peculiar and forcible style of conveying his opinions, as the whole of his correspondence will afford.

"The report," he writes, "which you make of Ciudad Rodrigo distresses me much. I had hoped that, when by the labour of the British and Portuguese troops, and at the expense of the British Government, I had, in concert with General Castanos, improved and repaired the works of Ciudad Rodrigo, so that at all events the place was secure from a *coup de main*, and had left money in order to complete the execution of what our troops had not time to complete, I should not have been told by your excellency, that for want of the assistance of fifteen or twenty British soldiers, who are artificers, and whose services are required for other objects essential to the cause of Spain, the whole business is at a stand. Is it possible that your excellency can be in earnest? Is it possible that Castille cannot furnish fifteen or twenty stone-cutters, masons, and carpenters, for the repair of this important post? How have all the great works been performed which we see in the country?"

"But your excellency's letter suggests this melancholy reflection, that everything, as well of a military as of a laborious nature, must be performed by British soldiers."

After enumerating the various supplies he had already placed in Rodrigo, Lord Wellington concludes:—

"In writing this letter to your excellency, I do not mean to make any reproach. I wish only to place upon record the facts as they have occurred, and to show to your country and to my

country, and the world, that if this important place should fall, or if I should be obliged to abandon plans important to Spain in order to go to its relief, the fault is not mine." *

Such infamous conduct on the part of his allies would rather disgust than inspire a commander, about to undertake an operation, which, to prove successful, would exhaust enormous means, and involve a deep responsibility. Of all the sieges undertaken during the Peninsular struggle, the present undertaking was the most formidable. It is true that Wellington possessed more enlarged means, and increased experience—but the power of resistance had also proportionately accumulated.

When Lord Wellington sat down before Badajoz, its garrison consisted of 5,000 effective men, under the command of the distinguished engineer who had already defended the fortress with success. Since the former siege, Baron Phillipon had strengthened the place by mounting additional guns, retrenching the castle, and securing Fort San Christoval, which he connected by a covered way with the bridge by which the fort and city were united.

Convoys had reached Badajoz on the 10th and 16th of February, and the garrison was amply provisioned. Part of the inhabitants, to avoid the horrors of a siege, which they had already twice experienced, voluntarily quitted the place; and such of the remainder as had not a sufficiency of food to maintain their families for three months were forcibly expelled. In powder and shells Phillipon was inadequately provided; for two convoys, which had attempted to bring him a supply, had been threatened by Hill's corps and obliged to return to Seville.

Such was the condition of Badajoz when, limited both in time and means, Lord Wellington determined to attack it. His own means were certainly most respectable, and with miscellaneous *matériel*† his park contained—

24-pounders, iron	16
18-pounders ditto (<i>Russian guns</i>)	20
24-pounder howitzers, iron	16
		<hr/>
		52

24-pounder round shot from the north, from Alcazer do Sal, and collected at Elvas (including 6,720 22-pounder and 23-pounder) 22,367

* Wellington Despatches.

† In the course of the siege there were deposited in the park 3,000 intrenching tools, 80,000 sand-bags, 1,200 gabions, 700 common fascines, and an equal number of tracing fascines, with a sufficient supply of plank and splinter-proof timber and small stores.

18-pounder round shot from Alcacer do Sal, and collected at Elvas	17,837
5½-inch common shells	2,526
5½-inch spherical ditto	2,440
24-pounder grape	1,680
24-pounder case	424
18-pounder grape	1,000
18-pounder case	500

with an ample supply of powder.

A sortie on the 19th in great strength was made by the garrison, under their second in command (General Villand), which occasioned much confusion, but little loss. Some hundred entrenching tools were carried off, for Phillipon had promised a high price for each; yet this turned out ill, because the soldiers, instead of pursuing briskly, dispersed to gather the tools. After the action a squadron of dragoons and six field-pieces were placed as a reserve-guard behind St. Michael, and a signal-post was established on the Sierra de Venta, to give notice of the enemy's motions.

On the whole, the operation ended unfavourably to the besieged: it cost them three hundred men, while the allied casualties scarcely reached half that amount, and two or three hours' work restored the damage sustained by the approaches.

Unfortunately the weather declared against Wellington; the rain filled the trenches; and at last the bottom became so soft and muddy that it had to be artificially renewed.

A still greater misfortune fell upon the besiegers. Throughout the 22nd the rain fell heavily; and at four in the afternoon a torrent came down, filling the trenches to an overflow. The floods rose fearfully; the pontoon bridge across the Guadiana was carried away; eleven of the pontoons sunk at their anchors, and the current became so rapid that the flying bridges could with difficulty work. It therefore became a question, if it would be possible to supply the army with provisions, and bring over the guns and ammunition for the attack; and serious apprehensions were entertained, that it would be necessary to withdraw from before the place.

But difficulties appeared only to rouse the determination, and demonstrate the resources, which Lord Wellington so eminently possessed. By immense exertions the bridge was restored; on the night of the 24th, the breaching batteries were armed; and, at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 25th, the roar of artillery announced that the British guns had opened.

On that night Fort Picurina was carried by assault, and its garrison, numbering 250 men, were literally placed *hors de combat*. Ninety only were made prisoners; the remainder being

either killed in the assault, or drowned in the inundation of the Rivellas.

Again, the success of the siege was rendered most uncertain. Soult was marching rapidly to relieve the place, and his advanced guard had already reached Llerena. The assault, to be successful, must be immediate; and when the place was closely reconnoitred, the greater breach was found to be powerfully retrenched. Against the bastions of Santa Maria and La Trinidad the fire of the breaching batteries had been previously directed; and now Lord Wellington determined on breaching their connecting curtain, and fourteen pieces delivered a concentrated fire from day-light until nightfall on its escarpe. The effect was ruinous; by four in the evening the curtain was beaten down, and the breach reported practicable.

To coming events Phillipon had not been insensible; and, with characteristic ability, he had made every preparation to receive the assault, which his own observations led him to expect upon the night it was given, and which belief the intelligence of deserters had confirmed. The French governor availed himself of the inability of the besiegers to destroy the counterscarps—an operation they had neither time nor means of accomplishing—and formed behind the breaches the most formidable obstructions which destructive ingenuity could devise. Night and day they were employed in clearing away the rubbish, destroying the ramps of the covered way, and making retrenchments behind the trenches. The fallen parapets were replaced with fascines, sand-bags, and wool-packs; casks filled with tarred straw, powder, and loaded grenades, were arranged along the trenches, and large shells with them. Immediately in front of the breaches at the foot of the counterscarp, sixty 14-inch shells were placed in a circular form, about four yards apart, and covered with some four inches of earth, and a communication formed to them with powder hoses placed between tiles in the manner of mine-tubes; *chevaux de frise* were formed of sabre-blades; all the artillery stores were turned to account; and even a large boat was lowered into the ditch and filled with soldiers, to flank one of the breaches.

The day passed, and every preparation for the assault was completed. The evening was dark and threatening,—twilight came,—the batteries ceased firing,—darkness fell,—and the trenches, though crowded with armed men, remained unusually quiet. Lights were seen occasionally flitting back and forward through the fortress, and the “All’s well” of the French sentinels was distinctly heard. While waiting in readiness for the assault, the deep gloom which hitherto had shrouded the beleaguered city was suddenly dissipated by a flight of fire-

works, which rose over the town, and displayed every object around it.

The word was given to advance, and the third and light divisions issued from the trenches. At that moment the deep bell of the cathedral of St. John struck ten; an unusual silence reigned around, and, except the softened footsteps of the storming parties, as they fell upon the turf with military precision, not a movement was audible. A terrible suspense,—a horrible stillness,—darkness,—a compression of the breathing,—the dull and ill-defined outline of the town,—the knowledge that similar and simultaneous movements were making on other points,—the certainty that two or three minutes would probably involve the forlorn hope in ruin, or make it a beacon-light to conquest,—all these made the heart throb quicker, and long for the bursting of the storm, when victory should crown daring with success, or hope and life should end together.

On went the storming parties; and one solitary musket was discharged beside the breach, but none answered it. The third division moved forward, closing rapidly up in columns at quarter distance. The ditch was gained,—the ladders were lowered,—on rushed the forlorn hope, with the storming party close behind them. The divisions were now on the brink of the sheer descent, when a gun boomed from the parapet. The earth trembled,—a mine was fired,—an explosion, and an infernal hissing from lighted fuses, succeeded,—and, like the rising of a curtain on the stage, in the hellish glare that suddenly burst out around the breaches, the French lining the ramparts in crowds, and the British descending the ditch, were placed as distinctly visible to each other as if the hour were noontide.

The explosion nearly annihilated the forlorn hope, and the heads of the storming party. For a moment, astounded by the deafening noise, the supporting troops held back; but as if by a general impulse, some rushed down the ladders which had been lowered to the bottom of the ditch; others leaped boldly in, reckless of the depth of the descent; and while some mistook the face of an unfinished ravelin for the breach, which on gaining was found to be entirely separated from the ramparts, the rest struggled desperately up the breach, only to encounter at the summit a range of sword-blades, fixed into beams too massive to be cut through, and secured by iron chains beyond the power of removal.

Never were British soldiers more severely tried—never was the trial more devotedly submitted to. The French, secure behind “an impassable barrier of bristling sword-blades,” continued rolling down shells and fire-barrels on the men in the ditch below, while their *tirailleurs* quietly picked off any individual they pleased. Although too discouraged to renew a boot-

less attempt, the remains of the storming party remained patiently to be slaughtered.

But at other points bravery obtained success, and Badajoz was already carried. The third division crossed the Rivellas, surmounted the castle hill, and, under a tremendous fire, planted their ladders. The boldest led the way,—and unappalled by a shower of shells and missiles, they gained the parapet. But there the French received them with the bayonet—while, utterly incapable of resistance, they were hurled from the top, and crushed by huge stones and beams, which, showered from the walls, destroyed any who survived the fall. Receding a few paces, the assailants formed again—two officers caught up the ladders, and the boldest men sprang after. Both reached the parapet unharmed,—the assailants swarmed up,—a firm footing was gained,—and the bayonet did the rest. Too late, a reinforcement detached by Phillipon reached the gate, and a sharp fusilade ensued, in which Colonel Ridge was most unfortunately slain. But the French retired in despair, and the castle remained in the possession of the “fighting third.”

Probably one of the most painful hours of an eventful life was that of Wellington's on the night of the assault. Standing on the left bank of the Calemon, he watched the progress of the storm. The wounded came fast to the rear, but they could tell little how matters were progressing. At last a mounted officer rode up. He was the bearer of evil tidings—the attempt upon the breaches had failed—the majority of the officers had fallen—the men, left without leaders to direct them, were straggling about the ditch, and unless instant assistance was sent, the assault must fail entirely. Pale, but thoroughly undisturbed, the British general heard the disastrous communication, and issued orders to send forward a fresh brigade (Haye's) to the breaches. Half an hour passed, and another officer appeared. He came from Picton to say the castle had been carried by escalade, and that the third division were safe within the town.

It is a singular circumstance, perhaps without a parallel in the events of sieges, that an army with a powerful artillery, after twenty days' open trenches, and having formed three good practicable breaches in the body of a place, should, at the moment of giving the assault, employ two divisions on other points to escalate the defences where entire, and that each of the escalades should be crowned with complete success, whilst the efforts against the breaches were attended with utter discomfiture. To account for the capture of the castle and San Vincente is difficult indeed. In ordinary military reasoning such places would be considered secure from assault; but the efforts of the British troops occasionally set all calculation at defiance; and when a

few years shall have swept away eye-witnesses of their achievements on this night, they will not be credited.

It will be easily imagined that this fearful night was marked with no ordinary slaughter. The siege and storm cost the assailants of Badajoz nearly four thousand men. In the assault Lieut.-Colonel M'Cleod of the 43rd, and Major O'Hare of the 95th, died sword in hand in the breaches; and five generals, Picton, Colville, Kempt, Walker, and Bowes were wounded.

By official returns, on the day Badajoz was invested it was garrisoned by 4,742 men. During the operations, and in the storm, 1,200 were rendered *hors de combat*, and 3,500 made prisoners when the place fell.

During this memorable siege, 2,523 barrels of powder, each containing ninety pounds; 31,861 round-shots; 1,826 common and spherical 5½-inch shells; 1,659 rounds of grape and case shot, were expended. The reduction of Badajoz required 70,000 sand-bags, 1,200 gabions, 700 fascines, and 1,570 entrenching tools. Even a siege cannot be carried on without money—and, on this occasion, Lord Wellington paid away 3,500 dollars!

In blood, alas! the expenditure was more than commensurate, and even the victor felt that his conquest was too dear.

Would that the story of that siege had ended with its capture; for now commenced that bold and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldiers' heroism.

Another picture remains which will establish the uncertainty of war—by the fearless departure from the rules of art by which Badajoz was carried, Burgos was lost.

When Souham made his masterly retreat through the valley of the Arlanzon, he threw into the latter place a garrison of 2,500 men under the command of General Dubreton. All had been prepared to stand a siege; the castle was amply provisioned; nine heavy guns, eleven field-pieces, and six howitzers and mortars, were already mounted on the works; and as the *depôt* for the army of Portugal had been established within the walls, the French commander had an abundant supply of stores and artillery, and was thus enabled to increase his means of offence to any extent that he pleased, while Wellington's means were wretchedly defective. All that his park at Villa Toro contained, besides 1,200 entrenching tools, were:—

3	18-pounder guns.
5	24-pounder iron howitzers.
900	24-pounder round shot.
208	24-pounder common shells.
236	24-pounder spherical case.
1,306	18-pounder round shot.
100	ditto spherical case.

When Wellington invested Burgos, on being closely reconnoitred, the defences were found to occupy an oblong, conical hill, and to be of a triple nature nearly all round. The lower or outer line consisted of the old escarpe wall of the town or castle, modernized with a shot-proof parapet, and flanks ingeniously procured by means of palisades, or tambours, at the salient* and re-entering points. The second line was of the nature and profile of a field retrenchment, and well palisaded. The third, or upper line, was nearly of a similar construction to the second; and on the most elevated point of the cone the primitive keep had been formed into an interior retrenchment, with a modern heavy casemated battery, named after Napoleon.

The situation of this fortified post was very commanding, except on the side of the hill of St. Michael, the summit of which, at less than 300 yards' distance, is nearly on the same level with the upper works of the castle, but separated from them by a deep ravine. This height was occupied by a horn-work of large dimensions; the front scarp of which, hard and slippery, 25 feet in height, stood at an angle of about 60°, and was covered by a counterscarp 10 feet in depth. The branches were not perfect, and the rear had been temporarily closed, on intelligence of the fall of Madrid, by an exceedingly strong palisading. No part of the front or branches was palisaded or fraised.

The whole of the interior of the horn-work was under fire of the Battery Napoleon, and its branches were well flanked from the works of the castle.

Lord Wellington selected the hill of St. Michael, as the best point for erecting his breaching batteries, and determined to open his attack by storming the horn-work without delay.†

Although the attack was irregularly executed, gallantry succeeded, and the horn-work was carried by its gorge; but the failure of the front attack occasioned a heavy loss, and the casualties on the part of the assailants were unusually numerous, while those of the defenders were returned at but 143.

The next operation was singularly unfortunate. Wellington, on the 22nd, decided on carrying the exterior defences of the castle by escalade, and then form a lodgment on the wall; and that night the assault was given. Major Laurie of the 79th, with detachments from the different regiments before the place, formed the storming party. The Portuguese, who led the attack, were quickly repulsed; and though the British entered

* In fortification, the *salient* angle is that which turns from the centre of a place; while the *re-entering* points directly towards it.

† A *horn-work* is one that has a front and two branches. The front comprises a curtain and two half bastions. It is smaller than a *crown-work*, and generally employed for effecting similar purposes.

the ditch, they never could mount a ladder. Those who attempted it were bayoneted from above, while shells, combustibles, and cold shot were hurled on the assailants, who, after a most determined effort for a quarter of an hour, were driven from the ditch, leaving their leader, and half the number who composed the storming party, killed and wounded.

In the mean time the superior fire of the castle disabled the guns as soon as the engineers had placed them in battery—and the bolder attempt of battering the fortress was exchanged for the slower and safer method of proceeding by sap and mine. The former was, however, of necessity soon abandoned. The sap when pushed close to the walls was open to a plunging fire—while shells were rolled down the bank, and heavy discharges of musketry kept up from the parapet. In carrying the approaches down the hill, the workmen were exposed to the whole artillery of the place; and the only wonder was, that men could be induced to labour steadily under this destructive canonade.

Still Wellington—and the truth cannot be concealed—proceeded with more determination than good judgment—and fresh experiments were vainly tried.

A gallery was now driven to the base of the escarpe—the parapet of the communication between the upper and lower trenches being completed; and a chamber of five feet, charged with 1,100 pounds of gunpowder, and the gallery tamped with sand-bags. At midnight 300 men were paraded in the lower trenches—the hose was fired—the wall came down, and a sergeant and four privates, who formed the forlorn hope, rushed through the smoke, mounted the ruins, and bravely gained the breach; but in the darkness, which was intense, the storming party and their supporting companies missed their way, and the French, recovering from their surprise, rushed to the breach, and drove the few brave men who held it back to the trenches. The attack, consequently, failed—and, from a scarcity of shot, no fire could be turned on the ruins. Dubreton availed himself of this accidental advantage, and by daylight the breach was rendered impracticable again.

This failure appeared to have a ruinous effect upon the army. Despondency visibly prevailed—could it be wondered at? For twelve days, under a searching fire from the place, to which not one effective round had been returned, the troops had toiled and bled in vain. Their general state of misery was extreme—and at a time when they required everything that could encourage exhausted spirit, they did not even receive a farthing of their pay.

Another effort was made—a mine was driven forward, and

another breaching battery was erected. On the 4th of October, two 18-pounders and three howitzers were placed in battery on the hill of St. Michael; and their fire was so well directed and maintained, that at four o'clock in the afternoon, the old breach was completely exposed, and the mine loaded, tamped, and made ready for explosion.

The fourth assault met with the success that it so well deserved. The mine was sprung at five o'clock, and its effect was ruinous; the wall came down in masses—the explosion shattering the masonry for nearly one hundred feet, and blowing up many of the garrison. The assault was conducted with the greatest regularity and spirit. In an instant the advanced party were on the ruins; and, before the dust created by the explosion had subsided, were in contact with the defenders on the summit of the breach. The party to assault the breach were equally regular and equally successful; and, after a struggle of a few minutes, the garrison were driven into their new covered way, and behind their palisades.

This success was transient. On the evening of the 5th, the French sallied—overturned the gabions, and put one hundred and fifty of the besiegers *hors de combat*. On the night of the 7th, another and a more disastrous sortie enabled the enemy to injure the works, carry off the entrenching tools, and inflict a loss of two hundred killed and wounded.

The closing operations of this unfortunate siege were, assailing the White Church with hot shot, and driving a gallery under that of San Roman.

The old breach in the second line was cleared again by the fire from the horn-work. A new one, on the 18th, was declared practicable; and Lord Wellington determined to storm them both, while a strong detachment was to escalate the front of the works, and thus connect the attacks upon the breaches.

At half-past four in the evening, a flag was displayed on a hill west of the castle, as a signal that the mine was sprung. The troops instantly rushed to the breaches—and both were carried most gallantly. The guards escalated the second line; and some of the German legion actually gained the third. But the supports did not come up as promptly as they should; and the French governor, with a powerful reserve, rushed from the upper ground, drove the assailants beyond the outer line, and cleared the breaches. No troops could have fought more gallantly than the storming parties; but numbers prevailed over valour, and the attack consequently failed. The allied loss on this unfortunate occasion was severe.

The explosion of the mines had destroyed the greater part of the church of San Roman, and the assailants effected a lodg-

ment among the ruins;—but the following night the enemy sallied, drove out the picket, and for a short time obtained possession of the building.

The ruins were once more cleared of the enemy, and a gallery commenced from the church against the second line—but the siege was virtually at an end. The troops had been gradually drawn to the front, in consequence of threatening movements of the French army,—and on the 20th Lord Wellington gave the command of the investing force to Major-General Pack, and joined the divisions which hitherto had covered the operations against this well-defended fortress.

In the course of Wellington's career, no proceeding had occurred which occasioned more military inquiry. The poverty of his means to reduce any place of strength, no matter how humble its character might be, was made apparent throughout the siege. With a powerful enemy in the immediate vicinity, and an admitted want of means to effect the object, did any military considerations authorize this wide departure from the rules of art? We think not; and, as at the time Lord Wellington's conduct was freely and unfavourably criticised, we have little doubt but when in future history the errors of a great commander are alluded to, Burgos will not be overlooked.

Military success is generally obtained by a skilful application of means adequate to the object; but how frequently has accident compensated for deficiency of power, and given to daring deeds a fortunate termination! The casual direction of a shell, or the explosion of a fire-work, has produced the fall of a city on which science would in vain have exhausted her resources. At Burgos, fortune seemed to frown upon the allies; their most hopeful plans were marred by casualties that none could have foreseen; and storm and rain added to difficulties, which nothing but untiring labour, and an enormous sacrifice of life, would have succeeded in surmounting.

By blood alone Burgos could be reduced. It was at best a sanguinary experiment—and, as it deserved to be, a signal failure.

On the evening of the 21st, an official order was given to raise the siege. And thus a general of consummate abilities and a victorious army were obliged to retire unsuccessfully from a third-rate fortress—strong in nothing but the skill and bravery of the governor and his gallant soldiers—after, the calamities which occurred between the 18th and 21st being included, sustaining a total loss of 500 officers and men killed, and 1,505 wounded and missing; a loss, in numbers, nearly equalling the garrison of the place.

From the failure at Burgos, a striking lesson may be drawn.

First, that without adequate means, no matter how gallant the efforts may be, military success will seldom crown them—and secondly, how much individual conduct and trivial events influence the fortunes of war. Had the first trial on the 22nd of September succeeded, Wellington might have had means sufficient to take the place. "They did not take the exterior line," said the allied general in a private letter, "because the field officer who commanded did that which is too common in our army. He paid no attention to his orders, notwithstanding the pains I took in writing them, and in reading and explaining them to him twice over. He made none of the dispositions ordered; and instead of regulating the attack as he ought, he rushed on as if he had been the leader of a forlorn hope, and fell, together with many of those who went with him. He had my instructions in his pocket; and as the French got possession of his body, and were made acquainted with the plan, the attack could never be repeated. When he fell, nobody having received orders what to do, nobody could give any to the troops. I was in the trenches, however, and ordered them to withdraw. Our time and ammunition were then expended, and our guns destroyed in taking this line; than which, at former sieges, we had taken many stronger by assault.

"I see that a disposition already exists to blame the government for the failure of the siege of Burgos. The government had nothing to say to the siege. It was entirely my own act. In regard to means, there were ample means, both at Madrid and at Santander, for the siege of the strongest fortress. That which was wanting at both places was means of transporting ordnance and military stores to the place where it was desirable to use them.

"The people of England, so happy as they are in every respect, so rich in resources of every description, having the use of such excellent roads, &c. will not readily believe that important results here frequently depend upon fifty or sixty mules, more or less, or a few bundles of straw to feed them; but the fact is so, notwithstanding their incredulity. I could not find means of moving even one gun from Madrid."

In war, circumstances go far in effecting success and in producing disaster. Burgos proved invulnerable—two years before, Almeida, with every preparation for determined resistance, fell on the second day after Massena's fire was opened on it. By a fortunate shell the grand magazine was exploded—and a place abundantly stored, well garrisoned, and capable of holding out two months, in twenty-four hours was in the hands of the besiegers.

A still stranger occurrence in the history of this fortress suc-

ceeded. When, in turn, Massena's tide of fortune ebbed, and he retired from Portugal, Almeida was known to be unprovisioned, and of course its fall was considered to be a certainty.

In no one instance, throughout the Peninsular campaign, was a French governor of a place of arms tried and found wanting—and with means, and sometimes without means, the spirit and the resources of these able soldiers appeared inexhaustible. Brennier, who commanded at Almeida, had been blockaded; but still Massena, "the spoiled child of victory," was in the field, and he expected to be relieved. Strong as that confidence was, he left nothing to uncertainty. He carefully mined the works, and made every preparation by which he might, if necessary, ruin the defences of the place. The heavy firing at Fuentes told him that a severe action had been fought. A day passed—no succour came—and during the night a French private reached the fortress, having with wonderful sagacity eluded the sentries and pickets who were on duty. Tillet confirmed Brennier's suspicions that Massena had been repulsed, and that Almeida must consequently be abandoned.

A stupid general, who requested, and unfortunately obtained, the direction of the investment of Almeida, permitted Brennier to escape.

For two days Brennier continued his work of destruction, and it was effected with so much cleverness, that frequent explosions attracted no particular notice from the blockaders.

He ruined all the principal bastions, and kept up a constant fire of the artillery in a singular manner, for he always fired several guns at one moment, with very heavy charges, placing one across the muzzle of another, so that while some shots flew towards the besiegers, and a loud explosion was heard, others destroyed pieces without attracting notice.

At one o'clock, on the morning of the 11th of May, the French governor blew up his mines, and boldly issued from Almeida. The way was opened with the bayonet. The garrison fired but little; and they appear to have marched between the bodies of troops posted to support the pickets; and in particular could not have passed far from the right of the queen's regiment.

"Upon the first alarm, Brig.-General Pack, who was at Malpartida, joined the pickets, and continued to follow and to fire upon the enemy, as a guide for the march of the other troops employed in the blockade; and Major-General Campbell marched on Malpartida with a part of the 1st battalion 36th regiment. The enemy continued their march in a solid, compact body, without firing; and were well guided between the positions occupied by our troops."*

* Wellington Despatches

The partial escape of the garrison of Almeida was, in every point of view, a most annoying and discreditable occurrence. "It seemed as if, by this untoward event," says Lord Londonderry, "all the advantages obtained by the battle of Fuentes d'Onoro were thrown away. Not that we very deeply regretted the escape of the individuals: they were brave men, had made a bold venture, and deserved that it should be crowned with success; but it was mortifying to reflect that now Massena might, with some show of reason, speak of his late operations as a victory, and was at liberty to inform Europe, that he had manœuvred merely for the purpose of bringing off the garrison of Almeida; and as the garrison had actually escaped, how could we contradict him? It is not worth while to dwell longer on this affair; but I will venture to affirm that no one who witnessed the effect this disappointment produced upon our army will ever be able to forget it."

Wellington was bitterly annoyed, and while his private letter to Lord Liverpool evinces his feelings strongly, it inculcates a sound military lesson:—

"Possibly I have to reproach myself for not having been on the spot; but really, when the enemy's whole army had crossed the Agueda, with the exception of one brigade of cavalry, in front of Ciudad Rodrigo, I did not think it probable that the attempt to escape would be made; and having employed two divisions and a brigade to prevent the escape of 1,400 men, who I did not think it likely would attempt to escape, the necessity of my attending personally to this operation, after I had been the whole day on the Azava, did not occur to me. However, it is that alone in the whole operation in which I have to reproach myself, as everything was done that could be done in the way of order and instruction.

"I certainly feel, every day, more and more the difficulty of the situation in which I am placed. I am obliged to be everywhere, and if absent from any operation, something goes wrong. It is to be hoped that the general and other officers of the army will at last acquire that experience which will teach them that success can be attained only by attention to the most minute details; and by tracing every part of every operation from its origin to its conclusion, point by point, and ascertaining that the whole is understood by those who are to execute it."*

What a contrast to this disgraceful affair does the more important and interesting blockade of Pamplona present. Its leading incidents I shall briefly explain, before I call attention to a contemporaneous event, namely, the siege and capture of San Sebastian.

* Dated Villa Formosa, 15th May, 1811.

While the latter fortress was regularly invested, Pamplona was only shut in, and the place was blockaded by O'Donel's Spanish corps, after the British division which had first shut in the fortress had been moved by Lord Wellington to the front—and subsequently, O'Donel was joined by the division of Carlos d'España. Their united corps amounted to upwards of eleven thousand men, of whom seven thousand could be spared for field service, while the remainder would be fully sufficient to maintain the blockade effectually.

In the latter end of June, Sir Rowland Hill shut in the place; and for the four succeeding months—that is, until the 31st of October—the fortress was gallantly defended. But the vigilance of the blockading army was unceasing; and although the sound of Soult's artillery had been heard by the garrison he had been so anxious to relieve, the diversion was utterly unavailing. Maucune's sorties were boldly made and boldly repelled; and, at the cost of above a hundred men, a trifling quantity of corn was with difficulty obtained. In October, the garrison were put upon an allowance of four ounces of horseflesh each man. In a week that too failed; every domestic animal had been consumed; rats were eagerly sought for, and weeds supplied the place of vegetables. A feeble sally was made upon the 10th, but it was repulsed with a loss of eighty men. Disease generally accompanies famine—scurvy broke out—a thousand men were reported to be in hospital—as many were wounded—and death and desertion had lessened the garrison by six hundred.

In these desperate circumstances, Cassan, the governor, sent out to offer a surrender, provided he was allowed to retire into France, with six pieces of artillery. A peremptory rejection of this condition was followed by a proposition, that the soldiers should not serve for a year. This, too, being refused, it was intimated to the Spanish general that, after blowing up the works, Cassan would imitate Brennier, and trust to fortune and gallantry for the deliverance of his exhausted garrison. This proceeding on the part of the French governor was so repugnant to the rules of war, that a letter was conveyed to his advanced post, denouncing the attempt as inhuman, involving in a desperate experiment the destruction of unfortunate beings who had already borne the horrors of a siege, with an assurance that, should it be attempted, the governor and officers should be shot, and the private soldiers decimated. Most probably the threat of mining the city had been merely used to obtain more favourable terms, and neither the abominable experiment was made, nor the terrible retaliation which would have followed was required. On the 31st the garrison surrendered, and the finest fortress on the Peninsula became thus a bloodless conquest.

The results of these two blockades hold out an important lesson. Cassan was, in every point of view, as good a soldier as Brennier. The investing force which observed Almeida was composed of superior soldiers; but, in a few days, through the stupidity of an incompetent commanding officer, the fortress was dismantled, and the garrison permitted to escape. Pamplona was shut in by a Spanish army under Carlos d'España. A four months' delay before the place was long enough to abate the vigilance of the investors, and the misery to which the garrison was reduced would prompt them to resort to the most desperate efforts to relieve starvation and consequent disease. But the system of blockade had been judiciously marked out, and was steadily carried through, and the Spanish general never allowed the gallant Frenchman a chance of which he might avail himself.

We now come to the Siege of San Sebastian. On the 12th of July, 1813, the fortress was reconnoitred by Lord Wellington, and the plan of its attack arranged by Major Smith. Never were siege operations commenced on both sides under more favourable circumstances; and it would be difficult to decide whether the assailants or the assailed were better provided with means required to produce a fortunate issue.

Before the disastrous defeat at Vittoria, an immense convoy had been sent off towards the Pyrenees, and the subsequent events arrested its departure from Spain. On the 22nd of June, General Rey reached San Sebastian, and the escort received orders to remain and form its garrison. The new commandant obliged the unfortunate refugees to continue their journey into France without protection, and drove every stranger from the city. Foy, during his retreat, left a reinforcement on the 27th; and on the 1st of July the garrison was farther increased by that of Guateria, and a detachment of artillery and artificers from St. Jean-de-Luz. Thus upwards of three thousand men were now collected for its defence. Seventy-six heavy guns were mounted on the works, and subsequently more reached the fortress by sea. Indeed, so imperfect was the coast blockade, that the French not only received supplies, but also were enabled to send away their wounded men.

Lord Wellington's means for besieging the fortress were far greater than he had ever previously at command. When he broke ground, he had three hundred engineers, five hundred artillerymen, with forty heavy pieces of siege ordnance, and abundant stores. These means were afterwards powerfully increased; and when the siege was resumed, after Soult's operations had interrupted it—by official returns on the 22nd of August,

he had the following enormous resources to effect the reduction of San Sebastian :—

24-pounder guns	56	round shot..	40,138
		case and grape	2,398
		spherical case	9,199
18-pounder guns	14	round shot..	22,081
		case and grape	1,100
		spherical case	4,500
10-inch mortars	16	common shells	5,317
		carcases	20
8-inch howitzers	18	common shells	6,224
		common case	900
68 pr. carronades	12	spherical case	8,100

Total 116 pieces.

In addition, there was a Spanish 12-inch mortar, and 100 shells, brought from one of the ports on the coast.

Barrels of powder	7,555
Barrels of powder in filled cartridges	500

The first operations of the engineers were directed against a fortified convent (San Bartolomeo) and a cask redoubt erected on the isthmus. The British batteries opened upon them on the 14th. On the 16th they were breached, and on the 17th stormed. By this success the reverse of the town defences were exposed, and batteries were thrown up to enfilade them.

The only eminence from whence artillery could be brought to bear directly on the town, though still about a hundred feet below it, was above the convent, and almost adjoining its walls. Here a battery was erected, the covered way to it passed through the convent, and the battery itself was constructed on a thickly-peopled burial-ground. A more ghastly circumstance can scarcely have occurred in war; for corpses and coffins, in all stages of decay, were exposed when the soil was thrown up to form a defence against the fire from the town, and were used indeed on the defences; and when a shell burst there, it brought down the living and the dead together. An officer was giving his orders when a shot struck the edge of the trenches above him; two coffins slipped down upon him with the sand, the coffins broke in their fall, the bodies rolled with him for some distance, and when he recovered he saw that they had been women of some rank, for they were richly attired in black velvet, and their long hair hung about their shoulders and their livid faces. The soldiers, who felt the scarcity of fire-wood, being nothing nice, roke up coffins for fuel, with which to dress their food, leaving the bodies exposed; and, till the hot sun had dried up these poor remains of humanity, the stench was as dreadful as the sight.

The batteries were completed, armed, and opened on the devoted city with a terrible and continued effect, which might be anticipated from the ample means at the disposal of the assailants. On the contrary, the fire from the place was feeble—and,

as it was entirely directed against the battery employed in breaching, it was apparent, from the commencement of the operation, that the garrison wished to spare their ammunition, as they scarcely ever fired at working parties bringing shot, &c.; and at this time many of their shells—which, having been thrown with great correctness, might have done much mischief—were not loaded with sufficient powder to burst them. Many shells which exploded with their fuses downwards were observed to spring up merely a few feet from the ground and fall again harmlessly, almost on the same spot.

Both the artillery of the besiegers and the besieged began now to give evidence of failure; and many guns on the works of San Sebastian were observed at every discharge to give the double explosion which generally attends an enlargement of the vent. Indeed, the wonder was that any metal could support the heavy fire maintained by the besiegers. On the 22nd, the expenditure from the breaching battery alone amounted to 3,500 rounds; which, for ten guns in action, averaged 350 rounds a gun, expended in about fifteen hours and a half of daylight. Such a rate of firing probably was never equalled at any siege, great accuracy of range being at the same time observed.

On the evening of the 23rd, the breaches were declared practicable. The assault, however, was deferred for another day. The interval on both sides was not neglected—and while the governor made every preparation ingenuity could devise to repulse the assailants, they opened another breach between the main one and the half-bastion of St. John.

On the night of the 24th the trial was made, and at first the assault promised complete success. The counterscarp and glacis of the horn-work were blown in, and the French abandoned the flank parapet, while those at the main breach also fell back behind the burning houses. The storming parties were nobly led. Major Frazer and the engineer officer topped the breach; and with the greatest gallantry, but in broken order, many of the soldiery followed them. The attack, however, was irregular, and consequently inefficient. The boldest pressed to the summit of the breach; but there a sheer descent presented itself, while flames and smoke burst from the burning houses in their front, “and awed the stoutest;” but the greater number of the assailants stopped at the demi-bastion, and unwisely opened their musketry, and returned the fusillade from the ramparts. That was a fatal error—the enemy rallied, manned the loop-holed houses commanding the great breach, and from front and flank opened a destructive fire on the stormers and their support, which darkness and local difficulties had paralysed in its advance. With restored confidence, the French from every quarter poured

death upon the column. Shells from the citadel, grape from the flank defences, grenades and musketry from the houses, increased the panic and added to the slaughter. The regiments intermixed, and the confusion became consequently irremediable. In vain the leading officers partially rallied the troops and set them a glorious example. For a while, in one dense mass, confined between the hornwork and the river, unable to advance and unwilling to retire, the assailants steadily remained—but it was only to be slaughtered—till the chances of succeeding became so desperate, that those who survived reluctantly gave way and returned to the trenches.

The casualties attendant on the bloody failure were severe. Forty-nine officers and 520 men were placed *hors de combat*.

The intelligence of this serious repulse was painfully felt by Lord Wellington, and he hurried to San Sebastian to personally direct fresh operations against the fortress, and carry it out of hand. Circumstances, however, induced him to abandon his intention. The troops were dispirited, the ammunition heavily expended, and there was little doubt but an immediate effort would be made to succour the garrison. Soult was concentrating in front of the passes, and the allied force would have been unequal to shut up Pamplona, invest San Sebastian, and afford an army of sufficient strength to cover the double operation. Accordingly, orders were issued to disarm the batteries, and, with the exception of four pieces, remove the guns to Passages.

This was done, but it was attended with an additional loss. The garrison made a successful sally, and carried into the place 250 Portuguese who were employed in the trenches.

The first failure in carrying San Sebastian by assault involved more serious consequences than the mere losses sustained by the allies in an unsuccessful operation. While this unexpected reverse discouraged the besiegers, each day brought fresh spirit and fresh resources to the defenders. During this forced inactivity, the garrison received supplies and reinforcements by water, their damaged works were repaired, new defences constructed, the magazines filled, and sixty-seven pieces of artillery put in a condition to play.

On the re-investment of the place, the garrison saw the extensive preparations made by Lord Wellington for its reduction with some surprise, but no alarm. The governor, a stern soldier of the revolution, was determined to hold out to the last—and the garrison proved worthy of their general.

"The 17th was Bonaparte's birthday; three salutes were fired from the castle of St. Sebastian on the eve preceding, as many at four in the morning, and again at noon; and at night the words *Vive Napoleon le Grand!* were displayed in letters of

light upon the castle ;—it was the last of his birthdays that was commemorated by any public celebration.”*

While the breaching batteries were being armed and enlarged, the besieged kept up a heavy fire on the working parties. They sallied on the night of the 24th, producing much confusion, but little serious loss.

During the 25th, the greatest activity prevailed,—and on the 26th, everything being in readiness, “the batteries opened with a general salvo.”

On the 26th, a rocky island, called Santa Clara, was stormed by a detachment of the 9th regiment. Its possession was important. Standing in the mouth of the harbour, it not only enabled the besiegers to receive supplies by sea, but its occupation was desirable in order to facilitate the reduction of the place, as it saw the reverse of the castle and enfiladed its defences. Small as the place was, it was not carried without loss. The only landing-place was under a flight of steps, commanded by a small intrenchment on the west point of the island, and exposed to the whole range of works on the west side of the rock, and of the walls ; the garrison, consisting of an officer and twenty-four men, were thus enabled to make such a resistance, that nineteen of the assailants were killed and wounded.

To the summit of this rock, a twenty-four pounder was swayed up, and a battery erected. To effect this difficult task, sailors were employed, and never did men more thoroughly enjoy their occupation. They had a double allowance of grog, as their work required, and at their own cost kept a fiddler ; they who had worked their spell in the battery went to relieve their comrades in the dance, and at every shot which fell upon the castle they gave three cheers.

The garrison sallied a second time, on the night of the 27th, but their attempt at mischief was more unsuccessful even than at the first sortie.

To a daring and enterprising enemy no attempt would be too adventurous, and it was apprehended that, under the cover of the night, the garrison might ford the river, and spike the guns in battery on the Chofre sand-hills.

In order, therefore, to guard against such a misfortune, the artillery officers took measures for their security, by fastening an iron plate over the vents locked on by a chain, which would have occasioned some delay in spiking them, even if attempted by experienced artillerymen. They also resorted to similar measures for the safety of the breaching batteries on the right, which being almost unsupported by a parallel, and having only a small guard for their protection, were much exposed to danger should the garrison show any enterprise ; for, the Urumea being

* Southey.

perfectly fordable at low water, to cross and spike the guns, and return back into the place, would only have been the work of a few minutes.

At this period of the siege, it was considered necessary by the engineers to ascertain, if possible, the extent and nature of the fire which the besieged would turn upon the columns when advancing to the assault. This might probably be ascertained by a false attack, and the enemy even induced, in the confusion, to spring their mines. The night of the 29th was selected on which to make the attempt, and the occasion gave fresh evidence of the chivalrous courage of British soldiers. "The order was sudden, no volunteers were demanded, no rewards offered, no means of excitement resorted to; yet such is the inherent bravery of British soldiers, that seventeen men of the Royals, the nearest at hand, immediately leaped forth ready and willing to encounter what seemed certain death."

Would that their success had been brilliant as their gallantry! Of that gallant handful not a man returned alive to the trenches, with the exception of their brave leader, Lieutenant MacAdam, of the 9th.

The tremendous fire of the British batteries had in the mean time showed its ruinous effects. Five hundred feet of the sea-flank was laid open; the half-bastion of Saint John and the palisaded front of the horn-work were demolished; and the whole being reported as practicable, orders were issued, that when the tide permitted the columns to ford the Urumea, the assault should be given next morning.

The appearance of the sea front was entirely deceptive. Immediately behind it there was a sheer descent of twenty feet, and among the ruined houses in its rear a solid wall, fifteen feet high, had been erected. By this, the whole extent of the breaches had been isolated, while each extremity was completely secured. The tower of Los Hornos, which stood in the centre of the great breach, had been mined, and twelve hundredweight of powder laid ready for explosion,—while at the salient angle of the covered way, by which the stormers must pass to reach the point of attack, two counter-mines were heavily loaded. A number of guns flanked the breaches, and the fire of the Mirador battery swept the whole extent by which the columns must advance to the assault.

The day of trial came—one that, while history exists, will never fade from recollection.

The morning was wet and gloomy, the devoted city shrouded in mist, and, for want of light, the thunder of the British batteries was silent. About eight o'clock the fog cleared away, a roar of artillery was heard, and it was continued with

unabated violence until the signal was given for the assault, and the storming parties rushed forward to the breaches.

The official despatch, given by the brave old man of Barosa to Lord Wellington, so admirably details the story of that gallant feat of arms, that I shall give it to you.

"The column in filing out of the trenches was, as before, exposed to a heavy fire of shells and grape-shot, and a mine was exploded in the left angle of the counterscarp of the horn-work, which did great damage, but did not check the ardour of the troops in advancing to the attack. There never was anything so fallacious as the external appearance of the breach; without some description, its almost insuperable difficulties cannot be estimated. Notwithstanding its great extent, there was but one point where it was possible to enter, and there by single files. All the inside of the wall to the right of the curtain formed a perpendicular scarp of at least twenty feet to the level of the streets; so that the narrow ridge of the curtain itself, formed by the breaching of its end and front, was the only accessible point. During the suspension of the operations of the siege, from want of ammunition, the enemy had prepared every means of defence which art could devise, so that great numbers of men were covered by intrenchments and traverses in the horn-work, on the ramparts of the curtain, and inside of the town opposite to the breach, and ready to pour a most destructive fire of musketry on both flanks of the approach to the top of the narrow ridge of the curtain.

"Everything that the most determined bravery could attempt was repeatedly tried in vain by the troops, who were brought forward from the trenches in succession. No man outlived the attempt to gain the ridge: and though the slope of the breach afforded shelter from the enemy's musketry, yet still the nature of the stone rubbish prevented the great exertions of the engineers and working parties from being able to form a lodgment for the troops, exposed to the shells and grape from the batteries of the castle, as was particularly directed, in obedience to your lordship's instructions; and, at all events, a secure lodgment could never have been obtained without occupying a part of the curtain.

"In this almost desperate state of the attack, after consulting with Colonel Dickson, commanding the royal artillery, I ventured to order the guns to be turned against the curtain. A heavy fire of artillery was directed against it, passing a few feet only over the heads of our troops on the breach, and was kept up with a precision of practice beyond all example. Meanwhile I accepted the offer of a part of Major-General Bradford's Portuguese brigade to ford the river near its mouth. The

advance of the 1st battalion, 13th regiment, under Major Snodgrass, over the open beach, and across the river, and of a detachment of the 24th regiment, under Lieut.-Colonel M'Bean, in support, was made in the handsomest style, under a very severe fire of grape. Major Snodgrass attacked and finally carried the small breach on the right of the great one, and Lieut.-Colonel M'Bean's detachment occupied the right of the great breach. I ought not to omit to mention, that a similar offer was made by the 1st Portuguese regiment of Brig.-General Wilson's brigade, under Lieut.-Colonel Fearon; and that both Major-General Bradford and Brigadier-General Wilson had, from the beginning, urged most anxiously the employment of their respective brigades in the attack, as they had had so large a share in the labour and fatigues of the right attack.

"Observing now the effect of the admirable fire of the batteries against the curtain, though the enemy was so much covered, a great effort was ordered to be made to gain the high ridge at all hazards, at the same time that an attempt should be made to storm the horn-work.

"It fell to the lot of the 2nd brigade of the 5th division, under the command of Colonel the Hon. Charles Greville, to move out of the trenches for this purpose, and the 3rd battalion of the Royal Scots, under Lieut.-Colonel Barnes, supported by the 38th, under Lieut.-Colonel Miles, fortunately arrived to assault the breach of the curtain about the time when an explosion on the rampart of the curtain (occasioned by the fire of the artillery) created some confusion among the enemy. The narrow pass was gained, and was maintained, after a severe conflict; and the troops on the right of the breach, having about this time succeeded in forcing the barricades on the top of the narrow line wall, found their way into the houses that joined it. Thus, after an assault which lasted about two hours under the most trying circumstances, a firm footing was obtained.

"It was impossible to restrain the impetuosity of the troops, and in an hour more the enemy were driven from all the complication of defences prepared in the streets, suffering a severe loss in their retreat to the castle, and leaving the whole town in our possession." *

The assault differed from those of Rodrigo and Badajoz, as it was effected in open day; and to those who held the works, or those who carried them, it would be difficult to assign the palm. Never was a place of strength more admirably defended, nor, under such desperate circumstances, more daringly assailed and won.

A remarkable occurrence connected with military history, was

* Graham's Despatch to Wellington.

the new and daring application of the besiegers' artillery, by which, when all other chances were desperate, the fortress was reduced. The fire of forty-seven heavy guns and howitzers passed over the heads of the assailants, and yet the practice was so beautiful, that scarcely a casualty occurred.

The effects of this cannonade were terrible. "On inspecting the defences, it was found that the tremendous enfilade fire on the high curtain, though only maintained for twenty minutes had dismounted every gun but two. Many of these pieces had their muzzles shot away, and the artillery-men lay mutilated at their stations. Further, the stone parapets were much damaged, the cheeks of the embrasures knocked off, and the terre-plein cut up and thickly-strewed with headless bodies. In short, the whole land-front had, from the effects of the cannonade, been rendered a scene of destruction, desolation, and ruin.*

San Sebastian was won. Would that its horrors had ended with its storm! but the scenes that followed were terrible. The sky became suddenly overcast—thunder was heard above the din of battle—and mortal fury mingled with an elemental uproar. Darkness came on; but houses wrapped in flames directed the licentious soldiery to plunder and acts of violence still more horrible. The storms of Badajoz and Rodrigo were followed by the most revolting excesses; yet they fell infinitely short of those committed after San Sebastian was carried by assault.

The speedy reduction of the castle was Lord Wellington's next care—and while breaching batteries were erected, it was heavily bombarded to induce the garrison to capitulate at once. The proceedings of the besiegers I shall briefly detail.

On the 3rd of August, General Rey sent out a flag of truce, and offered to surrender, but on conditions which Lord Wellington declined—and it was intimated to the governor, that unless the castle was immediately given up, the mortars should be re-opened.

"The French general continuing obstinate, a flight of shells, exactly at the hour indicated, following each other in rapid succession, was perceived sailing through the firmament. In the darkness that prevailed, nothing could be more fallacious than the impression created, as our eyes followed them, by the fuses in their rotatory motion. Instead of passing through the air with the velocity and impetus they in reality possessed, in appearance they were majestically and slowly pursuing their course."†

On the 4th a quantity of combustibles and gunpowder acci-

* Journal of the Sieges.

† Leith Hay.

dentally exploded; and as the town had been fired during the assault, and the flames had never been got under afterwards, the houses blazed now with such increased violence, that it was difficult to carry forward the approaches. A moderate mortar fire, however, was kept up on the castle, with occasionally a general salvo from all the mortars.

On the 5th the convent of Santa Teresa was carried; and on the night of the 7th, the breaching batteries being completed and armed, such of the steeples and houses that remained unburned were loop-holed for musketry, and all was prepared for an assault; and at ten o'clock next morning the fire of fifty-nine pieces of artillery opened with an appalling crash. By a preconcerted signal, the fire commenced from every point at the same moment, "and was so extremely rapid and well-directed, and of so overpowering a nature, that the castle scarcely returned a single shot. After about two hours' firing, a great impression being made on the wall of the Mirador, and of battery De la Reyna, the governor beat the *chamade*, and, after some negotiation, agreed to surrender his garrison prisoners of war."

On the morning of the 10th, the garrison accordingly filed out of the castle; and the scene was painfully interesting. The British regiments were drawn out upon the ramparts, the Portuguese formed in the streets, the bands occasionally played, the sun shone brilliantly, and yet, in effect, the spectacle was melancholy. All around told too faithfully the horrors that attend a siege. Crumbling walls and falling roofs nearly blocked up the streets; and fire and rapine seemed to have gone hand in hand in ruining this unfortunate city. Other appearances silently indicated the extent to which military licentiousness had arisen—for a gallows was standing in the Plaza, the halberts were erected, and the provost's guard was in attendance.

It was noon when the French garrison marched out of the castle-gate with the customary honours of war. "At its head, with sword drawn, and firm step, appeared General Rey, accompanied by Colonel Sonjeon, and the officers of his staff. As a token of respect, we saluted him as he passed. The old general dropped his sword in return to the civilities of the British officers, and leading the remains of his brave battalions to the glacis, there deposited their arms, with a well-founded confidence of having nobly done his duty, and persevered to the utmost in an energetic and brilliant defence."*

With the immense means with which Lord Wellington was supplied when the siege of San Sebastian was resumed, it will appear very singular that the fortress should have held out half

* Leith Hay.

the time; but the truth is, the plan of the attack was erroneous, and to that cause, rather than any want of energy in the troops, failure must be attributed. As there never was a battle fought in which mistakes were not committed, neither is there a siege on record to which error and oversight cannot be traced. In the present case let us review this siege.

For the delay and loss of life attendant on the reduction of San Sebastian, different causes have been assigned. By some, the first assault was considered wanting in force and determination; and it has been contended, that boldness and perseverance must have succeeded, as they had done before at Badajoz and Rodrigo. But this is a speculative question which never can be settled. The truth more probably is, that the tedious and disastrous progress of the attack arose from the abandonment of scientific principle in conducting it. Hence, the event was not only dangerously procrastinated, but after an enormous expenditure of means and blood, success, even to the last moment, was insecure, and then it was achieved by an enduring gallantry that in no other troops would have been looked for.

If upon the troops which invest a fortress, sufficiently respectable to dare the hazard of a siege, and equally determined to turn all its defensive means to advantage, a ruinous loss must be previously inflicted, before science and daring achieve the slow but certain advances which end in the fall of a place of arms—it will be found in return, that when the aggressive power of the besiegers is effectively brought into action, the sufferings of the besieged fearfully exceed all others incident to warfare. The expenditure of life and labour in approaching San Sebastian, and the horrors of the assault, have been already detailed;—and as a *finale* to siege history, we will hastily trace the ulterior fortunes of the garrison, from the time when they retired within the castle, until, prisoners of war, they filed from beneath its archway to pile their arms on the glacis.

Lord Wellington, after the capture of the town, directed that the most stringent measures should be employed against the castle of San Sebastian. In the first instance, a powerful bombardment was to be resorted to, in the hope that its garrison would be induced to capitulate; while, at the same time, breaching batteries should be erected on the works of the town, to ruin the defences of the place and render hopeless all chances of success, if the governor pushed matters to an extremity, and ventured to abide an assault. The mortar fire was accordingly opened, and it continued with unabated fury until noon on the 3rd.

Somebody says that "the history of a woman is always a

romance" Is that of a soldier on service in startling incident less crowded? The most graphic picture I could give you of the terrible occurrences to which a "beleaguered town," and, of consequence, the last strong-hold of a fortress, is visited, will be found in brief extracts from a personal memoir.

The engineer officer* who led the column to assault the breach was badly wounded; and after witnessing the retreat of the assailants, thus describes the subsequent events:—

"My attention," he says, "a short time afterwards, was aroused by an exclamation from the soldier lying next to me,— 'Oh, they are murdering us all!' Upon looking up, I perceived a number of French grenadiers, under a heavy fire of grape, sword in hand, stepping over the dead, and stabbing the wounded;† my companion was treated in the same manner: the sword withdrawn from his body, and reeking with his blood, was raised to give me the *coup-de-grace*, when fortunately the uplifted arm was arrested by a smart little man, a serjeant, who cried out, '*Oh, mon colonel, êtes-vous blessé!*' and immediately ordered some of his men to remove me into the town. They raised me in their arms, and carried me, without the slightest difficulty, up the breach on to the ramparts of the right flanking tower: here we were stopped by a captain of the grenadiers, who asked some questions, then kissed me, and desired the party to proceed to the hospital. On passing the embrasures of the high curtain we were exposed to a very sharp musketry-fire from the trenches; and here it was that we met the governor and his staff, in full-dress uniforms, hurrying to the breach. He asked me if I was badly wounded, and directed that proper care should be taken of me."

A fortunate mistake thus saved the gallant subaltern,—and a blue uniform and gold bullion epaulette indirectly became the means of his preservation.

Treated coarsely by a drunken officer, who tore his sword and belt away, Lieutenant-Colonel Jones was carried to the hospital. A French soldier was instantly turned out of bed to accommodate the prisoner. He was dressed skilfully by the surgeons, visited

* Lieut.-Colonel Harvey Jones, R.E.

† A glorious instance of the opposite conduct to the unfortunate, pursued by a most gallant enemy (Colonel St. Angelo), must be placed alongside this statement, too truly made, of ruthless inhumanity:—"When the first assault on St. Sebastian failed, and our troops retreated to the trenches, the enemy advanced beyond his defences, or clustered on the ramparts, shouting defiance, and threatening a descent in pursuit. To check this movement, an animated fire of round and grape was opened from our battery, the thickest of which fell on a particular part of the breach where lay a solitary grenadier of the Royals, shot through both legs, and unable to extricate himself from this awfully perilous situation. His fate appeared inevitable, when a French officer stepped forward, walked coolly through the hottest of our fire, lifted his wounded enemy in his arms and bore him off, himself unhurt."

by the governor, and received generally the kindest treatment. His wounds were speedily convalescent, and in a few days he was enabled to move into the gallery running round the court-yard of the hospital, which was a house of considerable size, built in the usual Spanish style, having a court-yard in the centre, with a large entrance-door from the street—galleries from each story running round it, into which all the doors and windows of the rooms respectively opened excepting on the side of the street.

From the height of the buildings the prospect was almost limited to the sky,—while within, the convalescent had scenes presented which generally are not obtruded on those who have themselves been sufferers.

"One day, whilst sitting in the gallery, I observed a table placed in the one below me, and on the opposite side of the court-yard; immediately afterwards, an unfortunate French gunner was laid upon it, and both his arms amputated, his hands having been blown off by an accident in one of the batteries. In the course of the morning, whilst conversing with the surgeon who had performed the operation, he told me that he had acted contrary to his instructions, which were, never to amputate, but to cure if possible. And upon asking the reason for such an inhuman order having been issued, his reply was, the emperor did not wish that numbers of mutilated men should be sent back to France, as it would make a bad impression upon the people. I replied, 'You must be a bold man to act in opposition to this order.' He said, 'Affairs are beginning to change, and, moreover, circumstances make it necessary that the soldiers should know they will be taken proper care of in the event of being wounded, and not left to die like dogs; we send as many as we can at night to Bayonne by the boats—thus we clear out the hospitals, and are relieved from a great deal of labour.'"

In the course of Colonel Jones's conversation with French officers, many facts which transpired showed the terrific outrages on moral principle involved in Napoleon's theory of making "war support war." One example illustrates the practice:—

"In discoursing about the expeditions that detachments of their troops frequently made from the great stations, for a period of eighteen or twenty days, I inquired how they managed to provision them for so long a time. The answer was, 'Our biscuits are made with a hole in the centre, and each biscuit is the ration for a day; sometimes twenty are delivered to each individual, who is given to understand that he has no claims upon the commissariat for the number of days corresponding with the number of biscuits he receives.' I observed it was not possible

for a soldier to carry them. 'We know that very well; but then he has no claim upon the government for that period, and we do not inquire how he lives in the interim!'"

Now mark the consequences of this infernal system, as it was gathered from the same authorities. "They detailed acts committed by their soldiers in Spain, so revolting to human nature, that I dare not commit them to paper; the reader would be disgusted with the recital, and my veracity impeached; and equally incredulous should I have been had not the narrators declared they had witnessed the scenes which they had described."

It is certain that during the conduct of the Peninsular campaign, the *espionage* employed on both sides was most extensive, and, like melo-dramatic farce, occasionally diversified the more serious business of the piece enacting. In the humblest individuals the most effective agents were sometimes found. A barber and a priest enabled Lord Wellington to cross the Duero; and as humble an individual might have opened the entrance into San Sebastian, sealed as it was against a victorious army, and means never exceeded by any general who had ever sat down before a fortress,—had fortune only permitted another barber's agency to have been carried into effect. "From my first entrance into the hospital, I had been attended by a Spanish barber, in whose house a French officer was billeted. As I could speak Spanish fluently, we had a great deal of conversation. He used to communicate to me all he heard and saw of what was passing both inside and outside the fortress. When he learnt that I was an engineer, he offered to bring me a plan of all the under-ground drains and aqueducts for bringing water into the town. Monsieur Joliffe, our attendant, although a good-natured man, kept a sharp eye on the barber; and, in consequence, it was difficult for him to give me anything without being detected.

"At last, one morning, when preparing for the operation of shaving me, he succeeded in shoving a plan under the bed-clothes. I anxiously seized the earliest opportunity of examining it, and, from the knowledge I had previously acquired of the place, soon became acquainted with the directions of the drains, &c. From that moment my whole attention was fixed on the means of making my escape. I knew that the hospital was situated in the principal street, the ends of which terminated upon the fortifications bounding the harbour or the sea. If once I could gain the street, I had only to turn to the right or left to gain the ramparts, and to make my escape from the town in the best manner I could. One evening, just at dusk, when the medical men took leave of us for the night, one of them left his

cooked hat on my bed. As soon as I made the discovery, I put it on my head, hurried downstairs, and made direct for the great door. I found it so completely blocked up by the guard, that, unless by pushing them aside, it was not possible to pass without being discovered; I therefore retreated up stairs in despair, and threw the hat down on the bed. Scarcely had I done so, when in rushed the doctor, inquiring for his lost *chapeau*."

As I have alluded to the unscrupulous means resorted to to obtain information, I may apprise you here, that it was a matter of surprise to all who were not aware of the extensive espionage employed on both sides, how accurately Lord Wellington, and the French marshals to whom he was opposed, were acquainted with the objects and the capabilities of each other. At Lisbon, many persons in immediate connection with the Regency were more than suspected of holding a correspondence with the French; and their treachery was encouraged by the culpable misconduct of the Portuguese government in not punishing criminals whose treasons had been established beyond a question. The English newspapers were regularly transmitted from Paris by Napoleon; and they teemed with intelligence mischievously correct, and that, too, from the head-quarters of the allied army; and—though a circumstance of rare occurrence—if an intimation of what he intended to attempt escaped from Lord Wellington's lips to the Spaniards with whom he was in communication, through the indiscretion of these individuals it was sure to reach the enemy. He says, writing to his brother,—“I apprized — of my intention and plan for attacking Ciudad Rodrigo, and him alone, the success of which depends principally upon the length of time during which I can keep it concealed from the enemy. Some Spanish women at Portalegre were apprized of the plan by him, and it must reach the enemy! Yet — is one of the best of them.”

Through the correspondence intercepted by the guerillas, Lord Wellington constantly obtained the most valuable information. This was generally contained in letters from the French generals themselves, intended to direct the movements of their colleagues. Although their despatches were written in cipher, the allied leader generally contrived to find out the key which unveiled their contents; and his own secret espionage was even more extensive than the enemy's.

But to return to Colonel Jones's interesting recollections:—

“It appeared that there was a very great difference in the accuracy of firing by the troops in the trenches. The chief of the staff, Monsieur Songeon, inquired what description of troops we had that fired so well. He said, ‘Some days I can look over the parapets without the slightest molestation; on other

days it is not possible to show my nose without the certainty of being shot."

The extensive preparations for opening the allied fire upon the place, naturally caused much uneasiness to the garrison.

"One morning, a captain of artillery, whom I had never before seen, came into the ward, and commenced conversing about the siege, addressing himself particularly to me; he observed that the whole second parallel was one entire battery; and if there were as many guns as there were embrasures, he said, 'we shall be terribly mauled.' My reply was, 'Most assuredly you will; depend upon it there are as many guns as embrasures; it is not our fashion to make batteries, and stick logs of wood into them in the hopes of frightening an enemy.' He made a grimace, and, with a shrug of his shoulders, walked out of the ward. The following morning the surgeon came as usual to dress our wounds; this was about half-past seven; all was still, and he joyously exclaimed, as he entered, 'So we have another day's reprieve!' In about half an hour afterwards, and whilst I was under his hands, the first salvo from the breaching batteries was fired; several shot rattled through the hospital, and disturbed the tranquillity of the inmates; the instrument dropped from the surgeon's hands, and he exclaimed, '*Le jeu sera bientôt fini!*' and then very composedly went on with his work.

"After the breaching batteries had opened their fire, I was asked by a French officer whether I thought that the prisoners would remain quiet when an assault of the breach took place; and he added, if they were to make any attempts, they would all be shot. I replied, 'You may depend upon it that, if any opportunity offers, they will not be backward in taking advantage of it: do not fancy you have a flock of sheep penned within these walls; and happen what may, shoot us or not, you will be required to give a satisfactory account of us when the castle is taken.'"

On the morning of the storm (the 31st of August) the roll of musketry announced that the trial had begun; and the intermediate space of time, until the fall of San Sebastian had been ascertained, was one of painful solicitude to the prisoners in the keep.

"From the commencement of the assault, until the rush into the castle upon the capture of the town, not the slightest information could we obtain as to the state of affairs at the breach. The period that intervened was one of the most anxious and painful suspense: at last the tale was told, and who can describe the spectacle the interior of the hospital presented? In an instant the ward was crowded with the wounded and maimed; the

amputation-table again brought into play ; and until nearly daylight the following morning, the surgeons were unceasingly at work. To have such a scene passing at the foot of my bed, was sufficiently painful ; added to this, the agonizing shrieks and groans, and the appearance of the grenadiers and sappers, who had been blown up by the explosion on the breach—their uniforms nearly burnt off, and their skins blackened and scorched by gunpowder—was truly appalling, the recollection of which can never be effaced from the memories of those whose ill fate compelled them to witness it. The appearance of these men resembled anything but human beings : death soon put an end to their sufferings, and relieved us from these most distressing sights. Of all wounds, whether of fractured limbs or otherwise, those occasioned by burns from gunpowder appeared to be accompanied with the most excruciating pain and constant suffering."

Nor did the sufferings of the wounded end with their removal from the breach—for one sad visitation of war followed fast upon the other.

"After the capture of the town, a heavy bombardment of the castle took place, by salvos of shells from upwards of sixty pieces of artillery : the short interval of time which elapsed between the report of the discharge of the guns and mortars, and the noise of the descent of the shells, was that of a few seconds only. The effect of these salvos by day, terrific and destructive as they proved, was little heeded in comparison with the nightly discharges. Those of the wounded and mutilated who were fortunate enough to have found temporary relief from their sufferings by sleep, were awakened to all the horrors and misery of their situation by the crash of ten or a dozen shells falling upon and around the building, and whose fuzes threw a lurid light into the interior of the ward : the silence within, unbroken save by the hissing of the burning composition ; the agonizing feelings of the wounded during these few moments of suspense are not to be described. No one could feel assured of escaping the destruction which was a certain attendant upon the explosion, to be immediately succeeded by the cries and groans of those who were again wounded.

"Many an unfortunate soldier was brought to the amputation-table to undergo a second operation ; and in the discharge of this painful duty the medical men were engaged nearly the entire night. As to rest, none could be obtained or expected with such scenes passing around a person's bed. The legs and arms, as soon as amputated, were carried out, and thrown away on the rocks. It was a novel and by no means an agreeable sight, but one which I was daily compelled to witness."

The tremendous effects produced by the British projectiles are

vividly described,—and it is hard to decide whether the shrapnel or common shell was most destructive.

“The effects of the vertical fire in the interior of the castle immediately after the capture of the town were so destructive and annoying, that, had it been continued six hours longer, the garrison, I have no doubt, would have surrendered at discretion. The officers were loud in their complaints at the obstinacy of the governor, as they said, in uselessly sacrificing the lives of the soldiers. They had lost all hope, or nearly so, that Soult could make any successful attempt for their relief. During this period everybody sought shelter where best he could among the rocks; still no nook or corner appeared to be a protection from the shrapnel shells. A serjeant of the Royals, standing at the foot of my bedstead, was killed by a ball from a shrapnel shell, and fell dead upon me. An Italian soldier, who had been appointed to attend upon the wounded prisoners, whilst endeavouring, close to the hospital-door, to prepare some *bouillon* for our dinner, was, with his *marmite*, blown into the air: and so ended for the day all hopes of obtaining a little nourishment. Life and bustle had disappeared: scarcely an individual was to be seen moving about.

“It may not be unworthy of remark, that the bullets discharged from a shrapnel shell assume the form of a polygonal prism. A French officer showed me one that had just been extracted from a wounded man: he anxiously inquired whether they were of that form when put into the shell. I afterwards observed the same in many others, which, at my request, were handed to me by the operating surgeons.

“The excellence of the British artillery is well known. Nothing could surpass the precision with which the shells were thrown, and the accuracy with which the fuzes were cut. It is only those who have had the opportunity of witnessing their fire, and comparing it with that of the French, that can speak of its superiority. During the siege, we little heeded the lazy French shells thrown into the batteries or trenches. From the length of the fuzes, sufficient time was almost always allowed, before bursting, to put ourselves under cover; and, when they did burst, the splinters flew lazily around. On the contrary, when the sound of an English shell was heard in the castle, or when the man stationed in the donjon cried, ‘*Garde la bombe*,’ everybody was on the alert. The velocity of its flight far exceeded that of the French. Touching the ground and bursting were almost simultaneous; and then the havoc and destruction caused by the splinters were tremendous.

“None but those who have been exposed to the effects of shrapnel shells can fully appreciate the advantages of possessing

such a terrific and destructive missile. It appeared to be of little avail where a man placed himself for protection—no place was secure from them; and many a soldier was wounded without having been aware that any shell had exploded in his neighbourhood."

With an episode, in which the fair sex are introduced, and where French gallantry does not appear advantageously, I shall close my observations on the sieges:—

"There were," says Colonel Jones, "three French ladies in the garrison—the widow and two daughters of a French commissary-general who had died in Spain; they were on their way to France when the investment took place. These ladies were permitted to enter the hospital, and were allowed a small place at one end of the wooden bedstead, where they remained for several days and nights; the only water they could obtain to wash, since the island of Santa Clara had been in the possession of the besiegers, was the same that we had, sea-water, which the attendants contrived to procure by descending the rocks at the back of the castle. The small quantity of fresh water obtained from the tank during the night was reserved for cookery or drinking, which was greatly needed by the troops during the fatigue and heat to which they were exposed at this very hot season of the year. As the number of the wounded increased, so the accommodation in the hospital became more restricted. Some of the officers who were lying upon the floor were loud in their complaints, that madame and her daughters were occupying the space which properly belonged to them; they succeeded in getting the ladies turned out to find shelter from shot and shell where they best could! The day the castle capitulated, I went in search of my fair companions, and found them nearly smoke-dried, under a small projecting rock. One of the young ladies was extremely pretty, and shortly after the siege was married to the English commissary appointed to attend on the garrison until they embarked for England. The change from the hospital to the naked rock, however, relieved them from witnessing many a painful scene, as the amputating-table was placed at the bottom of the bedstead, in that part of the room allotted to their use."

THE ROMANCE OF WAR.

THE romance of war is boundless—compared with the alternations of good and evil fortune attendant on a military career, the vicissitudes of ordinary existence are tame and unexciting. The argosie of him who follows a peaceful calling, glides down the stream of life—the course direct—the surface now and again rippled by a breeze—his worst fear to touch a bank, or scrape a shoal—until the common-place voyage floats his bark to its final destination, and he reaches the ocean of eternity. Not so the soldier's—he launches at once upon a faithless sea—his calm to-day, will to-morrow be followed by a thunder-storm—as the inconstant wind flies round “every point i’ the shipman’s card,” so fluctuate his voyaging fortunes.—Probably, the first squall that strikes him, at once concluds the voyage—or by some secret agency of fate, he may reach the harbour in gallant time, which many a nobler vessel foundered in a vain attempt to gain.

Physical endurance is not a more requisite quality to the soldier, than mental elasticity.

Repose is not more welcome to the worn and to the aged, to the rich and to the unhappy, than danger, difficulty, and toil to the young and adventurous. Danger they encounter but as the forerunner of success; difficulty as the spur of ingenuity; and toil as the herald of honour.

The man who cannot bask in the sunshine, and brave the storm, accommodate himself to circumstances which arise—and balance present inconveniences by prospective comforts—trust, with a Mussulman’s confidence or an Irishman’s faith in good luck—and ever remember the comfortable assurance that when things are at the worst they are sure to mend—let him seek some more monotonous profession, and abandon the trade of arms altogether.

Human comforts are comparative.—Would you witness gastronomic luxury in its richest display, go neither to a West-end Club, nor those temples of Apicius in Cockney estimation, located at Greenwich or Blackwall—but observe the soldier who has completed a twenty-miles’ march, first hanging wistfully over his camp-kettle, and afterwards demolishing the contents. Would you look at sleep—deep, dreamless, and unbroken, follow him to the next shed or under a neighbouring tree—and on sward or straw, the knapsack for his pillow—and the weapon at his side, “his ready hand must grasp in waking,” if a limb

move until he starts up at the first warning, I'll forfeit a quarter's half-pay.

Misfortune introduces men to strange bedfellows, well—service will do the same for them. On the Peninsula, it was nothing unusual for a regiment who had bivouacked in a cork-wood the night before, to sleep the following one under the roof of a palace. Probably, the temporary occupation of one of the richest churches in Spain would more graphically describe the uncertainty of military lodgment. On the 15th ——— the 8th ——— stood to arms at daybreak—the sword, their bed—the sky, their canopy. On the 16th, the sun's first rays streamed through windows of stained glass on a tessellated pavement. Neither monk, nor nun, nor acolyte was there. "The fretted aisle" was crowded with a host of soldiers—the galleries occupied by officers—the sergeants were writing their "morning strength" on the crimson velvet of the high altar—and a diminutive musician, perched in the pulpit from which an archbishop on the preceding Sunday

"had summoned sinful man to pray,"

was whispering through his life, snatches of a contre-danse.

If on the march, a battalion occupied a church, their commander, after the brilliant termination of Busaco, became the tenant of a convent.

Auguries would not apply to battles now—although if a military writer may be credited, the Spanish eagle followed the British colours across the Pyrenees.

"A very singular occurrence," he says, "at this time was remarked. The left wing had just secured themselves in their new positions, when an immense flight of eagles was seen hovering in the air. They remained about Bayonne for several days, occasionally alighting on the sand-hills, and finally turned their aerial course in the direction of Orthez. It is not improbable that they were the same flight of birds, which, for months, after the battle of Vittoria, were seen constantly frequenting that scene of action, sometimes in such numbers as to make it alarming, if not dangerous, to roam singly over the field."*

Whatever reliance might be placed in birds, none could be reposed in weather—Salamanca and Waterloo were ushered in by thunder-storms—while Busaco and Vittoria opened with scenic beauty, which might be called the picturesque of war.

The morning of the 26th broke in cloudless beauty, and a more glorious sight was never presented to a soldier's view; indeed, "nothing could be conceived more enlivening, more interesting, or more varied, than the scene from the heights of

* Batty's Campaign.

Busaco. Commanding a very extensive prospect to the eastward, the movements of the French army were distinctly perceptible; it was impossible to conceal them from the observation of the troops stationed along the whole range of the mountain; nor did this appear to be the object of the enemy. Rising grounds were covered with troops, cannon, or equipages: the widely-extended country seemed to contain a host moving forward, or gradually condensing into numerous masses, checked in their progress by the grand natural barrier on which the allies were placed, and at the base of which it became necessary to pause. In imposing appearance as to numerical strength, there has been rarely seen anything comparable to that of the enemy's army from Busaco; it was not alone an army encamped before us, but a multitude: cavalry infantry, artillery, cars of the country, horses, tribes of mules with their attendants, sutlers, followers of every description, crowded the moving scene upon which Lord Wellington and his army looked down."*

The British army, during the night, lay in dense masses on the summit of the mountain. The sky was clear, and the dark rocky eminences rising on both sides of the pass, were crowned by the fires of innumerable bivouacs. The veterans in the English army, accustomed to similar scenes of excitement, slept profoundly on their stony beds: but many of the younger soldiers, who were now to witness a battle for the first time, were kept awake by the grandeur and solemnity of the scene around them. As the first streaks of dawn were beginning to appear over the eastern hills, a rustling noise was heard in the wooded dells which ran up to the crest of the mountains. It arose from the French outposts, who stealing unobserved during the night, had thus got close to the outposts of the English position without being perceived. The alarm was instantly given, and the troops started to their arms at all points. It was full time, for in a few minutes more, the French in two masses were upon them.

Evening and night terminated the fields of Vittoria and Salamanca—and the close of each was picturesque.

At Vittoria the sun was setting, and its last rays fell upon a magnificent spectacle. Red masses of infantry were seen advancing steadily across the plain—the horse artillery at a gallop to the front, to open its fire on the fugitives—the hussar brigade charging by the Camino Real, while the 2nd division, having overcome every obstacle, and driven the enemy from its front, was extending over the heights upon the right in line, its arms and appointments flashing gloriously in the fading sunshine of departing day!"

The scenic effect of the close of Salamanca, was yet stronger.

* Leith Hay.

On the side of the British, a sheet of flame was seen, sometimes advancing with an even front, sometimes pricking forth in spear-heads, now falling back in waving lines, and anon darting upwards in one vast pyramid, the apex of which often approached, yet never gained, the actual summit of the mountain; but the French musketry, rapid as lightning, sparkled along the brow of the height with unvarying fulness, and with what destructive effect, the dark gaps and changing shapes of the adverse fire showed too plainly. Yet, when Pakenham had again turned the enemy's left, and Foy's division had glided into the forest, Maucanes' task was completed—the effulgent crest of the ridge became black and silent, and the whole French army vanished as it were, in the darkness.

As I have alluded to the romance and picturesque of war, I should not want abundant materials for description, by a slight reference to Peninsular records. But to form a gorgeous picture—one in which the rich colouring of Arabic invention merges into actual reality—the appearance of an Eastern army, and the fortunes of an Indian campaign, has that melodramatic effect which places every scene of common-place warfare in the shade.

The period was the last year of the past century, when the gross violations of subsisting treaties with the British government by Tippoo Sultaun evoked the vengeance of insulted England, and relieved the world of one of the most truculent monsters that ever brought shame upon humanity. Lord Mornington declared war against the tyrant of Mysore on the 22nd of February, 1799—the Anglo-Indian army instantly advanced—and directed its march upon the Sultaun's capital.

Nothing can be more picturesque than a military movement, on an extended scale, over a country possessing those rich and striking features for which India is remarkable, the *coup d'œil* is grand and scenic—as lost in jungle or ravine, and again displayed in glorious sunshine—

Troop after troop are disappearing,
Troop after troop their banners rearing:

until the whole of battle's magnificent array covers some mighty plain with crowds of men and animals, which in numbers appear interminable. The march of a European army, imposing as it is, conveys but a faint idea of the gorgeous effect an Oriental one produces; a flood of crimson blends with the varied colouring of native costume, and the Highland tartan is contrasted with the flowered caftans of the horsemen of Mysore; all is on a scale of magnificence, the field equipage, the park, the commissariat appear to a European eye enormous, while animals without number, from the stately elephant to the graceful Arab, add to

the splendid effect this mighty pageant exhibits. The order of march the army of the Deccan adopted is thus described by Major-general Nicholls with graphic accuracy:—"A body of Mysore horse, about four hundred, led the columns—at some distance the advanced guard was followed by the cavalry, with the new infantry pickets, marching in their rear. The line of infantry followed, and after them the park store and provision carts succeeded, the guns of the allies closed the line of carriages; the ammunition and park bullocks followed them with the rear-guard, consisting of the old pickets, a squadron of cavalry moved on the reverse flank, and another body of four hundred Mysorians closed the line of march. Detachments of the pioneers attended the leading divisions of the cavalry, advanced guard, the line, and the park; guides were sent every morning, before the 'assembly' beat, to the heads of the cavalry, advanced and rear-guard; the baggage, when practicable, was kept on the reverse flank entirely, as the most agreeable to the wishes of their leaders; great care was taken to keep the line of march free from embarrassment. The brigadier of cavalry was ordered to halt, whenever he exceeded the distance of three-quarters of a mile in front of the infantry, and the long roll for halting was beaten by any corps, to whom an accidental stoppage occasioned a break of one hundred yards; the roll was repeated from front to rear, by every corps, until the squadron or battalion was ready to move again, when the taps passed along the line, and the whole moved forward."

The enormous amount to which an Indian army extended then appears to Europeans almost incredible.

"When General Harris advanced against Seringapatam, his army was composed of 35,000 fighting men, and 120,000 attendants; and when the Marquis of Hastings, in 1817, commenced the Mahratta war, his fighting force amounted to 110,000 men, his camp followers to 500,000!"

The transport of a siege train was then curiously effected. "The iron twelve-pounders," says Colonel Nicholls, "are drawn by forty-four bullocks, nine sets formed abreast, and four pair of leaders; four abreast, they take up very little more room than the breadth of the carriage. To each gun there is a spare bullock, to the large ones more. To each pair of iron twelve-pounders an elephant is attached, which assists them in their draft in sandy, miry, steep, or otherwise difficult parts of the roads. The noble sagacity of these animals is wonderful, their tractability no less so; they follow the first gun, applying their aid without direction when well trained to it, when necessary, and then falling back on one side until the other has passed, when they follow in their place; they will, if required,

chastise the bullocks with their trunks when they do not pull heartily."*

But to proceed, "the Anglo-Indian army reached Seringapatam, after a feeble annoyance, and sat down before the place.—Like Eastern fortresses, its appearance was extremely imposing, as the works were of immense extent, and unnecessarily massive in their construction. The fort was encompassed with two distinct walls, each having ditches, bastions, and a number of cavaliers—a species of defence in great favour with Indian engineers. On the different faces of the fort, the gates were secured by numerous outworks. As a fortress, Seringapatam was generally strong; but an immensity of labour and materials had been expended in useless and ill-designed defences. Within the walls, two buildings were very remarkable,—the palace of the Sultaun, and the beautiful mosque near the Bangalore-gate, from whose lofty and elegant minarets the country for many miles was visible."

Tippoo's diplomatic manœuvring never relaxed the progress of siege operations for a moment—and, strange to say, he took no pains to impede them by a fire from the place.

On the 30th April, a battery commenced breaching the bastion; and on the 2nd of May another was completed, and opened a heavy fire on the curtain to the right. Several guns of large calibre, were gradually got to work; and the old masonry, unable to support this well-served and sustained cannonade, began to yield. Masses of the wall came down into the ditch. A breach in the *fausse-braye* was reported practicable—and on the 3rd of May the face of the bastion was in such a state of ruin, that preparations were made for an immediate assault; and in a brief letter, orders to that effect were given next morning to Major-General Baird, who had volunteered to command the storming party.

The troops ordered for the assault were composed of Europeans and natives. They were selected from the armies of the three Presidencies, with 200 of the Nizam's contingent: the whole amounting to 4,476. The right column, under Colonel Sherbrooke, consisted of the flank companies of the Scotch brigade, and De Meuron's regiment; the King's 73rd and 74th; eight companies of coast, and six of Bombay Sepoys; with 50 artillery-men and a detachment of gun lascars. The left column, under Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlop, comprised six European flank companies of the Bombay army, the King's 12th and 23rd regiments, ten flank-companies of sepoy, and 50 artillerymen, and their gun lascars. The whole were placed before daylight

* Malte Brun, vol. iii. p. 323.

in the trenches, and noon was properly chosen as the best hour of attack.

To those looking on, and who neither shared in the glory nor the danger of the assault, the period of suspense, though brief, was most distressing. A field officer, recently dead, thus describes the feelings of the troops who were watching the result of the storm.

"About a quarter past one, P.M., as we were anxiously peering, telescope in hand, at the ford, and the intermediate ground between our batteries and the breach, a sharp and sudden discharge of musquetry and rockets along the western face of the fort, announced to us that General Baird and the column of assault were crossing the ford; and immediately afterwards we perceived our soldiers, in rather loose array, rushing towards the breach. The moment was one of agony; and we continued, with aching eyes, to watch the result, until after a short and appalling interval, we saw the acclivity of the breach covered with a cloud of crimson,—and in a very few minutes afterwards, observing the files passing rapidly to the right and left at the summit of the breach, I could not help exclaiming, 'Thank God! the business is done.'

"The firing continued in different parts of the place until about two o'clock, or a little afterwards; when the whole of the works being in possession of our troops, and the St. George's ensign floating proudly from the flag-staff of the southern cavalier, announced to us that the triumph was completed." *

The apathy with which Tippoo Sultaun received the tidings that the assault was actually given—and his subsequent conduct at the ramparts, would lead one to suppose that his intellects were occasionally unsettled. "Rising from table," says Colonel Beatson in his narrative—"where dinner had been laid under a thatched shed on the northern face of the work, he performed his ablutions coolly, and called for his horse and arms. At that moment the death of his best officer, Meer Ghoffar, was announced. The Sultaun paid a tribute to the bravery of his favourite, named his successor, and rode forth never to return."

Having reached the inner wall, Tippoo gave his horse to an attendant, and mounting the ramparts, placed himself behind a traverse that commanded the approaches from the breach. His servants were provided with carbines, which they occasionally handed to their master, who fired repeatedly at the assailants, and, as it was asserted afterwards, with fatal effect. But the storming party, having carried part of the ramparts, were actually entering the body of the place, and the Sultaun was obliged to retire hastily, accompanied by his personal attendants.

* Price.

"Fatigued, suffering from intense heat, and pained by an old wound, Tippoo mounted his horse, and retreated slowly along the northern rampart. The British were momentarily gaining ground, the garrison in every direction flying, while a spattering fusilade, and occasionally a wild huzza, told that the victors were everywhere advancing. Instead of quitting the city, as he might have done, the Sultaun crossed the bridge over the inner ditch, and entered the town. The covered gateway was now crowded with fugitives, vainly endeavouring to escape from the bayonets of their conquerors, who were heard approaching at either side. A random shot struck the Sultaun: he pressed his horse forward, but his passage was impeded by a mob of run-aways, who literally choked the gloomy arch. Presently, a cross fire opened, and filled the passage with the dead and wounded. Tippoo's horse was killed, but his followers managed to disengage him, dragged him exhausted from beneath the fallen steed, and placed him in his palanquin. But escape was impossible; the British were already in the gateway; the bayonet was unsparingly at work, for quarter at this moment was neither given nor expected. Dazzled by the glittering of his jewelled turban, a soldier dashed forward and caught the Sultaun's sword-belt. With failing strength Tippoo cut boldly at his assailant, and inflicted a trifling wound. The soldier, irritated by the pain, drew back, laid his musket to his shoulder, and shot the Sultaun dead. His companions, perceiving the struggle, rushed up; the palanquin was overturned, the bearers cut down, the body of the departed tyrant thrown upon a heap of dead and dying, and the corpse, despoiled of everything valuable, left among the fallen Mussulmans—naked, unknown, and unregarded."

The Sultaun's fate was for a time unknown; the Zenana was searched in vain; and a report reached General Baird, which led him to conclude that the faithless Mussulman had perished in the northern gateway of the fortress.

"On arriving at the place, the entrance was found choked with the dead and dying; and from the number of corpses heaped irregularly around, it was necessary to remove numbers of the slain Mussulmans—a disgusting and tedious operation. The light had failed; the archway was low and gloomy, and torches were obtained. Presently the Sultaun's horse was recognised by the Killedar; his palanquin was afterwards discovered; a further search proved successful, and the body itself was found. The heat had not yet left the corpse; and though despoiled of sword and belt, sash and turban, the well-known talisman that encircled his right arm was easily recognised by the Killedar. The amulet, formed of some metallic substance of silvery hue, was

surrounded by magic scrolls in Arabic and Persian characters, and sewed carefully in several pieces of richly-flowered silk. The eyes were unclosed; the countenance wearing that appearance of stern composure, that induced the looker-on for a time to fancy that the proud spirit of the haughty Sultaun was still lingering in its tenement of clay. The pulse was examined; its throbs were ended, and life was totally extinct.

"Colonel Wellesley, who accompanied General Baird to the gateway of the fort, could not be persuaded, after the body was identified, that the Sultaun was not still alive, so remarkably placid was the expression of his features, and so life-like the appearance of his eyes; and until the colonel had pressed the heart and pulse with his fingers, he doubted that the tiger spirit had escaped."

When the corpse was removed to the palace, what would the haughty spirit, which the day before had tenanted the cold clay, have felt, had the possibility of what occurred been obscurely hinted at? Listen to the description of an eye-witness.*

"In one of the common short doolies intended for women, with the knees bent upwards, nearly double, I beheld the lifeless remains of the late dreaded Sultaun. He had been shot, a little above the right ear, by a musket-ball, which lodged in his left cheek, near the mouth; and there were also three bayonet wounds in his side. . . . While looking on, an officer carelessly asked me if I would lend him my penknife, which I accordingly did; and before I could recollect myself, he had cut off one of the Sultaun's mustachios."

Never did the death-couch of a monster receive or merit greater indignities than that of the Sultan of Mysore. Through life his career had been truculent and deceptive; and even when policy should have restrained cruelty, the infernal propensity for slaughtering those whom he dreaded or disliked overcame the prudence which should have led him to suppress it.

On the night when Colonel Wellesley's attack failed on the Sultaunpet, in the darkness and confusion, twelve of the 33rd lost their way in the betel-tope, and were made prisoners. When brought into Seringapatam, it might have been supposed that the presence of a victorious army would have insured them the common usage that civilised warfare requires. But the tiger-like ferocity of the Sultaun was superior to his fears; and, with a terrible and immediate vengeance impending, he slaughtered the ill-fated victims. They were murdered "by threes," at midnight. No hurried act of fury—no phrensied bullition of despair—pleads in extenuation of the ruffian act.

* Price.

Night after night, his victims were taken from their cells; and while he husbanded his means of hellish gratification, he varied the method of his murders. One mode of killing them was by twisting their heads, while their bodies were held fast, thus breaking their necks.* For this purpose the Sultaun's jetties were employed—a caste of Hindus, who perform feats of strength. Others were despatched “by having nails driven through their skulls.”

On the night of the assault the soldiery, according to prescriptive right, indulged in drunken and licentious revelry, and all plundered as they pleased. Although the grand entrance of the Treasury had been secured by a guard, by a private door the marauders gained admission; and before they could be expelled, enormous quantities of jewels and gold coin were carried off, and lost beyond recovery. The amount abstracted never could be estimated; and yet little advantage accrued to the soldiers. Dr. Mein, of the medical department, purchased from a private of the 74th regiment, for a mere trifle, two pair of gold bangles, or bracelets, set with diamonds: the least costly of which was valued by a Hyderabad jeweller at eighty thousand sultaunies, or thirty-two thousand pounds sterling; the other pair he declared of such superlative value, that he would not venture an opinion.” . . . “It was moreover notorious, that a quantity of the most valuable pearls were bought frequently in the bazaars, from the soldiery, for a bottle of spirits.”†

The spoils of Vittoria, containing the *matériel* of three armies, and the accumulated plunder of as many years, was trifling compared with that which fell to the captors of the Mysore capital. Few more enormous sacrifices attended an unsuccessful battle, like Vittoria, fought injudiciously, as General Merle remarked, to save “fifty ladies of light virtue and heavy baggage.” And yet the portion of the plunder which the soldiers obtained was trifling; and while they literally marched over gold and silver, without stooping to pick it up, camp followers, Jews, and all the scum of the earth, who tread in the footsteps of an army, obtained immense sums of money on that occasion. By the French accounts, the money-chests abandoned on the field contained five millions and a half Spanish dollars. Not one ever was recovered for public service, nor was an Allied soldier known to be much the richer after a week or two.

The property and stores found in Seringapatam were immensely valuable; but the plunder, of which no estimate can be made, must have been enormous. The following general returns

* Macleod's Report.

† Price.

will assist the reader in estimating the value of the capture of that place:—

*Estimate of Treasure and Property taken at Seringapatam
by W. L. Gordon.*

	Star Pagodas.
Specie	16,740,350
Jewels, gold, and silver bullion	25,000,000
Pepper, paddy, salt, &c.	1,100,000
Copper and brass pots, carpets, &c....	200,000
Elephants, camels, horses, &c.	540,000
Cloths in the Tosha Khana	2,000,000
Total amount	45,580,350

N.B.—Military stores are not included.

Abstract of Ordnance, &c., found in Seringapatam.

	Pieces.
Brass ordnance, different calibres.....	444
Ditto, unfinished in the foundry	7
Iron ordnance	478
Grand total of ordnance.....	929

Stores, Military Buildings, &c.

Round shot, various calibres	424,400 lbs.
Loose gunpowder in magazines.....	520,000 do.
Firelocks and carbines	99,000
Gun-barrels	22,000
Guns mounted on the works	287
Buildings for polishing, boring guns, &c.	2
Ditto, ditto, muskets	1
Arsenals for guns, carriages, &c.	2
Arsenals for musketry.....	1
Ditto for shot, grape, and entrenching tools	1
Powder magazines	11
Expense ditto	72
Armouries for making small arms.....	19
Foundries	9

There may appear a difficulty in selecting to which of these turns the contents of the Zenana should belong. Oriental alantry would place it doubtless in the treasure department.

It will be only necessary to state "the effective strength." Including a few of Hyder Ally's wives and mistresses, upwards of *six hundred and twenty ladies* were found immured within the building.

In a military point of view, Tippoo Sultaun's character was remarkable. He had an extraordinary passion for collecting warlike means, and a profound ignorance in their application. With the ample resources he had for the defence of his capital, had they been ably employed, General Harris never could have reduced Seringapatam. As a commander in the field, his affairs with the advancing army proved his total inability to handle troops—and his defence of a fortress, which he might have rendered impregnable against the small force that sat down before it, appears such a union of folly and fatalism, that one is almost inclined to follow popular belief, and ascribe it to insanity.

THE CROWNING TRIUMPH.

MANY circumstances gave extraordinary interest to the commencement and close of the Belgic campaign. The events of a few days never produced more important consequences. The magical reappearance of Napoleon—the rapidity with which legions, like the fable in mythology, sprang at his bidding from the earth—the mystery which masked his plans until the storm burst—the fury of the tempest while it raged—and the unbroken night, which after the lightning glare of Ligny, Quatre Bras, and Waterloo, closed for ever on the fortunes of Napoleon, give to the brief campaign in Belgium an interest never to be equalled.

It is altogether a story of romance—and nothing can be more interesting, than to follow the course of the imperial adventurer, from his abandonment of the paltry island, in which he had been permitted to enact the farce of royalty, until at Waterloo, in the destruction of his guard, he saw the death-blow given to his political existence, when turning to an aid-de-camp, with a face livid with anger and despair, he muttered, "*à présent c'est fini!*" and turned his horse from the fatal field, where defeat for ever closed his history.

Many idle stories were circulated at the time, and some of them are yet occasionally repeated, connected with Napoleon's advance. One, among others, asserting that Wellington was taken by surprise. Nothing can be more ridiculous. The allied commanders were in close communication—their opera-

tions had been considered and combined. By unity of action they were prepared to meet and crush the efforts Napoleon was about to make—and they had guarded as far as possible, against any mischief which the concealment of his intended movements might produce. The allied generals were waiting patiently for Napoleon to develop his intentions,—and until that was done, the game must evidently be a waiting one. The time came—"a second courier arrived from Blücher before twelve o'clock, on the night of the 15th, and the despatches were delivered to the duke of Wellington in the ball-room of the duchess of Richmond. While he was reading them he seemed to be completely absorbed by their contents; and after he had finished, for some minutes he remained in the same attitude of deep reflection, totally abstracted from every surrounding object, while his countenance was expressive of fixed and intense thought. He was heard to mutter to himself, ' Marshal Blücher thinks,' ' It is Marshal Blücher's opinion;'—and after remaining thus abstracted a few minutes, and having apparently formed his decision, he gave his usual clear and concise orders to one of his staff officers, who instantly left the room, and was again as gay and animated as ever; he stayed supper, and then went home."*

The double efforts of Napoleon on Ligny and Quatre Bras, were productive of no decisive advantage. Both were sanguinary conflicts—and making allowance for the disparity in point of number of the combatants, it would be difficult to say in which of these murderous actions the loss inflicted, on the assailants and assailed, was greatest. At Quatre Bras, the allies held the battle-ground—at Ligny, it was abandoned by the Prussians, as much from fatigue as from policy. Blücher's reserve divisions were in his rear—as he fell back he gained strength—and all Napoleon obtained by a day, whose bloody sacrifices had exceeded even his "military arithmetic," was the possession of two or three ruined villages. Blücher very prudently fell back. As night came, the exhaustion of the Prussian troops was becoming more manifest every moment, several officers and men, overcome by continued exertion, were seen to fall solely from excessive fatigue. No kind of warfare can be conceived more harassing to the combatants than was the protracted contest in the villages which skirted the front of the Prussian position. It partook also of a savage and relentless character. The animosity and exasperation of both parties were uncontrollable. Innumerable individual combats took place; every house, every court, every wall, was the scene of a desperate conflict,—streets were alternately won and lost; an ungovernable fury seized upon the combatants on both sides, as they rushed wildly for-

* Booth's Narrative.

ward to relieve their comrades, exhausted by their exertions in the deadly strife—a strife in which every individual appeared eager to seek out an opponent, from whose death he might derive some alleviation to the thirst of hatred and revenge by which he was so powerfully excited. Hence no quarter was asked or granted by either party.

Wellington made a corresponding movement, to hold his lateral communications with the Prussian marshal, and retired with little annoyance on Waterloo. There he determined to receive the battle which Napoleon was burning to commence. After a terrific night of elemental war, the 18th of June was ushered in, and preparations for the approaching trial were begun.

“Scarcely had the morning dawned when the numerous groups stretched around the smouldering remains of the bivouac-fires, or couched in the hollows, or lying under such slender cover as the few trees and brushwood, within range of the positions of their respective regiments, afforded, were seen gradually in motion; and as the eye of an observer wandering along the space which lay between the main bodies of the hostile armies—a space varying in no greater width than from 1,000 to 1,500 yards—the officers in command of the several picquets might be seen on either side withdrawing their videttes and sentries from the very limited and almost conversational distance that had separated them from their opponents during the night, concentrating their detachments, and establishing their main posts more within the immediate range of the respective positions occupied by the grand armies.

“As the morning advanced, the dense vapoury masses which had so long rolled slowly and heavily over the plain, gradually began, as if relieved by the constant discharge of their contents, to soar into a higher region, where, during the whole day, with little or but imperceptible motion, they hung spread out into a broad expansive vault, through which the rays of the sun were unable fully to penetrate, until just at the moment of its sinking from the scene of strife, when it shed the full blaze of its setting splendour upon the victorious advance of the Anglo-allied army. The drying and cleaning of fire-arms soon became general, and the continuous discharge of muskets, at rapid and irregular intervals, fell upon the ear like a rattle of a brisk and widely extended skirmish.

“All at once, the scene became more animated and exciting, drums, bugles, and trumpets, were heard over the whole field, sounding the assembly; and never was the call to arms, in either army, responded to with greater zeal, alacrity, and cheerfulness. While the regimental inspections, tellings off, and

preparatory arrangements of detail were proceeding, staff officers were seen galloping in various directions, and shortly afterwards, the different brigades, which, by their bivouacs had but faintly and irregularly traced the line of battle taken up by each army, were moved and distributed in the precise order prescribed by the illustrious chiefs, who had on that day, and for the first and only time, met to measure swords."

It is a very curious circumstance, and shows that in war as well as in civil life, "doctors disagree,"—that the opening of Waterloo has been referred to different hours, and the time when the battle began has been stated with a marked contrariety. "The duke of Wellington says it commenced about ten o'clock, and further observes, that when his troops discontinued the pursuit at night, they had been engaged during twelve hours! In this General Gneisenau concurs, but, of course, only from information he had received. General Alava, who was beside the duke the whole day, fixes it at 'half-past eleven.' Napoleon and General Drouet state 'twelve' as the hour, while Marshal Ney names 'one o'clock.' Without tracing minuter contradictions, this may suffice to show the difficulty of attaining exact knowledge, where it might have been presumed no difficulty could exist. With one exception, which I think ought to be decisive, I was equally bewildered by the intelligence I received from officers whom I had an opportunity of consulting. By one, I was told, the battle began 'soon after mid-day;' by another, 'exactly twenty minutes after eleven;' and by a third, at 'ten o'clock;' but Sir George Wood, and his information is what I conceive cannot be disputed, gave me the following statement. 'The action commenced about half-past ten or a quarter to eleven. There had been skirmishing before all the morning. A column of the enemy was advancing against Hougoumont, and the first gun that was fired was from our lines against that column. I gave the order, by command of the duke. The gun did immediate execution, and killed six or eight. The column then retired, and went round the wood.'"^{*}

Of course, the jealousy of outposts sometimes had taken alarm, and from day-break occasional shots had been exchanged between the light troops; but when two mighty armies, and each commanded by great generals, were preparing for a terrible and decisive contest, a desultory fusillade scarcely attracted attention.

Every disposition being completed by Napoleon, Jerome Buonaparte[†] advanced with the second corps against Hougou-

^{*} Mudford.

[†] At noon Jerome Buonaparte directed the 2nd corps to advance against Hougoumont. The British batteries opened on the French masses as they de-

mont,* and the day of immortal Waterloo opened under a thunder of artillery.

"The defence of La Haye Sainte had been entrusted to Colonel Baring, with a detachment of the German legion, amounting to about 300 men, subsequently reinforced by 200 more. The attack began at one o'clock, and continued above two hours, several guns were brought to bear upon the house, but the conflict was chiefly maintained by massy columns of infantry, who advanced with such fury, that they actually grasped at the rifles of the besieged as they projected through the loop-holes. Four successive attempts were thus made, and three times the assailants were gallantly beaten off. Twice the enemy succeeded in setting fire to a barn or outhouse, contiguous to the main building—but both times it was fortunately extinguished.

"The numbers of the garrison, at length, began to diminish—many were either killed or wounded—and at the same time their ammunition was failing. It became impossible to supply the one, or reinforce the other, for there was no practicable communication with the rest of the army. The men, reduced to five cartridges each, were enjoined to be not only sparing of their fire, but to aim well. A fourth attack was now made by two columns, stronger than either of the preceding, and the enemy soon perceived that the garrison could not return a shot. Emboldened by this discovery, they instantly rushed forward, and burst open one of the doors, but a desperate resistance was still made, with the sword, bayonet, &c. through the windows and embrasures. They then ascended the walls and roof, whence they securely fired down upon their adversaries. This unequal conflict could not long continue, and after an heroic defence the post was abandoned. It is affirmed that the French sacrificed to their revenge every man whom they found in the place. It is at least certain, that some individuals were most barbarously treated. The shattered and dilapidated state of the house, after the battle, conspicuously evinced the furious efforts which the enemy made for its possession, and the desperate courage dis-

bouched—their own guns covered their advance—and under the crashing fire of 200 pieces of artillery—a fitting overture for such a field—Waterloo opened, as it closed, magnificently!

* This place, destined to obtain a glorious celebrity, was an old-fashioned country house, and had once been the residence of a Flemish nobleman. It stood on low ground, about three hundred yards in front of the right centre of the Allied line, and close to where it leaned upon the road leading from Nivelles to Waterloo. On one side there was a large farm-yard and out-buildings, on the other a garden surrounded by a high brick wall. An open wood, covering an area of some three or four acres, encircled the château; but as it was free from copse, and the trees stood apart from each other, it only masked the post, without adding much to its strength.

played in its defence. The door was perforated by innumerable shot-holes, the roof destroyed by shells and cannon-balls: there was scarcely the vestige of a window discernible, and the whole edifice exhibited a melancholy scene of ravage and desolation. Yet when obtained, it offered no advantage commensurate to the loss with which it had been purchased: for the artillery, on an adjacent ridge, continued to pour down such a destructive and incessant fire, that Napoleon could make but little use of the conquest to promote his subsequent operations."*

All that could be done to break the exhausted squares had been vainly tried for hours. Battalions were almost reduced to companies—and yet not an English regiment wavered. The 27th had 400 men down in square before it snapped a flint. "In this terrible situation, neither the bullets of the Imperial Guard, discharged almost point blank, nor the victorious cavalry of France, could make the least impression on the immovable British infantry. One might have been almost tempted to fancy that it had rooted itself in the ground, but for the *majestic movement* which its battalions *commenced* some minutes after sunset, at the moment when the approach of the Prussian army apprised Wellington he had just achieved the most decisive victory of the age."† But the illusion was brief. The Prussians debouched from the wood at Frichermont, and half Napoleon's right wing was thrown back, *en potence*, to check their attack, while his last grand movement should be executed against the allied army in his front.

The first column of attack, with the proverbial intrepidity of the Imperial Guard, mounted the slope of the position, while the English household troops advanced to the crest of the swelling ground to meet them. It was a grand and imposing sight—the finest infantry in the world confronted each other at a distance of fifty paces. The cheers of the French formed a striking contrast to the soldier-like silence with which the English received the attack; and shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* were only answered by a rolling volley. The first steady fire of the British guards disorganized the crowded columns—and the fusilade was rapidly and steadily sustained. Vain efforts were made by the French officers to deploy, and the feeble fire of their leading files was returned by a stream of musketry that carried death into ranks in close formation, and every moment increased their disorder. The word to charge was given—the guards cheered, and came forward—but the enemy declined the contest, and the shattered columns hurried down the hill, with the precipitate confusion attendant on a heavy repulse.

Nor was Napoleon's second attack more fortunate. Undis-

* Mudford.

† Foy's "Mémoire."

mayed by the repulse of the first column, the second topped the height in perfect order, and with a confidence which bespoke the certainty of success. But the musketry of Maitland's left wing smote the column heavily in front; and the fire of the light regiments fell with terrible effect on the flank of a mass already torn and disordered by the close discharge of grape and case shot from the English battery. The ground in a few minutes was covered with dead and wounded men—the confusion increased—the disorder became irremediable. To stand that intolerable fire was madness—they broke—and, like the first column, endeavoured to reach the low ground, where, sheltered from this slaughtering fusilade, they could have probably reorganized their broken array. But this was not permitted. Pressed by the guards—charged by the 52nd—retreat became a flight, and Wellington completed the *déroute* by launching the cavalry of Vivian and Vandeleur against the mass, as it rushed down the hill in hopeless disorder.

"As the battle became more doubtful, Napoleon approached nearer the scene of action, and betrayed increased impatience to his staff, by violent gesticulation, and using immense quantities of snuff. At three o'clock he was on horseback in front of La Belle Alliance; and in the evening, just before he made his last attempt with the guard, he had reached a hollow close to La Haye Sainte. Wellington, at the opening of the engagement, stood upon a ridge immediately behind La Haye, but as the conflict thickened, where difficulties arose and danger threatened, there the duke was found. He traversed the field exposed to a storm of balls, and passed from point to point uninjured, and more than on one occasion, when the French cavalry charged the British squares, the duke was there for shelter."

Adam, who commanded the light brigade, after his repulse of the three squares of the imperial guard, perceiving that he was so much in front of the main line of the Anglo-allied army, and not being aware of Vivian's advance, had become apprehensive of an attack upon his right flank; and he therefore desired his brigade major, Major Blair, to proceed in the prolongation of his right flank, and observe whether there was any threatening appearance of the enemy's cavalry in that quarter. The latter, pursuing his errand, met the duke of Wellington moving at a quick pace, followed by a single individual, to whom Major Blair addressed himself, but who immediately checked him by remarking, "*Monsieur, je ne parle pas un seul mot d'Anglais!*" Major Blair then explained to him, in French, the order he had received, to which he replied, "*Le Duc lui-même a été voir; il n'y a rien à craindre;*" whereupon the former returned to Adam, with this satisfactory information.

Here then was the great chieftain himself still in the battle's front, vigilantly watching, and eagerly seizing advantage of, the course of events;—braving every peril, and acting solely upon his own personal observation; his staff, and even orderlies, almost all killed or wounded; the very few that remained untouched, carrying messages; his only attendant, a foreigner (Major Count de Sales, a Sardinian officer), attached to his suite! It is impossible not to recognise in the extraordinary degree of security with which this great man so fearlessly exposed himself throughout the entire day, the protecting interposition of an all-wise and merciful Providence. At this moment, too, he was not only upon the track of his great antagonist, but, in all probability, within the shortest distance that ever separated these wonderful men from each other; the one, alone, and in front of his advancing line, borne forward on the wings of victory, and upheld by the knowledge of his might and the fulness of his glory; the other, seeking shelter amidst his devoted, yet broken and dispirited cohorts, abandoning himself to despair, and flying from the fatal field on which the sceptre he had usurped was signally and irrecoverably struck from his iron grasp.

The repulse of the second grand attack was accompanied by an occurrence not common in warfare—the capture of one general officer by another—Siborne relates the anecdote.

“When Adam reached the three squares above mentioned, Halkett, having the shortest space of ground to move over, soon came up in line with the brigade, still pursuing the column formed by the two battalions of chasseurs of the old guard. The Osnabrückers having then become much annoyed by a fire that opened upon them obliquely from a French battery within a very short distance of their right, their 1st company broke into subdivisions, and, supported by the sharpshooters of the battalion, made a dash at the artillery, and captured six guns. During the greater part of the advance, they had been in almost close contact with the column formed by the two battalions of chasseurs of the old guard; and Halkett frequently called out to them to surrender. Having for some short time fixed his eye upon an individual whom he took to be the general officer in command of the guard, from his being in full uniform, and from the animation he displayed in his endeavours to induce his men to stand their ground, and observing that the column, after receiving the fire of the Osnabrückers, left the general with two officers in its rear, he ordered the sharpshooters to dash on, whilst he, at the same time, darted forward at full gallop to attack the general. When he had come up with him, and was about to cut him down, the latter called out that he would surrender. Cambronne, for he it was, then preceded Halkett as he

returned to the Hanoverian battalion, but had not gone many paces before Halkett's horse was wounded, and fell to the ground. In a few seconds, however, Halkett succeeded in getting him on his legs again, when he found that his prisoner was escaping in the direction of the French column; he instantly overtook him, seized him by the aiguillette, brought him to the battalion, and gave him in charge to a sergeant of the Osnabrückers who was to deliver him to the duke."

The crisis had arrived — "the irremediable disorder consequent on his decisive repulse, and the confusion in the French rear, where Bulow had fiercely attacked them, did not escape the eagle glance of Wellington, "The hour is come!" he is said to have exclaimed, as, closing his telescope, he commanded the whole line to advance. The order was exultingly obeyed; and forming four deep, on came the British; wounds, fatigue, and hunger were all forgotten, as with their customary steadiness they crossed the ridge. But when they saw the French, and began to move down the hill, a cheer, that seemed to rend the heavens, pealed from their proud array, as they pressed on to meet the enemy."

Just at this decisive moment, the faint rays of the setting sun shone forth, and as they struggled to penetrate the almost universal haze created by the hitherto unremitting volumes of smoke, which a close, dense atmosphere appeared incapable of altogether dissipating, they cast upon the varied and multitudinous objects on the field a lurid light, imparting to them a colouring so strikingly impressive, as can never be effaced from the memories of those who witnessed that magnificent battle-scene. In front of the line, on the rise occupied by Maitland's brigade of guards, stood prominently in view, the great and noble duke himself, his hat raised high in air, as the signal for the commencement of the general advance; leaders in front of their divisions and brigades, appearing, by their animated gestures, to take the tone from their great chieftain; unfurled colours raised aloft, proudly displaying their shattered remnants; drums, bugles, trumpets, sending forth their warlike sounds to commingle with the enthusiastic and tumultuous cheering of the troops; artillerymen occupied in working out their guns from the soft soil in which they had become so deeply imbedded; squadrons and supports pressing forward to gain the ridge, as they became vacated by the first line, to behold, and participate in, the glorious triumph; numerous isolated soldiers, hurrying on, wherever they could be spared from attending the wounded, to join their ranks, and share in the inspiring excitement of such a moment; in the distance, in front, the retiring masses of the French, intermingled with crowds of fugitives of

all arms, mounted and dismounted; far away to the left, the dark columns of the Prussians, and the smoke ascending from their batteries; on the right, and somewhat in advance, the dense vapour still slowly circling upwards from the glowing embers of Hougomont, assuming a reddish glare as it floated over the heads of the brave defenders of that post of honour;—all appeared to the eyes of the beholder illumined, as it were, by a light partaking rather of the supernatural, than of the ordinary effects of sunshine.

It was of brief duration. The sun sank rapidly below the horizon, and if the gorgeous colouring which departed with it had been congenial to the exhilarated feelings of the victors, so, in an equal degree, must the succeeding twilight, rendered still more gloomy by a clouded sky, have toned in with the dejected and gloomy spirits of the vanquished. With these there prevailed no other sentiments than those of a vexed and mortified perplexity, or an extreme dismay. The panic which had set in was extending itself widely and speedily throughout the line, and despondency was depicted in every countenance.

Never did a band of matchless soldiers, grown grey amid repeated victories, better sustain a fame that none dare question.

“When the Imperial Guard, led on by Marshal Ney, about half-past seven o’clock, made their appearance from a corn-field, in close columns of grand divisions, nearly opposite, and within a distance of fifty yards from the muzzles of the guns, orders were given to load with canister-shot, and literally five rounds from each gun were fired with this species of shot before they showed the least symptom of retiring. At the twenty-ninth round their left gave way.”*

Again—“two guns, under Lieutenant Speckmann, were posted so as to bear directly upon the French column, and completely enfilade the road; and as the cuirassiers approached with the undaunted bearing that betokened the steadiness of veterans, and with the imposing display that usually distinguished mailed cavalry, a remarkably well-directed fire was opened upon them: in an instant the whole mass appeared in irretrievable confusion; the road was literally strewn with corpses of these steel-clad warriors and their gallant steeds. Kellermann himself was dismounted, and compelled, like many of his followers, to retire on foot.”

While the French right had receded from its extreme fronts, the allied line compressed itself, assuming the appearance of a crescent.—The success of Blücher’s attack—the repulse of the Imperial Guard—the confusion in rallying the broken columns—all told that to strike boldly would be to secure a victory, and

* Letters of an Artillery Officer.

Wellington gave the order to advance. The infantry, in one long and splendid line, moved forward with a thrilling cheer—the horse artillery galloped up, and opened with case-shot on the disordered masses, which, but a brief space before, had advanced with such imposing resolution. Instantly, the allied cavalry were let loose; and charging headlong into the enemy's columns, they turned retreat into rout, and closed the history of one of the bloodiest struggles upon record.

For a short time four battalions of the old guard, comprising the only reserve which Napoleon had left unemployed, formed square, and checked the movements of the cavalry; but, panic-struck and disorganised, the French resistance was short and feeble. The Prussian cannon thundered in their rear; the British bayonet was flashing in their front; and, unable to stand the terror of the charge, they broke and fled. A dreadful and indiscriminate carnage ensued—the great road was choked with the equipage, and cumbered with the dead and dying; while the fields, as far as the eye could reach, were covered with a host of helpless fugitives. Courage and discipline were forgotten. Napoleon's army of yesterday was now a splendid wreck; his own words best describe it, "It was a total rout!"

"A remarkable exception to the general disorganization of the French army was manifested about this time in front of Vandeleur's brigade, which was the furthest in advance of any of the allied troops; in the midst of the crowd of fugitives which impeded the progress of the brigade, there appeared a regiment of cavalry moving at a walk in close column, and in perfect order, as if disdaining to allow itself to be contaminated by the confusion that prevailed around it. It was the *grenadiers à cheval*, and the 12th British light dragoons were the nearest to it. Having got in advance of the rest of the brigade and rode opposite the right flank of the column, whence a few pistol or carbine shots were fired at them, the 12th made a partial attack; but they were so much inferior in numbers, being very weak at this period, and were so greatly obstructed in their movements by the crowd, that they were unable to break so steady a body of cavalry, which literally walked from the field in the most orderly manner, moving majestically along the stream, the surface of which was covered with innumerable wrecks, into which the rest of the French army had been scattered. As Napoleon and his staff were at this time retiring along the high road, on the right flank of his cavalry of the guard, it is reasonable to infer that the latter was therefore induced to maintain the admirable order in which it was thus seen to secure the emperor's retreat."

A triumph that roused national exultation to the highest pitch

it had ever reached since the battle of Trafalgar, placed many a family in mourning—and affecting anecdotes and incidents might be numerous recorded of “the red field of Waterloo.” Picton fell where he sought to fall—and died uttering the word that best became him. Shortly before two, Drouet advanced, drove a Belgian brigade roughly back, and the head of his columns reached the broken hedge, that partially masked the fifth division. After repulsing the cavalry, Picton formed line and moved Kempt’s and Pack’s brigades forward to meet the anticipated attack. The heads of the enemy’s columns were already within forty yards, when the musketry of the 5th division delivered a rolling volley, that annihilated the leading sections and produced a visible confusion. Picton saw and seized the crisis, and thundered the word “Charge,”—it was the last he uttered—for the next moment a musket bullet perforated his forehead, and he dropped from his saddle a dead man.

On this glorious day a soldier of equal chivalry, but “milder mood,” perished, and never was a gallant leader more deeply lamented than Sir William Ponsonby.

“Having cut through the first column, he passed on to where Colonel Dorville was so hotly engaged, and found himself outflanked by a regiment of Polish lancers in a newly ploughed field, the ground of which was so soft, that the horse could not extricate itself. He was attended by only one aide-de-camp. At that instant a body of lancers approached him at full speed. His own death he knew was inevitable, but supposing that his aide-de-camp might escape, he drew forth the picture of his lady and his watch, and was in the act of delivering them to his care, to be conveyed to his wife and family, when the enemy came up, and they were both speared upon the spot. His body was afterwards found lying beside his horse, and pierced with seven wounds. It is said, however, he did not fall unrevenged, for the brigade which he commanded had an opportunity, before the battle ceased, of again encountering the Polish lancers, almost every one of whom was cut to pieces.”*

The escape from death of another gallant individual shows how frequently truculence and humanity are individually exhibited in warfare—having been wounded and unhorsed—“upon recovering, some time after his fall, and raising himself up a little to look around him, he was observed by a lancer passing by, who, in a savage and cowardly manner, struck his lance through his back, exclaiming, ‘*Ah! coquin, tu n’es pas mort!*’” Not long afterwards he was plundered by a *tirailleur*; but the latter was no sooner gone than he was accosted by a French officer, who had just brought up and halted some troops near the

* Mudford.

spot. He experienced great kindness from this individual, upon his complaining of thirst, held his brandy-bottle to his lips, directing one of his men to lay him straight on his side, and place a knapsack under his head. He then passed on into the action, and Sir Frederick Ponsonby never knew to whom he was indebted, as he believed, for his life. Late in the day he was passed over by two squadrons of Prussian cavalry, in full trot, whereby his sufferings were much increased. On the following morning he was discovered by some English, and removed to the village of Waterloo. To the inexpressible delight of his corps, and of all who enjoyed his acquaintance and friendship, he gradually recovered from his dreadfully severe wounds, notwithstanding their great number, as well as their extremely critical and almost hopeless nature."

And now, let us take a military review of Waterloo and its commanders. Regarding both, much has been said and written, *pour et contre*. It has been said that Napoleon committed two great mistakes. First, in his double attack upon the Prussian and British armies, on the 16th, with insufficient means, attempting too much, and consequently failing; and secondly, on the 18th, in unwisely expending his cavalry in idle attempts to break the English squares—and when the moment came, that a mighty effort might have gained a sudden victory, the means were wanting. The apologists for the defeat of Mont Saint Jean—the French never name Waterloo—ascribe it to treachery, misconduct, and accident; and Wellington has been accused of fighting in a bad position, and risking a defeat from which the fortuitous arrival of his Prussian allies saved him.

Passing by political considerations, let us put Waterloo to a military test.

French writers assert that in numerical and effective service, Wellington's means were superior to Napoleon's. The reverse is the fact. The allied strength, including its corps of observation, which were non-combatant on the 18th, with the Brunswickers, Belgians, and Nassau contingent, amounted to 74,000. The force of the latter (French), from the contradictory statements, is difficult to be determined with accuracy—probably 90,000 would be nearly its amount. Taking its original strength at 145,000, deducting 10,000 *hors de combat*, in the battles of the 15th and 16th, and reckoning Grouchy's corps at 45,000, we shall find that 90,000 Frenchmen were on the field of Waterloo. Certainly Buonaparte was equal in men, and very superior in artillery; the French parks, amounting to 296 pieces, while the British and Belgian guns did not exceed 150.

As to the question of *position*—let us take the opinion of a French engineer:—"We have said that one of the essentials in

a position is that it should offer the means of retreat, which brings us to the consideration of a question created by the battle of Waterloo. Supposing an army to be posted in front of a forest having a good road behind its centre and each of its wings—could it be compromised, as Napoleon asserts, in the event of its losing the battle? For my own part, I think, on the contrary, that such a position would be more favourable for retreating than if the country were perfectly open, since a beaten army cannot traverse a plain without being exposed to the utmost danger. Doubtless, if the retreat should degenerate into a disorderly flight, a portion of the guns remaining in battery in front of the forest would probably be lost; but the infantry, the cavalry, and the rest of the artillery would be able to retire with as much facility as across a plain. But if, on the contrary, the retreat takes place with order, nothing could possibly protect it better than a forest, provided always that there exists at least two good roads behind the line; that the enemy be not allowed to press too close before the requisite measures preparatory to retiring are thought of; and that no lateral movement shall enable the enemy to anticipate the army at the outlets from the forest, as happened at Hohenlinden. It would also greatly tend to secure the retreat, if, as was the case at Waterloo, the forest should form a concave line behind the centre, for such a bend would then become a regular *place d'armes*, in which to collect the troops, and afford time to file them successively into the high road.”*

And now let us examine the general character of Waterloo as a field. Those who were best competent to decide, have pronounced this battle as that upon which Wellington might securely rest his fame—while others, admitting the extent of the victory, ascribe the result rather to fortunate accident than military skill.

Never was a false statement hazarded. The success attendant on the day of Waterloo can be referred only to the admirable system of resistance in the general, and an enduring valour, rarely equalled, and never surpassed, in the soldiers whom he commanded. Chance, at Waterloo, had no effect upon results. Wellington's surest game was to act entirely on the defensive—his arrangements with Blücher, for mutual support, were thoroughly matured, and before night the Prussians must be upon the field. Bad weather, and bad roads, with the conflagration of a town in the line of march, which, to save the Prussian tumbrils from explosion, required a circuitous movement—all these, while they protracted the struggle for several

* Jomini, “Précis de l'Art de la Guerre.”

hours beyond what might have been reasonably computed, only go to prove, that Wellington, on accepting battle, under a well-founded belief that he should be supported, *in four hours*—and when single-handed he maintained the combat, and resolutely held his ground during a space of *eight*, had left nothing dependent upon accident, but, providing for the worst contingencies, had formed his calculations with admirable skill.

The apologists for Napoleon lay much stress on Ney's dilatory march on Quatre Bras, and Grouchy's unprofitable movements on the Dyle. The failure of Ney upon the 16th will be best accounted for by that marshal's simple statement. His reserve was withdrawn by Napoleon; and when the Prince of Moskwa required, and ordered it forward, to make a grand effort on the wearied English, the corps, "was idly parading between Quatre Bras and Ligny;" and during the arduous struggle at both places, that splendid division had never faced an enemy nor discharged a musket. Ney's failure in his attack was therefore attributable to Napoleon altogether; for had his reserve been at hand, who can suppose that the exhausted battalions of the allies, after a march of two-and-twenty miles, and a long and bloody combat, must not have yielded to fresh troops in overpowering masses, and fallen back from a position no longer tenable?

To Grouchy's imputed errors, also, the loss of Waterloo has been mainly ascribed, both by Napoleon and his admirers. But neither was that marshal's conduct obnoxious to the censure so unsparingly bestowed upon it; nor, had he disobeyed orders and acceded to the proposition of his second in command, would a movement by his left have effected anything beyond the delay of Napoleon's overthrow for a night. By following Girard's advice, and marching direct on Waterloo, the day would have ended probably in a drawn battle,—or even Wellington might have been obliged to retire into the wood of Soignies. But in a few hours Blücher would have been up—in the morning the Anglo-Prussian army would have become assailant—and with numbers far superior, who will pretend to say that Napoleon's defeat upon the 19th would not have been as certain, and as signal, as his *déroute* at Waterloo, upon the fatal evening that closed upon a fallen emperor and a lost field?

At Waterloo, two disputed points in military art were finally established. The details of the battle throughout have shown that against a disciplined and determined infantry, prepared to receive cavalry, the most gallant efforts of the latter will always prove unsuccessful. The second fact confirmed Peninsula experience. As cavalry will never break a well-formed square, neither will a close column penetrate a steady line of infantry;

and a slight explanation will enable you easily to comprehend the cause.

The head of a column, no matter how steadily it advances, must soon be shattered by the converging fire of the enemy who receives it in line. To be effectively employed, a close column should, wedge-like, drive itself through the obstacles opposed, reserving its fire till it gained the flank, or central intersection it was launched against, and when it had consequently space to deploy. Any thing short of breaking a line, or forcing itself between the intermitted spaces of a formation, must be considered as a failure on the attack. To the fire of an enemy in line, a column cannot presume to reply; a front of thirty muskets will be overwhelmed by the fire of three hundred; and with every shot radiating from its head to its centre, of necessity the leading files of the column are shot down, and the movement of the mass arrested.

Notwithstanding these evident disadvantages to this, their favourite method of attack, the French adhered tenaciously to the last moment of the war, although the trial of heavy columns against lines was repeatedly made, and always proved unsuccessful. It is an interesting coincidence that the regiment* which, with the others of its division, proved the inefficiency of the *colonne serrée* at Sabugal by the bloody repulses it inflicted upon Massena's 2nd corps, confirmed it at Waterloo by the annihilation of a division of Napoleon's reserve; and thus produced, as has been asserted, the crisis of that battle, which immortalized the name of Wellington, and effected the deliverance of Europe.

* The 52nd.

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